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WALTER GRAHAM,

STATESMAN.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY

AN AMERICAN,

Who, notwithstanding our inordinate desire for political preferment, our insatiable greed for wealth, and the mighty upheavings of corruption and perfidy which occasionally astound us, still believes in AMERICA.

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TO THE

YOUNG PEOPLE OF MY COUNTRY,

Who are anxious to know something of the true inwardness of the historic period through which their parents have lived; and who are willing to examine, to some extent, the details of the great political system which makes up our government;—as well as to all those who will study facts only when they are labeled fiction, this book is respectfully inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

Begin. Quit explaining, and begin.

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WALTER GRAHAM, Statesman.

CHAPTER I.

BORN OF GOOD BLOOD—A PERFECT BABY—A PERFECT PATRIOT.

MOST people of the Caucasian race are aware of the fact that there is a portion of this earth called America; that a certain portion of that is called the United States. It is rather an extensive patch of territory, it is true, to designate as the place where any person was born; but I am sure the imagination can be safely relied on to lead us to the particular spot where the eyes of Walter Graham first saw the light. I am further convinced that most people who shall read these pages are aware of the fact that the government of the United States is a republic; that its rulers are elected by the people; that it has a written constitution, which expressly declares that "no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States," and that its Congress shall pass "no Bill of Attainder." Every man is a kind of a king unto himself, and these sixty-five millions of kings who inhabit the country are, as they fondly believe, marking out a new destiny for man; and, as the monarchies of the Old World say, experimenting on the principles of self-government.

The Americans themselves, at the end of one hun-

dred years, I believe, are pretty well satisfied with their experiment. A few conscientious people among them are somewhat alarmed, however, at the methods which prevail among the average politicians.

England, the most liberal of all the European monarchies, will admit (perhaps grudgingly, it is true,) that the growth and prosperity of her rebellious child has been marvelous, and solaces herself by reminding us that whatever good has come out of us is due to the fact that we are the child of her loins. That the great system of jurisprudence, which she had impressed upon her colonies before she very ungraciously allowed them to set up housekeeping on their own account, is the germ of all their greatness. That it is *her* great civilization that is rapidly gathering in the four corners of the earth, and her langauge that is promising fair to become the universal tongue of mankind.

America certainly has been admonished all the while from two sources—the one within, the other without her borders—to be aware of the canker monster of corruption, the only disease from which republics die. She has heard a great deal about a certain other great empire that lived and flourished some 1,800 years ago, that expired of this ailment. Notwithstanding all these warnings, I believe there is an uncommon feeling of security and safety pervading the American mind in this year of her independence, the one hundred and fifteenth. Unless I am greatly deceived a large portion of these admonishers are so many theorists and alarmists, who are frightened out of their senses from a chronic habit of looking on the dark side of everything, or from a secret jealousy of republican institutions which they endeavor to conceal. To argue who is

right and who is wrong in this controversy, who is wise and who is foolish, who is unduly alarmed and who is sleeping while his house is being consumed by the flames, would be perfectly futile. But that each side may judge for itself, I have thought it better to present, as well as I can, the typical American statesman from his cradle up to the time when he comes within hailing distance of the White House. Not merely his ordinary political biography, as we read it of every statesman in newspapers and magazines, but to take the world into all the little secrets and struggles with conscience which lie in the path of every man's ambition.

It is, therefore, that Walter Graham shall have his existence through a period, the most momentous in the existence of the nation. For an existence Walter Graham certainly had. It began on April 23, 1843. If you have any doubts about it ask old Aunt Nancy Stoner, who still lives, hale and hearty under her nine and seventy years, in the thriving little village of Shocktown. She was there and she knows. It was on Sunday morning at that. If you don't believe her, consult the note book of little old Dr. Cain, who was buried last summer. If you want further proof, turn your hundred year almanac back to the 23d of April, 1843, and see if it does not fall on Sunday. Yes, and a lovely Sunday morning it was. It was not more than a mile from where the little village of Shocktown now stands. And Shocktown you have already properly located in your mind as in the township of Adams, in the county of Jefferson, in the State of _____; that is, some one of the States east of the Mississippi river; perhaps it was north of Mason and Dixon's Line, or of the Ohio River. You can't certainly be

wrong in saying it was somewhere within fifty or one hundred miles of some of the great cities of the NORTH —Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland or Indianapolis. The fact of the matter is, it is not at all material for our purposes. Suffice it to say, it was somewhere within the dimensions, and under all the influences of our fierce democracy.

The lovely April sun rose that morning upon the swelling buds and the first blades of green grass that were jumping up through the winter covering in the yard which surrounded the old farm house in which Jacob Graham now lived as a tenant farmer. It was within that same house that the nurse and little Dr. Cain, whose step was then light and agile, laid at the breast of Martha Graham her first-born child. "What do you want, Mrs. Graham?" asked the little doctor, with a quick, kind voice, half professional and half jocose, "a boy or a girl?" With a thoughtfulness of expression, which he had not often seen even on a mother's face (used as he was to such experiences), he heard the answer in anxiety, "Oh, a perfect boy baby." He was quick to answer cheerfully, "Well, that's what you have got, as perfect a young son as ever sniffed the morning air, not a mark or a blemish on him."

Mrs. Graham, with a feeling of thankfulness she did not endeavor to express further than by the simple utterance, "Thank God," turned on her pillow, feeling how greatly she had been blessed; for, after her first paramount concern, she admitted to herself, "how she always, just a little, preferred it might be a boy, on Jacob's account." And how Jacob, when he was informed, while waiting in the room below, that he was

the father of such a prominent aspirant for the highest honors of his country, declared that "he himself was perfectly content, but he often just thought, on Martha's account, how nice it would have been for their first little one to have been a girl."

What he was saying he believed to be the truth. How near it actually was we may never know. One thing however is certain, on the whole he was very happy; too happy to go to church that day. And he and Martha had thoroughly agreed for some time on one point, that if it should be a boy it's name was to be Walter. That was Mrs. Graham's maiden name. Her father had died rather suddenly only a short time before her marriage and left no male issue. Jacob thought, under the circumstances, that it was only true chivalry to his wife to name him after his late grandfather in full.

Mrs. Graham did not object to this gallantry, but thought it would emphasize the idea almost more distinctly to simply call him Walter Graham. Jacob, upon reflection, thought so too; and, besides, he rather liked the name; he said, "It just made a nice mouthful." So he was boldly recorded in the family Bible, in the first half-hour of his existence, as Walter Graham.

This first half-hour of Walter's life, (and perhaps the most intensely exciting period of every person's life), being safely over, he was now ready to pass on to his destiny. And why should he not pass on to it with all the strength and vigor of mind and body, naturally to be expected from "as perfect a baby as ever sniffed the morning air?" For to this condition of good health was added the condition of "good blood."

The fact of the matter was, it was a little "bluer" than some of his more wealthy relations might have thought it necessary to tell the world; that is, that it was a little bluer than their own; but the fact was all the same, and was quite as gallant. To establish this Walter's parents did not have to trace their ancestry, as did Mark Twain, "back to the tomb of Adam."

But his father, Jacob Graham, knew too well that his great-grandfather had been among the early Dutch settlers, who had preferred freedom in the wilderness of a new world rather than abide the restrictions of the old. That he had helped to lay the foundation of the great metropolis of the great Empire State. He knew pretty fully the legendary history of his family that gave him to understand that his still remoter ancestors of the sixteenth century had suffered the untold miseries of the Hollander at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition. He had read the history of the United Netherlands and the Dutch Republic, with an over-weening admiration of the part he felt some of his forefathers must have borne in the great struggle. To him the words Saxon and Norman sank into insignificance when compared to the words Dutch and Huguenot. He did not stop to scrutinize very carefully how nearly these several little streams flowed into one, sufficient to him that the latter two he recognized as the *true blood* that really brought the all-inspiring germ of liberty to America. There had hung in his father's house, as long as he could remember, and there was now hanging in his home, and should hang as long as his son could remember, a portrait of William the Silent side by side with Martin Luther's. On the stand underneath the two lay a little volume,

(the family biography), which told how his grandfather had marched barefoot over frozen ground with Washington at Valley Forge, and had fallen from a sabre wound at Brandywine, and all this that these States might be founded on the rocks of freedom. Yes, that this government might be an exemplification of pure democracy. For in politics Jacob Graham was a Democrat. The word had a high-sounding significance to him. Thomas Jefferson, his ideal statesman, the giant in intellectual power among all his contemporaries, the very quintessence and exemplification of the Democratic idea, of the capacity of man for self-government, had been the founder of that party; and why should not he and his fathers before him naturally have belonged to it? Could it be possible that the great author of the Declaration of Independence had been wrong in his judgment? To doubt would be blasphemy. True, Jefferson had consented to own a few slaves, but that was only one of the accidental affairs pertaining to the frailty of man. Besides, had he not told his countrymen in pathetic words that he "trembled for his country when he reflected that God was just; and that his mercy would not last for ever." Had he not told them in words of prophecy "that nothing was more clearly written in the book of fate than that these people were to be free?" Brimful of these ideas, and under these influences, was it any wonder that Walter Graham should be born a perfect patriot, as well as a perfect baby?

But this was only half the story. In fact, the larger of the influences surrounding Walter Graham has yet to be told, if what we have frequently been taught is true, — that mothers make more surely than their

fathers the first and last impressions on their sons. Mrs. Graham certainly did hold up her side of the family pedigree and influence exceedingly well. She was of Scotch-Irish extraction on her father's side. He had frequently told her how the noble heroes of Londonderry had withstood famine and privation for the sake of religious liberty. How they had fought at the battle of Boyne, and how they had driven old King Jim II from the throne of England. It was astonishing indeed, she said, when you examined it, how many of our Presidents had come from that Scotch-Irish blood. What a wondeful man John Calvin was, her father had often told her. True, he never told her very much about his having put Servetus to death on account of his opinions; but that, too, was only one of the accidental affairs pertaining to the frailty of man. And, besides, had not his followers suffered enough to atone for that in the days when Jeffries had declared from the bench "that he could smell a Presbyterian forty miles?" Mrs. Graham's maternal ancestry had been pure Anglo-Saxon, pure Pilgrim, pure New Englander, intermarried only one generation back it was true, to a half-bred Pennsylvania Quaker, a people of whom her mother had frequently said it, had put as much good leaven into the conglomerate American loaf as any that was in it. In fact, she remembered distinctly her maternal grandmother telling her once, when she was there on a visit, as she rode home with her from quarterly meeting, "the true spirit of religious liberty did not come to this country with the Pilgrims in the Mayflower, but with William Penn on the ship Welcome." A statement in which, if the truth must be

told, her maternal grandmother was not so very far wrong.

And yet, with all these advantages of hereditary descent and soul-inspiring influences which surrounded Walter Graham, I cannot say, with a strict regard for truth, that up to the age of eight he never did a naughty thing. I believe, however, with the same high regard for the truth, that he never told his parents a deliberate lie. In saying this it must not be understood that I am claiming the same high merit for him that belonged to the Father of his Country, for the simple reason that Walter had never cut down his father's cherry tree. Therefore, I cannot predict what he might have done under the circumstances. I only can tell what he did do. That at the age of seven he had run off one day at noon with the other boys at school, against his parents' orders, to skate on the pond which they did not consider safe. That he broke in, fortunately at a shallow place, where the water only came about half-way up to his waist; and when safely out, although alarmed at the thought of what had happened, he reasoned naturally as a great many older persons do on such occasions, that it was not necessary to tell a lie, because it was not necessary to tell the truth. In all human probability his parents would never hear tell of it; especially if he cautioned the other boys not to mention it. And why should he himself be the first to break the intelligence to them? Thus satisfied with his conclusions he proceeded deliberately to a neighboring barn, took off his boots and stockings, his pants and drawers, wrung the water out of the dry goods, poured the water out of his boots, washed his feet at the watering trough, replaced his clothing, all

but the stockings, which would not admit of the boots going on in their present condition, put his boots on his stockingless feet, put his stockings in his coat pockets, and marched back in time for books to the old stone school-house. All this, he labored hard all afternoon to persuade himself, was no wicked deception; and some day later, or when the ice got a little thicker, his parents would certainly not object to his going with the other boys to skate.

All this might have worked very well if it had not happened, just as the contrary elements always will have it happen, that his mother had to say that evening, as they sat by the fireside, "Walter, you know this is the evening you are to grease your boots; your father says that is always to be done every week. You had better get the oil-can here by the kitchen fire-place and commence before it gets too late."

Walter felt a sudden feeling of uneasiness, which he would gladly have greased boots all night to have been relieved of, as he answered, "Oh, mother, I can easy get up in the morning and do it before breakfast; I am kind of tired to-night." "No, no," replied the mother, "I don't want any squatting around the fire here in the morning while I get breakfast; besides, don't we all know what a job it is to get you up in the morning in time to eat breakfast, let alone to do any work before it."

Seized with a painful consciousness that a great crisis was approaching, Walter turned around, without further remonstrance, to a chair to draw off his boots. This he did with considerable more exertion than usual, to which the conspiring elements attracted his mother's attention. As he tugged away for a considerable time,

with the toe of one boot under the rung of the chair and the toe of the other boot at its heel endeavoring to extricate his foot therefrom, his mother remarked, "What's the matter with your boots to-night that they are so hard to come off? I thought we got those boots fully large enough for you, Walter." Walter, with another spasmodic effort, exhumed the bare foot from the boot, which new circumstance caught his mother's eye before he could sufficiently collect himself to make any reply, and she proceeded in the same breath, "Where are your stockings; are you not wearing any stockings, Walter?"

Seeing that all further dissembling was useless, and feeling the heavy knocks of something inside his very ribs, which said "it is time to unload or go down to a liar's infamy," he grew almost instantly as strong and decided in his course as he had been the moment before weak and irresolute. "Mother," he said, with shame and in tears, "My stockings are in my pockets; they are all wet. I broke through the ice to-day, up to here," indicating the place with his fingers. "I went down to the dam against your orders and papa's. Jack Matson and all the other boys persuaded me; they all said what a nice time we would have, and I did not like to stay back with nothing but the little bits of girls; but I know I did wrong; I know that is no excuse."

"Walter Graham," said his mother, looking at him with a tender steadfastness which he found he withstood better than he expected, "What do you really think I ought to do with you?" Walter, bursting out into sobs, rushed into his mother's arms, clasped her fondly around the neck, exclaimed, "Whip me, mother;

whip me; that is what I deserve; just so you don't do it before the other children." Mrs. Graham, sinking down on the chair that stood by her, bent her seven-year old son across her knee and gave him two spanks. Her hand was raised to strike the third, but it fell, as if palsied, from her shoulder and came down instead in the form of a gentle caress upon his head. "Walter," said his mother, "are you really sorry that you have deceived your father and mother in this way?" "Yes, I am," exclaimed Walter; "you have not whipped me half as much as I deserve, mother." "Yes, I think I have," said Mrs. Graham, raising her boy to his feet and looking at him with that Christ-like countenance of forgiveness which only the pure mother can have on such occasions. "I feel, Walter, you are fully conscious of the offense you have committed against your parents, and trust you will fully appreciate what it is to have some force of character of your own; as you go through life you must learn to utter that little word, *no*. I have sometimes thought, indeed, Walter, that your trusting nature might suffer more from that than anything else as you go through life. And yet, I cannot say that I would change it if I could. It may be the source of a great deal of comfort to you many times, no doubt, if you only learn how to properly guard against the guile of this world. I can only say at present you now have my full forgiveness, and I know that you will have father's after I explain it to him when he comes home from the store."

Walter kissed his mother with an admiration and affection for her that it is doubtful if he ever felt before. It is useless to tell how much happier he felt than he had felt all afternoon and evening before. How he

greased his boots cheerfully and kissed his mother good-night so happily, and lay down on his pillow so truly prayerful; more so, perhaps, than he had ever done since his mother had taught him to lisp the words, "Now I lay me down to sleep." How his mother came to kiss him a final good-night as she tucked his little sisters and baby brother away in their trundle beds in the adjoining room. How she even told him that it was not the intention of his parents to deprive him of the pleasure of skating all winter, or of any other proper sport the other boys engaged in. It was only because at present they thought the ice was not strong enough, and how she hoped he would take no cold from his ducking. As for Mrs. Graham's anxieties on the score of health, we may dismiss them by saying they were groundless. The wholesome blood that was coursing through the veins of "as perfect a baby as ever sniffed the morning air," made light sport of the doctor's rules, for he arose the next morning in good spirits and certainly never in better health. But he had meditated long and deep about how an honest statement was better than a lie; and why it was he had not the courage to act upon the example of the very good boy George Washington, of whom his school reader had told so much and who afterwards became so famous. He did not stop to inquire whether the illustrious George had really been any better than himself, and if the world-renowned truthful answer had come from those young lips like his own, simply because he was cornered and that to evade was useless. Whether the question had not been put without an alternative, simply, "George did you cut that tree down?" and that little monosylable *yes* or *no* alone

could answer the question. No, it was not Walter Graham that went thus far into the mysteries of brain and consciousness. No, that skepticism is left for me of older years; and while we may sometimes doubt the literal translations of many a story that portrays our great men as being entirely different from ordinary beings, I doubt if it would be wise, even if we could, to destroy the truth, or mar the grandeur that surrounds that little hatchet, when I think of the solace and comfort it was to Walter Graham that night, to whose trusting nature there were no doubts.

CHAPTER II.

RECEIVES HIS FIRST POLITICAL IMPRESSIONS.

THE spring of 1851 brought around with it the completion of Walter's eighth year and some change in his condition and that of his parents.

Jacob Graham, after some years of hard work and economy, not to say good management, had taken the thousand dollars he had laid by and bought a farm of his own. It was about three-fourths of a mile nearer Shocktown, which still consisted of seven dwelling houses, a store, a blacksmith shop, wheelwright shop, a hotel, and one other small building, which was the seat of three distinct industries, to wit: a shoemaker shop, a candy store, and an oyster saloon, all under the same roof.

Notwithstanding the rather stolid condition of this hamlet for the last dozen years, Jacob Graham and the friends who had urged him into making the venture of investing in this old farm of one hundred and sixty acres, with its old tumble-down buildings, thought their pensive vision saw a very different village, not to say town, in the near future. And who shall say that the level-headed Jacob Graham based those hopes on a mere phantom? For the whistle of the locomotive was heard within the precincts of Shocktown. The power and potency of that agent of civilization and materialization had never been doubted by the sagacious, since the day the dreams of a certain other very enthusiastic American boy had been so far realized as

to make his somewhat crude craft move slowly up the Hudson. Walter Graham's parents had had the ocular demonstration of what new life and energy it had put into the thriving little borough of Mansdale, about five miles to the northeast, from which point this new road was to be a branch from the trunk line. It was to go through a rich and fertile county one hundred miles to the south-southwest to the very considerable city of _____, which had a population of a hundred thousand people. It might well lay claim to being some day recognized as the trunk itself and the old road the branch.

Why then should they doubt the new activity which the vibrations of that steam valve would give to Shocktown? Had not Joseph Bernard, a very shrewd man, already bought three acres of ground right adjoining the lower end of his new farm, where he intended to have a station erected, a warehouse, a coal yard, a lumber yard, etc.? True, it was only the construction train as yet, that aroused these sleepy villagers from their slumbers, but still it was a locomotive. It was not very consequential-looking, to be sure, when compared with one of our great modern modocs with its eight drivers rolling at the rate of ten miles an hour up the side of the Alleghenies with measured puff and pulse beats, pulling its fifty loaded cars of freight, looking more like a huge living object than the work of man. But being reminded by reason and science that this majestic power really was conceived and set in motion by the brain of man, the only being fashioned in the image of his Creator, I am rather disposed, even now, to stand and uncover as it passes

by. I, at least, have a high respect for the species of the animal kingdom to which I belong.

The same feeling of admiration and awe which seizes one of older years in contemplating the present condition of our great trunk railroads, overcame Walter Graham and all the other children who attended the Shocktown school, as they watched that primitive little engine, with its three little flat cars, pulling and puffing, and sweltering and tugging, and slipping and stalling, as it plied back and forth past their schoolhouse door on its mission of construction. One other fact about this wonderful piece of machinery that impressed Walter's mind considerably was, that its name was "Andrew Jackson," and he sometimes heard men and the older boys call it "Old Hickory."

Accordingly, it came to pass that one evening after he returned from school he inquired of his parents why this was. His father explained to him that Andrew Jackson had been President of the United States, that he had been a great general in a war with old England, that he was a man of great firmness, and courage, and will; and that the people called him "Old Hickory" because he was so tough, and the term described him so well.

Walter had some conception of what President of the United States meant; but I cannot say that he comprehended thoroughly all that was implied in the answer to his question. But, nevertheless, he had received as a total from the explanation a vague impression that his father had a very exalted opinion of Andrew Jackson, and that he belonged to the same school of political faith that he did; and somehow he

was not quite sure that his mother held him in the same high estimation.

As the month of June drew to a close, the spring term at the old school-house closed too. Walter, though having to work pretty hard for a boy of his years, during the summer months, among the stumps and stones, the colts and cows, the corn and cabbage, enjoyed himself remarkably well at his new home. There seemed to be more life going on, he was closer to the village, had more associates of his own years, and he looked forward with eagerness to the time when the winter term would open.

In the fullness of time the winter term opened, and Walter opened with it the first pages of the elementary geography, which he studied that winter. As he looked at the bright colors on the map, which portrayed to his mind the different States of the Union, he was greatly interested and would pick out the one in which he lived, admire it intensely, and learned its capital first. Before spring he had learned the names of them all.

Mr. Flora, the teacher, was not the proverbial old teacher of such brutal instincts so frequently described to us, but on the other hand was a man of natural kindness of heart. Not so wonderfully learned, it is true, but a man of considerable public spirit and somewhat inclined to politics. He therefore unconsciously impressed upon his primary geopraphy class the importance of the country in which we live, and of knowing something about the elementary principles of our government. They were told that the present President of the United States was Millard Fillmore, of New York, and that next fall we would elect a new president.

Walter as he listened to this startling intelligence that winter day of 1852, inquired of the teacher who was going to be the next president.

Mr. Flora replied he could not answer that.

Walter, still absorbed with the great thought in his mind said, "Can anybody be President, just any common man that wants to be?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Flora, "that is, any common citizen can be President if the people elect him, and he is smart enough to get there." Further inquiries upon the subject were postponed, by Walter hearing one of the large boys behind him say in a loud whisper: "Listen to Walt. Graham; I guess he thinks he is going to be President some day." Born as Walter Graham was, of such patriotic and aspiring blood, as has been already described, I can truly say that on this occasion he was not thinking of any exalted position for himself. But he was wondering what kind of a man it required to make a President of the United States; whether they were only ordinary beings like the rest of us, or whether they did possess some superhuman power. Kings and queens he had heard of, but to his mind they filled a very small space in this terrestrial sphere compared with a President of the United States. He was not one of those Americans who are sometimes accused of underrating the importance of their own country.

Naturally, as the summer of 1852 came on, Walter watched rather closely the process of electing a president of the United States. He came to understand in due time that there were two men to be hurrahed for; that their names were Pierce and Gen. Scott. He understood now there were two parties, one called the

"Democratic," and the other the "Whig;" also that his father belonged to the former, which meant that he should hurrah for Pierce.

One thing that annoyed him somewhat in the campaign was that Tom Swave, the storekeeper's son, a boy about two months older than himself, his favorite associate and classmate at school, hurrahed for Gen. Scott. Walter was far too loyal to his parents to disregard their dictates, to say nothing of those of his own conscience. But he did regret considerably, that he and Tom had to part roads on this question. Some little comfort however was derived from the thought that so far as his observation extended, (and he had looked around the neighborhood pretty thoroughly), Tom's side was slightly in the minority. In addition to that, Tom was such a discreet kind of a boy; he never said much about politics or any other subject when he did not see his way clearly out.

As election day approached and the family were gathered around the fire one evening, Walter's mother reading the paper, a conversation took place between his parents which impressed him considerably.

"Jacob," said Mrs. Graham, laying down her paper, "have you been noticing how the papers continue to give accounts of disturbances and troubles in the North about this new law in reference to the return of slaves to their masters?"

"Oh yes, I noticed something of the kind" replied Jacob, "the people have not rightly came to understand the law or give their full support as yet."

"Well, how do you mean the people don't rightly understand?" queried Mrs. Graham. "I suppose they

understand it requires them to help catch these slaves and return them to their masters?"

Jacob Graham paused for a moment and for reply said, "Why, I mean these people don't consider that it is merely a further extension, or carrying out of the provisions of the constitution itself, which provides for the people of the slave states having the right, or that they were not to be deprived of the right to reclaim persons who have escaped from service or labor from one State into another."

"Well, I am only a woman and do not understand such things, but it seems to me it does not look consistent. I always thought this country was called a great land of freedom. I don't wonder that people are a little indifferent about obeying it; and then another thing, I notice some of the papers and people talk as if the Democratic party was responsible for it."

"Well, I know," replied Jacob, "but you see, mother, we can not take it on ourselves to decide on the rightfulness of every law that is passed; and, as regards the Democrats being responsible for it, I don't see how they can make that charge. Did not Webster and other leading Whigs support the bill. I am just as much in favor of freedom as anybody else, and will do as much for a colored man to protect him in his rights; but, I don't know as I am bound to set myself up in opposition to the government itself. You must not get as bad as Mr. Williamson; he declares openly that he never has obeyed the law and never expects to. I would not say that, even if I did not expect to squirm around it."

Mrs. Graham said, "Well, I don't know but what I *would* squirm around it. In fact, I do not know but

what Mr. Williamson is about half right. Now, Jacob, just take it to yourself. Suppose it should leak out some day that this old colored man and his family down here in the hollow had been slaves, and you should be called upon to help take them back to a man who claimed to be their owner, after he has worked there all these years and got that little home for himself. Now I just ask, Jacob, what would you do?"

Jacob gave no reply for a few seconds, beat the arms of his chair with his fingers, whistled in a low unconscious manner, a short time and then said, "Yes, well, that is hardly a fair comparison; besides, I suppose if that should occur I would make it suit to have business away from home very suddenly. Well, I declare it is half-past eight, I must go to the barn and look after that roan cow and the old mare. Walter, you may get the lantern and come along."

Walter got the lantern and went along, but as he walked along he wondered why his father had thought it necessary to defend the Democratic party against the charge of sending colored men to slavery; he wondered why his mother had insinuated such a thing, and he wondered still further, after he went to bed, whether his mother ever had been as deep in the Democratic faith as his father.

When the election was over the next week, Walter discovered that his forecast as to Tom Swave's party being in the minority, was certainly true as applied to the whole country. Pierce was overwhelmingly elected. The conqueror of Mexico had carried but four states in all the Union; and he heard one enthusiastic neighbor say, down at his father's saw mill, that he doubted if the Whig party would ever make another rally. Wal-

ter thought sometimes, however, perhaps he could hardly have told why, but yet he half felt sometimes that his father did not join in the general rejoicing of the victory with that enthusiasm incident to a man of his actions and temper. Had any other person noticed that? Had any one of his neighbors for a moment suspected that the fires of Democracy were actually beginning to burn low in his breast? They observed, of course, that he was greatly absorbed in his new enterprise of improving the old farm, of repairing the old saw mill, and they thought of the mortgage that was on him; that was enough to keep a man's mind pretty well occupied. It was merely that and nothing more.

Yes, there was one other person who noticed that all through the campaign, as well as after it was over, her husband acted more like a quiet and thoughtful looker-on than one whose chief ambition was success for his party. She knew it was unlike Jacob to do anything by halves. He was a man of opinions. She would not have wanted him an infirm, feeble man, without opinions; but, still she felt entirely comfortable under the weak lethargy which he now exhibited on this matter. She would not goad him on the subject or argue with him about anything. That, she did not think would be right, especially if a woman's instinct were telling her that everything might come around all right itself. She did not doubt of course, but that he would go to the election and vote for Pierce, which he did. That there was some untold reason why he was not putting his usual vim into it, she felt morally certain. And I feel sorely tempted to tell you right now, that it was the last time he ever deposited a Democratic ticket in the ballot box. But I must not waste too

much time with Jacob Graham in giving you a narrative of his son Walter.

School had once again opened at the old stone school house and Walter had been in attendance only a week, when a visit from two of the directors elicited the fact that he could name every President of the United States in regular order from Washington down to the present day, the number of terms they had served, and the years of those who had died in office. He then put the cap stone of high intelligence and statesmanship to this prodigy by being able to answer that we would have a new President now, by the name of Franklin Pierce. That Washington was called the "Father of His Country;" Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory;" and that Thomas Jefferson was the author of the Declaration of Independence.

Nothing could have been more satisfactory to Mr. Flora than this wonderful exhibition of precociousness or have drawn forth a higher commendation from the two official gentlemen, whose visit was duly appreciated by themselves at least; both of whom declared "that was what they liked to see brought out in the schools, some knowledge of public matters." Candor, also compels me to say the transaction, taken as a whole, was not unpleasant to Walter.

Scarcely another week had rolled around when the school was to have its first afternoon's spelling on sides. As Walter was standing on his side pretty well toward the foot, listening with trembling emotions to the big words that were coming down the line, he staggered for an instant when the word "fugitive" struck him. "*Fugitive*," repeated Mr. Flora, rather sympathetically. 'Did you ever hear of the 'Fugitive Slave Law?'"

Walter commenced to feel his way along the syllables and to his great surprise got it right. As the words passed on to the other pupils, he lost the run of them, as he was thinking that it seemed to him, somehow, he had heard of the "Fugitive Slave Law." He would not have been quite certain, but he had a kind of an idea that it had some connection with the subject his father and mother had been discussing the evening he got the lantern to go out and help look for the roan cow and the old mare. Thus engaged in his thoughts, his turn came around before he was aware of it, and the "*tives*" not all exhausted yet, *Representative* proved a little too long for him and he returned to his seat.

It was only another week from this occasion that his father said to him one evening after the supper was over, "Well, Walter, do you want to go along to the debate this evening?"

The regular winter lyceum had been organized for a month now, and Walter knew that his father usually took considerable interest in it. He quickly replied, "Yes, I would like to go."

Mrs. Graham interposed, saying, "Oh, I don't know; had he better go? It will keep him out of bed so late."

"Oh, yes," said Jacob, "he is getting old enough to pick up a good bit now, just by listening. That is a good way to learn things."

Walter accordingly put on his cap and coat and marched off with his father to the Shocktown debating society. There he saw his teacher, Mr. Flora, acting as president; Mr. Baker, who he knew kept the little academy some three miles distant; old Mr. Williamson of whom he had heard; Mr. Hoover, the village black-

smith, who he understood was an enthusiastic Democrat; even their minister, Mr. Hartley, had come in and another little short man by the name of Hirsh, whom he understood to be a kind of local preacher in the Methodist Church.

I will not undertake to say that Walter understood all that had been said that evening, for the simple reason that he did (according to his mother's fears,) go to sleep part of the time. But certain it was, his mind was at its impressible stage, and his father was equally right that he could "catch on" to a great many things. Certain it was that between naps he heard the words, "Fugitive Slave Law," and in connection with it the name of Senator Mason, of Virginia. Surely he thought old Mr. Williamson spoke the most earnestly of any man there. His ear caught other phrases like "Mason and Dixon's Line," the "Missouri Compromise Line," and the "Wilmot Proviso." He certainly could not be mistaken when he heard Mr. Hoover say in great spread eagle manner, "that, by the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved," that he was only quoting the language of "Old Hickory."

When he returned that evening his mother asked him what he had learned; she thought he gave her quite as intelligent a report of it as she could have hoped for. Walter told her he thought Mr. Williamson was the best debater, and that "he talked a good bit about the Fugitive Slave Bill."

A few weeks after this another event occurred at school which seemed to startle Walter a little at himself, and, he half believed, set his father to thinking.

There was going to school a little colored boy, named Ben. Smith, about eight years old, who was the butt

of the school, tormented nearly to death by other children, and almost universally called, "You little nigger," in the most thoughtless manner. One day, as a group of the boys had him astride a rail carrying him along and jolting him up considerably, Bill Boyle, a boy about eleven years old, ran up rudely against Walter, who was standing near by, (but in no wise participating in the affair) with a pin in his hand to give the "little nigger" a slight prick, that he might jump more actively on the rail.

"Bill Boyle, you big whelp," exclaimed Walter, "what are you running and pushing against a fellow that way for? Besides, can't you let that little darkey alone; what is the use of worrying the life out of him all the time?"

"Oh, you want to take the part of a nigger, do you, Walt. Graham?" retorted Bill, in an angry voice. "Besides, I don't intend to be called a whelp by anybody who sticks their lip in for the sake of a nigger." As he closed his remarks he turned around in front of Walter, shook his fist under his chin, drawing the pin he had intended for the "nigger" across Walter's face, making a scratch about an inch and a half long, whereupon Walter without stopping to consider consequences, sprang at the throat of Bill Boyle with the quickness of a cat and the dexterity of a modern pugilist, struck him with such force on his breast that Bill tripped on the same rail on which the little darkey had been riding (now dropped to the ground). Bill fell with full force on the broad of his back, Walter on top of him, choking him severely all the time, until he actually gasped for breath.

The other boys now rushed around, exclaiming, "Give

him a fair chance." "I reckon Bill ought to have a fair show against one smaller than himself," said Tom Swave.

"Yes, but Bill tripped on the rail," cried Jack Matson.

"Hold on, now," said Frank Swave, Tom's older brother, as Bill's big brother, Jake, was going to pull Walter off, "Bill struck first, I saw it."

"Yes, but then," exclaimed several voices in concert, "Walter interfered first on account of the little nigger; we wont stand that."

Walter, now partly pulled off by Bill's older brother and partly of his own accord, let Bill up, giving him a parting blow under the ribs with his fist.

The bell now rang for school, which called a halt to the belligerents.

Mr. Flora, who had noticed the whole affair from the window, with great diplomacy was now looking upon it with an air of innocence, as though he took it all to be an ordinary good natured tussleing match on the part of the boys, as he stood in the door ringing the bell. He was too good a politician not to feel instinctively the wisdom of such a course. I must say, however, in justice to Mr. Flora, that I have always believed had he been forced to take official notice of the proceedings, he would have stood by the side of Walter and the despised negro.

Walter gathered from the whispers of the children that afternoon somewhat the sentiment of the school. That he had been "game" in "tackling Bill," there seemed to be considerable unanimity of opinion. To that noted fact the young heroes and heroines of Shocktown public school bowed with the same obeisance that

they did in after years to gallant military opponents, like Lee and Jackson. As to his offering to chide white children about their conduct toward a "nigger," it seemed to be generally considered rather a degrading thing to do; especially so, he heard one boy say, when "his father was a Democrat." As to the abstract question whether a "nigger boy" had any rights at school that the other boys were bound to respect, public sentiment was about equally divided.

Between these conflicting comments Walter scarcely knew whether to regard himself as a chivalrous knight, possessed of sentiment of courage and honor, or a mean fellow who had espoused a base cause. At all events he felt morally certain that he had nothing to conceal from his parents this time, and his own conscience was at ease. To be perfectly candid, however, I must say that he felt a little more alarmed than he would have been willing to admit when he heard Bill whisper, "Our Jake will give it to you going home to-night;" and he felt considerably relieved when Tom Swave said, "You keep right along by our Frank when you go out to-night."

When he was safe home that evening and related the whole occurance to his parents, he thought his father seemed to meditate considerably when he told him of the part which implied that they would not have expected such conduct from the son of a Democrat. His parents, however, said very little about it one way or the other, except to remark that he had better keep out of all the fights he could, but under the circumstances they thought he had done about right in this case.

As the winter of 1853 drew to a close there was yet another circumstance occured that made an impression

on Walter's mind, more deep and ineffaceable than any that had yet happened. From all the positions in life he has since held he has looked back and wondered how much this little event on that March evening had to do with shaping his political future.

He and Tom Swave were walking down by the creek which flowed through his father's farm, about dusk in the evening, to set their musk-rat traps, when there emerged from the side of the woods, about fifty yards away and about the same distance from the road, a young colored man with a wild glare in his eyes, who stopped involuntarily when he saw the boys, and seemed very much disconcerted. The look of fright and bewilderment was somewhat mutual. After a moment's pause, Tom said, "Which way are you going?"

The colored man replied timidly, "Oh, I was just taking a walk through de woods; what are you boys doing?"

"We are just setting our traps," replied Walter.

The man seeming a little more composed, advanced a few steps, saying "deres plenty of things to catch along de creek heah I guess."

"Yes; some musk-rats," replied the boys.

There had now taken place in this short dialogue that indescribable something which passes from countenance to countenance that establishes confidence.

The man then said, "I was huntin' de road to some cross roads, I forgets de name, day says 'bout a mile off."

"Martin's cross roads?" queried the boys.

"Dat am de place, dat am de place," he said, advancing and handing the boys a note.

They took it from him and read, "Mr. Williamson near Martin's cross roads." They directed him the way as well as they could and instructed him how he might know the place when he came to it.

The boys then finished setting their traps and walked homeward together almost in silence. When they reached the place where they were to part Tom said, "Walt., don't you ever say anything to anybody as long as you live about us seeing this darkey to-night, and of his inquiring the road to John Williamsons.

Walter replied that he "never would unless it should be to his parents." Tom said, "I don't believe I would even mention it to anybody living." To this Walter made no reply, but as he walked to his home he felt somehow, he now had a pretty clear conception of what the "fugitive slave law" was. It seemed to throw him into a deep study. He began to doubt if his father ever had a very high respect for this law; as for himself he was sure now that he thoroughly despised it. Taken all together it is safe to say that he had received his first political impressions.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS.

IT has already inadvertantly slipped out that Jacob Graham cast at the pesidential election of 1852 his last Democratic vote. Did he know at the time that it was such? No. There are seconds that count for centuries. There are moments that change the destiny of nations. There are conversions that are made in an instant, but Jacob Graham's was not of this kind. These are generally made when the furnace is at white heat; the conflict in the American Republic had not as yet reached that point. But who believed it was so near? Some difference of opinion existed as to how long the fire had been smouldering, but Jacob Graham knew now that it was smouldering. He was not among those who were deluded by the promises of two great political conventions, that the agitation of the slavery question was forever at rest. He was far too intelligent a man to be cheated by such subterfuge. But was he called upon to break the bonds of party, of fellowship, of life associations? You, who think this is an easy thing to do, go try it. You may hire men for thirteen dollars a month to face the cannon's mouth quite readily, if your cause is popular; but go see what headway you make in procuring men to espouse that cause, simply by word and sympathy, which shall bring upon them the frowns of their neighbors. Conscience, you may answer, will triumph in the end in a man of Jacob Graham's mould. Yes, but

you must remember that Jacob Graham was a man of judgment as well as conscience. What overpowering argument was there he, reasoned, convinced him that he could turn his back upon the party of his father, upon the party of Jefferson, who he believed saw as clearly as the most violent abolitionist of the present day, that this fuse had been burning ever since the Constitutional Convention in 1787, adjourned at Philadelphia with those compromises in it. And from him had he learned that "where he could not lead he could follow." Then, besides, where was he to go? The Whigs were as completely swallowed up in the vortex as the Democrats. Could that old party of aristocrats point their finger at those whose very names symbolized liberty, and say, "Thou did'st it." No, their necks were bowed in perfect submission, sometimes he thought in shame. To be sure, he had understood that their chief organ, the New York *Tribune* (although he did not read it) had said, "They supported the candidate, but spit upon the platform." This he regarded as the subtle excuse of a guilty conscience. He had been for the Wilmot Proviso; had hoped thereby to secure the newly acquired territory from Mexico exempt from the curse of slavery. The author of that measure, whose name it bore, was not he a Democrat? Had the Whigs stood by it any better than the Democrats? Precious little. Had not Webster and Clay both floundered, and what were they but the Whig party? To be sure, there were a few other names mentioned now in connection with these feverish debates in Congress, a little circle of them who had refused to put fetters on their limbs; but they were spoken of as "old Giddings, of Ohio," "Thad. Stevens, of Pennsylvania,

with his cloven hoof,"* "Moral Lecturer Sumner," and "Higher Law Seward." Whatever may have been the real respect Walter Graham's father entertained of these radicals in his own mind, it was obvious to him that it was not their council that pervaded, or their sentiments that animated the convention which had nominated General Scott. As he surveyed the field soberly to himself, he saw a small circle of "fanatics," of impractical men and women, who had separated themselves from all political organization, ready for the dissolution of the Union itself if necessary to expunge slavery from the country; who went up and down the land preaching as if they regarded themselves as prophets, and whose only organ, he understood, was a small sheet published from a garret loft in Boston, which openly declared that it desired "no Union with slave holders," and that the United States Constitution, "was itself a covenant with death and a league with hell." Surely, he thought, there were no qualms of conscience calling him there. His belief in the immortal utterance of the tough old hero of his party, "that by the eternal the Union must and shall be preserved," was with him no mere sentiment. He believed it from the depth of his heart, from every fibre of his being, and he would entertain no solution of any question which contemplated its destruction, let it come from the columns of the "Liberator" or from the mouth of John C. Calhoun and his young disciples, Davis and Toombs. On that question he would "hew to the line, let the chips fly where the might."

There was still another course over which his mind

* Mr. Stevens had one club foot.

dwelt longer than all else besides. There was a little third party of which neighbor Williamson was already a member. It was numerically weak, to be sure; he could count on the fingers of his one hand all the votes it had received in Adams Township. Indeed, Hale and Julien's vote in Jefferson County had only reached 273; but was not the principle strong "free soil"—the contitutional power of Congress to prohibit slavery in all the territories? Was it not only a question of time when these men of the more advanced views of the old expiring Whig party and the anti-slavery element of his own party, like David Wilmot, would land there. He would not plunge in headlong, like an impractical, to get there too soon, and lose his reputation in the neighborhood of being a sagacious, cool-headed man; but he would wait and watch; aye, with a vigilance which none but his wife should understand. Thus, while waiting and watching he found some convenient excuse for not getting at the election at all in the fall of 1853 and for voting some kind of a high-bred mongrel "Native American, Know-Nothing" ticket the years of 1854 and '55, and of which he always afterwards felt half ashamed, and of which he always half believed even Walter suspected.

During these years of transition in the political opinions of Jacob Graham, the mind of Walter was passing through its formative state. That the foundation of its political side was already laid in horror at the thought of having anything to do with the "Fugitive Slave Law," made it perfectly easy for him to understand the cause of his father's reticence, to foresee rather clearly for one of his years where he was drifting and to keep perfect step with him in the march. He saw

that Mr. Williamson was growing to be a greater man in the mind of his father than he had formally esteemed him, through his integrity he had never doubted. He received more of his confidence and Sunday afternoon talks now than any other neighbor.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been read in the family now, and in the fall of 1855, occasional copies of the New York *Tribune* crept inadvertantly in. They contained blood curdling accounts of the outrages in Kansas. Walter always had been fond of the tragic, of heroes and hero stories. Something unusual was going to happen he felt sure, some excellent opportunities for those who were anxious to perish upon the bed of honor.

Thus it was Mrs. Graham, who had long since landed at the political port of abolitionism, at which place she awaited the arrival of her husband and son, perceived with unerring instinct that the impressions of the latter on that subject were beginning to take the shape of aspirations. In this latter thought she was not quite so happy as she had been in contemplating the former. Now she was a little uneasy, filled with slight forebodings when her mind turned on what she was afraid might be the bent of Walter's mind. But he was young yet; could she not mould and direct that mind into other thoughts and other fields, or could she change the mould and thought that God had given it, mother though she was? Thus she reasoned and queried, and wondered if it would be right to do it even if she could; but there was one thing she must do, keep his mind pure and keep it near to her own.

Accordingly it happened one sombre September evening, in the fall of 1855, Mrs. Graham was sitting by

the kitchen door, stringing some beans for the morrow's dinner, when Walter approached her, coming up the path from the saw mill.

"Well, Mr. Walter Graham, how has the day gone with you?" she asked, as she advanced.

"Oh, pretty well, mother; how has it gone with Mrs. Graham?" said Walter, in the easy familiarity she had always endeavored to establish between herself and children.

"Well, I suppose she has no reason to complain either," rejoined his mother, "but I think I will go to sleep to-night without rocking."

"I have loaded twenty-three cart loads of stone for the masons to-day; that is, Pat McNight and I, and we helped on with three logs at the mill, and I don't feel a bit tired," said Walter; then to give his mother conclusive proof of what he said, Walter turned around upon the grass, and turned two successive hand-springs.

"Well, now, Walt.; if your strength hurts you so," rejoined his mother, "you can take the ax and split up some of that oven wood for morning; I want to start baking early."

"Yes, mother," he answered, "as soon as Joe gets done learning." The former was now lying upon the grass, so that his body might make a rest or fulcrum, over which his five-year old brother could learn to perform the same feat.

Mrs. Graham, after watching for a few minutes with some interest, how boys learned to turn the hand-spring, called, "here, Walter, come on now; it is time you were at the wood." But instantly, seeing an opportunity to lead the conversation up to a point she wished to reach, without Walter suspecting her motive, she

continued, "is that an easy thing to do: turn over that that way?"

"No, indeed," exclaimed Walter, triumphantly, "it takes a pretty good man to turn the hands-pring."

"Can most of the boys at school do it?" asked his mother.

"Indeed, they can't," continued Walter, in the same tone; only about three or four.

"Can Tom Swave do it?" queried his mother.

"He can kind of do it by going a little side wise," replied Walter. "There are only two others that can do it straight over like I do. They are Jack Matson and the little darkey, Ben. Smith."

"Tom cannot do it, then, quite as well as they, can't he?" said Mrs. Graham. "No; not twice in succession," answered Walter.

"By the way, Walter, what kind of a boy is Tom Swave, anyhow?" asked his mother.

The response came quick from Walter's lips. "Oh, he is a tip-top boy, mother; why, what makes you ask me that?"

"Well, I don't know," replied his mother, a little more thoughtful now. "I have sometimes wondered, Walter, whether he *is* in all respects the kind of a boy you ought to be so intimate with."

Walter answered with a fervor born of true friendship, saying, "Oh, indeed, mother, he is the best boy in the whole neighborhood around. I would not swap him for all the rest put together."

"I know you are very fond of him," rejoined his mother; "but are you really sure he cares so much for you?"

"I have no reason to doubt it as yet," Walter replied meditatively.

This answer seemed to convey with it a sound philosophy, which Mrs. Graham perceived at once and thought to herself: why then should I be the first to disturb that confidence, perhaps without a reason, and thus she said: "Well, then, don't doubt it without a cause; that is all right; I suppose he is smart enough in his studies, is he?"

"I should think he was," answered Walter. "He is the only boy in school I am afraid of in that way. He don't study very hard either."

"You and he like to pitch quoits, sometimes, on Sunday afternoons, down at the saw mill, don't you?"

"Yes; but then he is not a bad boy, mother," repeated Walter; "he goes to Sunday School and church every Sunday morning, the same as we children do."

Walter proceeded to cut his oven wood, and Mrs. Graham proceeded with her work.

The next Sunday, after the family had returned from church, and dinner over, Mrs. Graham and Joe started out for a short stroll over the fields. A few minutes later the two little girls, Mary and Sue, respectively two and four years younger than Walter, smiled and motioned him to the window, where he saw Tom Swave walking up the road, whistling a supposed tune and casting side glances toward the house, which was the usual signal for Walter to come out.

Walter turned to his mother, half doubtingly, and said, "Tom is out here mother; may I go out?" His mother without showing the least emotion answered, "Yes, tell him to come in and see the rest of us."

Walter went out, and after some minutes, returned

with Tom. As he entered, Mrs. Graham advanced, addressed him friendly as she took him by the hand, saying, "How are you, Thomas; you are quite a stranger. You are so partial with your visits, we thought we would like you to come in and see the rest of us once." Tom replied quite at ease, and with considerable urbanity of manner, that he was quite well, thanked her, and said, "How are you?" "Very well," was the reply. "How has your mother been this summer, Tom? You must excuse me for calling you Tom; I have become so used to Walter calling you that, and I guess your mother calls you that sometimes?"

The kind, unrestrained manner and voice of Mrs. Graham made Tom feel quite glad he had come in, and set him to thinking whether he had been mistaken all the time in supposing that Walter's parents were opposed to his loitering around on Sundays so much; as he answered all Mrs. Graham's questions with the same unconscious ease, he smiled his shy "How do you do" to the girls.

These preliminaries being over, Mrs. Graham prepared to lie down on the old broad settee for a short nap, saying, as she did so, "Boys, as you will hardly content yourselves sitting around the house all afternoon, suppose you go down to the mill and bring your quoits up here behind the wood shed if you want to pitch; I am afraid it will get to drawing other boys about in crowds if you do it too much down there." Never were two boys more utterly astonished. Never did two colts upon a green pasture jump with a greater agility. They had not got many yards out of the door, when Walter returned and asked timidly, "if John Hoover, the blacksmith's boy, might come along up. He is down there, may we ask him?" Mrs. Graham, covering her face in

her shawl to repel the first gentle tinge of frost on that golden October day, answered with an assumed indifference, "Yes." Never did mother do anything after more prayerful consideration and seeking for the light, than she had done—in what she now did. She and Jacob had talked it all over. It would be useless to talk it all over again. Suffice to say that Jacob remembered that his father had always been more rigid on this question that he thought necessary, so rigid indeed, that he could remember having hid away sometimes on Sunday morning to keep from going to church, a thing Walter had never done. Mrs. Graham remembered that her father relaxed considerably in his later years on this question, without destroying either the spiritual or moral character of his children. He had also admitted to her that when a boy "he used to feel the old Puritan New England Sunday coming on, on Saturday night, like a dread pall, and passing off on Monday morning like a heavy night-mare dream;" so they mutually reached the well matured opinion that if Walter's limbs were bound to have a little stretching on Sunday afternoons, in obedience to nature's decree, they had better let it be done under their own observation and consent, rather than at the saw mill by stealth, where the village boys might promiscuously congregate. The wisdom of their course was made manifest sooner than they had hoped for. The afternoon had scarce elapsed when Mrs. Graham, by those indispensible qualities pertaining to the true mother, had led her son and his companions to think there were more rational ways of spending their Sunday afternoons, and still have all the enjoyment they required. It was accomplished, as she had hoped it might be, without issu-

ing inflexible rules that would sour Walter's mind and strain the relation between them, or destroy the confidence he had in his friend About an hour before supper, when Walter returned to the house, it was to find Mr. Williamson and Mr. Baker, sometimes called Professor, seated around his father. Mr. Baker kept the little academy before mentioned. Mr. Wagner, who was to be the new teacher for the village school the coming winter, and reported to be well learned in all the English branches, and more adequate than Mr. Flora, for the increased demands of the growing Shocktown school, was there. They were discussing, not Sunday ethics or moral laws, but the "Kansas-Nebraska Bill." Walter heard his father say that "It might prove the last straw on the camel's back.' The hard service that was now being required of the people of the North, might produce a reaction, a disintegration in the ranks of the Democratic party as well as others."

Mr. Williamson said, "I hope so. The most encouraging symptom I see is that men like you, Graham, are beginning to talk that way. As for myself, after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law and the compromise of 1850, and the cowardly course of both political parties of 1852, I had never felt more discouraged. It looked to me as if the conscience of the North was nearly subdued About all that was left was that little band of Garrisonians, whom I know, Graham, you look upon as fanatics and traitors, and whose methods I believe myself will never abolish slavery, but whose moral force it may take generations to realize, but in the end, will be most deeply felt."

Professor Baker was of the opinion that there, might

be a general welding together of all the phrases of anti-slavery sentiment of the country in some new organizations, on some such line of policy as defined by Seward (the power of Congress to prohibit the admission of slavery in any new territory), the arousing of the people to the importance of the measure, and, since there is no escape except the challenge in the name of liberty.

"Seward is a man," rejoined Mr. Williamson, "with a very clear philosophy, and may serve as a very excellent bridge upon which the conservative masses run across the stream. The only question is, whether he is a little afraid of his own prescriptions. I have it from good authority, that Thad. Stevens said to some friend in a private conversation, the other day, that he was not to be trusted; that he was not a man to be relied on in a crisis."

"Yes, but we must catch the ear of the conservative masses," observed Prof. Baker. "We must do first what we can, not what we would. Stevens' constituents, you will observe, have for the present at least, failed to return him to the House."

Mr. Wagner thought we ought not to judge the South too harshly. What reason had we to believe they did not mean to apply the principle of popular sovereignty in good faith to all the territories? And was not the principle in accordance with a republican government? Had not the people of any territory a right to say whether it should come into the Union slave or free?

Mr. Graham replied that the new principle of popular sovereignty, that Stephen A. Douglas thinks he has discovered, is simply a method by which the South expects to acquire more slave States south of the old Missouri Compromise line of 36 degrees and 30 minutes. No

man need flatter himself with the idea that there will be any free States gained south of that line, and I am one, who says now with Seward—let the North accept this challenge in the name of liberty, and, if I were only a free man (I mean out of property), I would strike for Kansas and cast my lot in the Free State now."

The conversation was here interrupted by Mrs. Graham announcing supper; but Walter drank in every word, watched every emphasis and felt every emotion of his father's last remarks.

During the following December, when the long winter evenings were being spent in pleasant conversation by the family and Mr. Wagner, who boarded with them now, Walter watched with eager interest the long contest for Speaker of the House of Representatives, which became the subject of observation by Mr. Wagner. He read the daily paper every evening with avidity, and kept well up with his studies beside. When the victory finally came to Banks, he and his father were both highly gratified.

Later on in the winter they discussed the proceedings of a mass convention, held at Pittsburg, for the formation of a new political party. It had adjourned to meet at Philadelphia the following June and to be known as the "Republican Party." Some of the business people and some of the practical people about the village, made incidental allusions to the attitudethe new party might take as to the "tariff," "internal improvements," or the "Pacific Railroad." But all the people of all parties instinctively knew and understood that the origin and main-spring of the new party was resistance to the further aggressions of slavery, and most especially now to prevent the establishment of slavery in Kansas.

Walter Graham was ready for action with all the impetuosity of youth, and when the springtime came, and brought to Shocktown the news that Charles Sumner had been struck down on the floor of the Senate for defending the cause of freedom in Kansas, he felt like buckling on his armor and marching down to Washington to avenge the wrong. He thanked God there was one man in the North with courage enough to accept Brooks' challenge. He looked upon Anson Burlingame as the hero of the hour. Of course, it is needless to say, that, after the Republican Convention met at Philadelphia, laid down its declaration of principles, declaring "slavery and polygamy twin relics of barbarism," and nominated John C. Fremont for President, Walter Graham and his father plunged in with all the zeal of fresh converts. As summer passed, and the campaign waxed warm, Walter's confidence in the result increased.

Mart. Bernard, son of the shrewd Joseph, who had become quite wealthy, was now for Fremont. This fact gratified Walter, principally because, while he always had considered Mart. a little proud, it would make his sisters (who really were nice girls,) all right. That he and Tom Swave were on the same side now was the matter of special congratulation to himself.

At a Fremont meeting in the village one evening, Walter beheld with satisfaction and pride, that his father was called upon to act as president. Tom's father arose at the proper time, and announced the organization, saying that "they were happy to call upon Jacob Graham, one of the most intelligent and highly respectable men of our county, to preside—a life-long Democrat who had cast off the stultifying in-

fluences of Democracy and was going in with this new, young party to victory."

This announcement was received with enthusiasm. Jacob Graham ascended the platform, accepted his honor with dignity and modesty. He "regretted, however, to announce that Hon. Mr. Miggels was not with them to-night, but there would be no scarcity of able speakers, as they had with them Mr. Riggels, Esq., Mr. Siggels, Esq., and the distinguished old veteran of so many campaigns, Mr. Niggels, Esq." These men were all members of the Sharwood bar, the county seat of Jefferson County, a city of about twenty thousand population. The first two speakers were young lawyers in their second year's practice. Walter was not favorably impressed with them. He thought there were some young members of Shocktown Lyceum who could beat them. But when old Mr. Niggels arose to address them, the audience gave close attention. As he warmed up with his theme, cheer after cheer broke forth from old men and small boys. Walter's enthusiasm was genuine. He had no doubts now as to Adams Township, Jefferson Co.; it would roll up four thousand majority. Said Mr. Niggels, "It was an old manufacturing county, a tariff county, whose interests were all in joining the new party of freedom. Industries and enterprises of this character were antagonistic to slavery. Suffer that curse to enter Kansas and you will never see the smoke of a manufactory arise from within her borders."

Walter asked his father that night, when they got home, if he thought there was any doubt whatever of Fremont's election. His father said, he was not one of

those over-confident men about such things, but that he was really beginning to feel quite hopeful.

He was slightly alarmed some days after, when he heard Mr. Williamson remark that he was greatly pleased to see this great increase of public sentiment; but he could not allow himself to be too confident, and he could not forget that we had to contend with an old and powerful organization, thoroughly disciplined and equipped, with all the advantage of patronage at its disposal, and well schooled in the art of dissembling. Already, he understood, in Pennsylvania they were inscribing on their banners, "Buchanan, and free Kansas," and by that deception, combined with State pride for their candidate, they hoped to save the State.

But Walter's mind was soon to be relieved of any misgivings; for the next week he went to a *large mass meeting*, at Marsdale, where Burlingame was to speak. Of course, Burlingame was not there. Other engagements were more pressing, or he had missed the cars; the audience did not exactly understand which. At all events, Walter was considerably disappointed; but the president of the meeting annouuced that they had with them, "the Honorable Mr. Brown, of———, who had been a member of the House committee on territories, during the last two congresses, and was as thoroughly acquainted with the all absorbing questions of the day as any man in the country."

Mr. Brown was a speaker of no mean abilities, thoroughly in earnest, and only descending a little to the spread eagle in his peroration which, on this occasion, was substantially as follows:—"And now, fellow-citizens, does anybody suppose that the leaders of the South meant for a moment that Mr. Douglas' doc-

trine of popular sovereignity should be applied to the territories in a spirit of fairness or good faith? If he does, I will read for his benefit the following extract, published in the Southern Kansas *Pioneer:* *'The South must be up and doing, Kansas must and shall be a slave State. Southern freemen, come along with your negroes, and plow up every inch of ground which is now disgraced and defaced by an Abolition plow. Send the black and damning scoundrels back from whence they came, or send them to hell, it matters not which destination ; suit your own convenience. Send your rifle balls, and your glittering steel to their black and poisonous hearts. Sound the bugle of war over the length and breadth of the land. Let the war cry never cease in Kansas again until you have divested the territory of its last vestige of Abolitionism.'

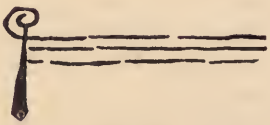
"This, my fellow-countrymen, is the plain unvarnished truth of what the South really wanted to accomplish by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Are we going to be thus deceived by a kiss? Northern freemen, come along with your wives, your sons, and daughters, and plant your homesteads in that broad territory, and protect them with your bayonets and revolvers. Sir, it is not merely a question of the election of Fremont. That question, I am happy to inform you, is settled. I have been up and down your State, and through other States, and I assure you I have never known such an uprising in any cause since the days of the crusades. The people are marching now for the rescue of Kansas, as they marched then for the rescue of the Holy Land. Sir, if Jno. C. Fremont is not elected, I will cease forever political prophecy. The

* A true copy, as published at the time.

end, sir, as I verily believe, has come to the party of slavery; to the party that has made it a felony to shelter the houseless, to clothe the naked, to give the famishing a cup of water, in the name of his Master; or for a slave to utter, in the presence of his master, the words of Jefferson, 'Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed;' or to say, with Sidney, 'Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.' But, no sin, no sin. The slave oligarchy have no power to stem this current. They cannot ascend this Niagara. Before they can drag Kansas into the Union as a slave State, they will have to make the old oaks along the Missouri bear a different kind of fruit than acorns. They will have to make that vast expanse of country, extending from the Missouri to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, one great desert, and, God knows, it had better be a barren desert than be polluted by the withering foot-steps of the bondsman."

Mr. Brown here retired amid loud and continuous cheers. Walter, who had stood spell-bound under the burst, passed from a terrestial into something like a celestial state of mind. He had never seen a full fledged congressman before. He had never seen so large an assemblage of people before. Others might have doubt as to the election of Fremont, he had none. To be a member of Congress, addressing such an assemblage on such a theme, was to reach the acme of fame. Historians may differ as to whether it was by Hannibal's father or his mother, whether it was at the age of nine or eleven, that he was brought to the altar and made to swear eternal hostility against Rome, but, certain it was, that Walter Graham the next day, at Shocktown school, without any coercion whatever on

the part of his parent, in the presence of several of his school-mates, in the fourteenth year of his age, with an air of seriousness that made them smile, said that he was going to be a congressman some day. Whether he was animated alone by the soul-stirring experiences of the day before, or whether he was inspired somewhat by the thought that such a scene might make Maggie Bernard smile upon him with favor, we may never know, but one thing is reasonably clear, that, taking all together, he had formed his first political aspirations.



CHAPTER IV.

SOME SLIGHT BACK-SETS.

THE gray November day was closing in on the Shocktown school and the little village where the citizens of Adams Township had been congregating all day to exercise their sovereign right of voting. Mr. Wagner, the new teacher, had slipped over to the polling place during the noon hour and voted for Buchanan. Walter regretted this fact, but still he had to admit that he did like him as a teacher. He seemed thorough, energetic and kind. As to the majority of the school, Walter had no doubt. There were the Boyle boys, Jake and Bill, with whom he had the contest; Jack Matson, whose father joined farms; the Long boys, sons of the butcher, and Jake Hoover, the blacksmith's son, were about all who were for Buchanan. The advocates of Fremont included High and Ben. Bowers, sons of Squire Bowers, who owned the old farm where Walter was born, and the most influential man in the township; the Swave boys, the Miller boys, Mart. Bernard, himself, and "pretty much all the little chaps and the girls besides." So come what might, Shocktown school would be solid for the winter, Walter thought. But with all that, if his vision had not been blunted by Mr. Brown's speech, he might have perceived that his father had not been quite so hopeful since the October election in Pennsylvania,* when the Democrats had

* At that time the State election in Pennsylvania came in October.

carried the State by a small majority. About an hour after supper that evening, Mr. Graham said he believed he would walk over to the village. In the morning, at the breakfast table, he reported that Adams Township had given fifty-seven majority for Fremont. Mr. Wagner asked if that was as much as he had expected. Mr. Graham replied, "Hardly, I had hoped it would have gone up a little higher, but when I consider the increase it is over Scott's majority of fifteen, four years ago, I suppose I ought to be satisfied."

Walter said the same rate of increase throughout Jefferson County would make Fremont's majority four thousand.

"Yes, but you see, Walter," replied Mr. Wagner, smiling, "your majority in this township has already fallen below your expectations. If Buchanan carries the States he is confidently expected to, his majority in the electoral college will be quite sufficient."

"Yes," said Mr. Graham, "good political management and manipulations may have pulled you through, but Buchanan's majority on the popular vote, if he has any, may be very small. It is a great revolution of sentiment since four years ago. On the whole, I am greatly encouraged. I have not yet abandoned the idea that Kansas may yet get in as a free State."

"I think you are a little severe on us, Mr. Graham," rejoined Mr. Wagner, "by inferring that the election of Buchanan jeopardizes freedom in Kansas. If I were in Kansas to-day, I would vote for freedom there as much as you would. We simply ask for the people of Kansas the privilege, however, of deciding it for themselves."

"The people of Kansas do not need any privilege to

make slaves of themselves," said Mr. Graham, "they already enjoyed the privilege of liberty. You confer no favor upon a community, already secure in freedom, 'to give it the power of self-destruction.' That, I believe, is about the way Seward puts the question; and, besides, another thing you overlook, Mr. Wagner, you say that if you were in Kansas you would vote for a free State constitution, but, let me remind you of this —there would be a great effort made to prevent you from living there at all, for the simple reason that you would vote that way."

"Ah! you state the case a little strongly. You people are unduly alarmed, I think," was Mr. Wagner's reply.

Walter here interposed, by saying, "But, father, do I understand you concede the election of Buchanan?"

"No, I don't know that I actually concede it," said his father, slowly; "I don't know that I shall do that until I have to. Of course, it is possible I shall have to."

Walter did not like the look and expression that accompanied these words. He started off to school, not in the high glee he had expected. He felt premonitions of a slightset-back in store for him, in fact, he was not sure that he had not already experienced it.

When the noon hour arrived, the boys rushed out to meet the train, just arrived from Mansdale. Sam. Blair, the engineer, who had commanded the little "Andy Jackson" (and who, during the years of construction, had become quite well acquainted with the boys), leaned out over the cab of a large engine, called the "Kansas," and gave a friendly wave of the hand toward them.

"Hello, Sam., what is the news from the election?" cried Walter.

"Oh, Buchanan is elected," said Sam, "you are gone up."

"Oh, he is a Democrat, anyhow," said Tom Swave; "he is only trying to stuff us."

The boys ran on down the road to meet 'Squire Bowers, coming up with the morning paper, who told them that Fremont had carried all New England, New York, and, in short, eleven States were counted on as certain for him, making his electoral vote one hundred and fourteen. Walter had, by this time, so far recovered his head as to observe that, at no time had he said distinctly that Fremont was elected. Maryland had gone for Filmore, he reasoned, but that still would not throw the election to the House. Buchanan would yet have 174 electors. He had it all figured up as accurately as the chairman of either national committee. As he looked into these figures all afternoon and evening, he was more convinced than ever that he had been vanquished. He was quite sure of it the next evening when Long's boys, hallooed to him, as they passed by with the butcher cart, "Come down here, Walt., we have a Salt River ticket for you." And when Pat. McKnight (the son of the Irishman who lived in his father's tenement house, and who had just polled his first vote for Buchanan), answered back, "He is all wilted up, he is all wilted up, he has not got strength to come after it." Walter contented himself for a reply with a gruff, good-natured, "Oh, dry up, won't you?"

But time seems to produce a recovery from the severest shocks. Before the next week had passed away, Walter found the men of the neighborhood, who had

cast their fortunes with the new party, take about the same view of it as his father. Instead of being discouraged they were rather astonished at the nearness of their victory. The *Tribune* upheld their faith in pretty much the same strain. It said, that "no great revolution had been successful in its first assault. Bunker Hill was a failure, but Yorktown followed in due time." It gave an account of a delegation which had marched in procession to the house of Gen. Fremont, to sing to him a song of condolence, of which the following was the chorus:

> "If months have well nigh won the field,
> What may not four years do?"

This seemed to be somewhat of a balm to Walter's sorrowing spirit, as he sang the words on the playground for the benefit of his fellow school-mates, not, however, eliciting the same favorable comments on his musical talents that he had in many other things. Thus the senior portion of the people in and about the now thriving little village of Shocktown settled down to business, and left politics for a brief period, at least, drop out of their minds. It received, however, occasional renewals and spasmodic outbreaks at the school, even running pretty far into the winter, when the snowballing matches sometimes took sides upon that basis.

In fact, I have often noticed, it takes a presidential campaign longer to pass off at a country public school than in any other work-shop of our country. That nursery of future statesmen, from whence come those luminaries who shall be able to take charge of their respective townships and counties, wards and cities, with becoming moderation and dignity, up to the one who shall have the fortune or misfortune to plant

his feet firmly upon the capitol at Washington, and hold in his hand a telescope, which brings within the range of his vision the White House at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. I know that brother Shipley asks, what is the use of always talking about the little school-house on the hill-side being the safety of our country, when the saloon is turning out *Michael Mahooleys* at such a rapid rate? While candor compels me to admit that his question is worthy of pondering and considering, somehow I am yet among those who prefer to pin their faith to the little school-house rather than surrender to the saloon. Not that any one could pretend to claim that all who graduate at the former are worthy of putting on the robes of angels; but, because at that stage the mind is most plastic, second only in pliability to the period at which it was rocked on its mother's knee, and because it imbibes there, as no where else, the true conceptions of American democracy. Academies, normal schools, colleges and universities may increase the store of secular knowledge, but the germ that innoculates the plant and gives the flavor to the fruit may have been inserted long before the student crosses their threshold. The air of seclusion and self-adulation, which sometimes hangs around these institutions, is more propitious to aristocrats than democrats. It sometimes happens, indeed, that not even a diploma from Yale prevents the bearer from graduating afterwards at the saloon; one more gilded and fashionable than the one at which Michael Mahooley graduated, but none the less potent for evil. Is it any wonder then, that the great common, respectable masses, who lie between these two extremes, should stick pretty closely to the little common school?

Hence it is, in this little narrative of Walter Graham, wherein I pledged myself to withold nothing, I have dwelt thus long upon the details of his experiences at the old stone school-house at Shocktown, and can only say, by way of apology, that even the one-tenth has not been told. At this little school he spent his next winter, and the one following, and when, in the spring of 1858, in his great eagerness to bid it a final adieu and enroll his name with the older scholars, already gone before, at Professor Baker's academy, Walter himself was quite oblivious to the full measure of what it had done for him. He would remember with deep gratitude, of course, how Mr. Wagner had extended the regular curriculum, in order to allow him and some others to master the elementary principles of algebra and geometry. In fact, he could not but feel he had enjoyed the favorable opinion of all his teachers. There he had enjoyed the genial friendship of Tom Swave, whom he generally excelled, but who sometimes made a brilliant dash and excelled him. There he had declaimed the fiery words of Patrick Henry, of Pitt and of Webster; there he had kissed little Maggie Bernard one day upon the play ground; there it was he afterwards lived to see her turn up her little mouth at him in a pout and walk off in the play with High. Bowers. (Oh Maggie, you little blue-eyed Maggie, how could you toss your head so defiantly in the face of first love, and break the heart of our hero?) All these and a thousand other recollections he would take away with him; but it was only in after years, when upon heights tempestuous he stood, when in hours serene he meditated, that he fully comprehended how deeply they had impressed him. How he cher-

ished the dear old spot, how no subsequent school was nestled so closely in his heart!

But now it came to pass, that Walter found himself seated, in the November of 1859, where he had longed to be, at a desk in Professor Baker's Academy. The Professor had removed his school over to the village the year before, and its flourishing condition now warranted him in employing Mr. Wagner, who had declined further employment in the public school, to assist him during the winter months. Walter had been detained from entering at the opening of the term, for about a month, on account of the seeding, the corn cutting, and the rush of business at the saw mill.

The morning he presented himself, the Professor received him kindly, asked what he would like to study this winter, and began to look around for a seat. Walter also cast his eyes around the room over the crowd of about thirty or forty boys and girls, some of whom he had never seen before. Tom Swave he saw sitting on a seat with Mart. Bernard. His spirits drooped a little at this, not only because his chance for sitting with him himself, looked doubtful, but because he also felt he would rather see Tom seated with any other boy than Mart. Frank Swave was seated with Henry Kerr, the son of an ordinary well-to-do farmer, who lived two and a-half miles distant. Henry rode back and forth each morning, except on Monday morning, when he came in the carriage and brought with him his sister Amelia, who boarded with Walter's father and taught the old public school, being the first lady teacher who had filled that role in the winter season. High. Bowers seemed to have for his companion a boy something younger than himself, an en-

tire stranger to Walter. As they advanced slowly to the rear of the room they reached a desk occupied by one boy only. The Professor here took another reflective glance over the field and said very kindly, "I guess Walter you may take this seat here with William Morton. This is Walter Graham, William."

Walter took his seat rather demurely, and thought his future seat-mate looked the same way. There was something, however, rather natural, he thought, in the way Will. Morton courtesied to him; something that might come from natural kindness of heart, or from studied urbanity of manner, he was not certain which. He looked to be about two years older than himself, about the age of Mart. Bernard, and might more appropriately be seated with him, he thought, than with me (his mind already looking towards the mutual swap that might be effected). A second glance at Mr. Morton convinced him that Mr. Morton had been looking at him. In fact, their eyes had a short but square contact. Walter did not shrink from it as much as might be imagined, whether because the countenance was actually more approachable than he had supposed a moment before, or whether it was because he had suddenly thought of what his mother had told him, that "while he had done no wrong, he should shrink in the presence of no man." Certain it was, Walter had observed in these stolen glances that young Morton wore fine clothes, that he had a very handsome watch and chain, and, altogether, he was rather disposed to admit to himself that he was quite handsome. The thought occurred to him, if it could be possible that he was the son of the wealthy Mr. Morton, of Marsdale, who was engaged in the grain, lumber and coal business, and who rumor

said was a silent partner with Mart. Bernard's father, at Shocktown, and the man who he felt pretty sure held a mortgage on his father's farm. A few days' acquaintance with "Will. Morton," as he was called by his fellow school-mates, revealed the fact that he was a first cousin of Mart. Bernard's, and it required no astute mind to observe that he was to be the central figure, around which the little aristocracy of Shocktown Academy would revolve.

At the end of the first week, Walter said, "It is a wonder you and your cousin Mart. don't sit together."

"Oh, it's no difference how we sit," replied Will; "this is the way the Professor arranged us, and let it go."

"I will ask if you and Mart. can't sit together, then, I can sit with Tom, if you prefer," replied Walter, with an expression which easily told that he was not interested solely to the comfort of Will. Morton.

But the reply was, "No, no, leave him alone where he is, I would just as leave sit back here with you."

The manner of this reply was such also as to make Walter wonder whether Will. Morton might have about the same opinion of Mart. Bernard that he had, and if, indeed, he might not prove to be a very agreeable seat-mate, and whether he might not begin to feel complimented by the fact that he had such an accomplished and wealthy young gentleman for a companion. At all events, the change was not made nor any further effort to bring it about. As time passed on, he began to feel not only quite at ease, but quite attached to his affluent friend. Was this making Tom a little jealous, or was he a little jealous of Tom? Was he somewhat fearful that a winter's close fellowship, under Mart.'s

influence, might make him a little proud? Would the tendency be to strain any relation existing between them? These conflicting emotions bothered him sometimes more than he would have been willing to admit. But yet he would dismiss them each time, he reasoned, in full faith, that nothing could produce such a tension on the cord that bound him and his life-long friend together as to cause it to break. Besides, had not Tom been placed there through no choice of his? He would naturally have a straight path to walk, but Tom always had great tact and could bring things out right in the end.

Things were proceeding thus when, one day in December, unusually warm for the time of year, Walter was leaning forward with his head resting between his hands, his elbows on the desk, pretending to study his Latin, but, in reality, very nearly asleep. Mr. Wagner spoke up from the other side of the room, where he had been having an arithmetic class recite, "What is the matter with you, Walter, are you losing your energies? I supposed you would have been down in Virginia to-day, rescuing old John Brown, rather than going to sleep here in school." "No, I found I could not get there to-day in time to save him, but we will all go down someday on the same errand," replied Walter, half asleep, half in humor, and altogether unconscious of the great truth he had unwittingly spoken. "Let him hang," said High. Bowers in an audible whisper.

Walter now aroused from his stupor and resumed his studies but not even the thrilling event of that day, the hot discussions which it gave rise to in the literary society which was an appendix to the school; the long struggle for the speakership in the House of Represen-

tatives which equaled the one of four years before, together with all Walter's natural inclination for the political arena, could keep his mind from digressing more or less towards the social side of life. Need he be ashamed to admit he thought that it was sometimes pleasant to be in the society of the girls, to bask in the favor of Will. Morton, who was so well qualified to introduce him into society. Had not even Cæsar and Napoleon tumbled to love? Had not Fitz James been enamored by the beauties of the mountain maid when all else had failed to capture him? Certainly there was no rational reason why he who would soon reach the mature age of seventeen should not yield in moderation to these inherent tendencies of human nature, even if it did to some extent retard his progress with his Latin and German. The evening he spent at the party, given by the Bernards on New Year's night, was so charming and so harmless. It was a little dancing party, the first of the kind that Walter had ever attended. Will. Morton was master of ceremonies. He had a couple of Marsdale's young ladies there to teach the young lads and lassies of Shocktown the accomplishments. Even Mart. did not seem quite so stiff and formal. For a while, his own head seemed to whirl in the maze and he almost forgot there was such a person as Tom Swave, although he was actually present at the time. He was passing successfully through his first lesson in the plain quadrille with Amelia Kerr as preceptress, when suddenly, as he swung on the corner, he heard anoise that sounded like a tear. It was Miss Page's dress he had set his apprentice foot rather heavily upon—the train of her dress. Maggie Bernard said to him ironically, "I thought you

used to be a supple boy, Walt. You ought to have grace enough in your movements to keep off the ladies' dresses." Walter was a little confused, almost too much so, to properly ask Miss Page's pardon. Amelia Kerr whispered in a more benignant tone, "Never mind, never mind, don't say anything about it." This little incident put a slight chill upon his enthusiasm; but, taken all together, the evening had been a success.

But the winter was not yet over. It was only the next week after the party that a new scholar knocked for admission at the door of Professor Baker's Academy. His name was Patrick McKnight. His social standing and home training had not been as high as that of the young ladies and gentlemen who constituted this little aristocracy. Some were alarmed lest Patrick's admission might corrupt their morals and lower their social standing, for sure he was the same Pat. McKnight, son of old Jimmy McKnight, who lived in Graham's tenement house; the same young man who, three years ago, had voted, on age, for Buchanan. But all the same, Professor Baker admitted him. Pat. had received an injury in the side, which would incapacitate him from doing hard manual labor during most of the winter, or from stirring around in all kinds of weather at his business of buying poultry, butter and eggs. What was he to do, sit down and mope the winter away, loafing around the village store, tavern or oyster saloon? Why could not he go to school on such days as he felt able, and stir up his knowledge in arithmetic, of which, in trading, he sometimes felt his deficiency. The public school, of course, would not receive a man twenty-four years old, but

why was not his money as good to Mr. Baker as that of any one else? Thus reasoned Pat., and thus he walked over to the school one morning when it was in session, and stated his case to Professor Baker, and the latter commended his purpose and told him he would be glad to render him any assistance he could, and then Professor Baker said to the scholars (who snickered and laughed after Pat. went out), "What in the world are you laughing about, boys and girls? Why, I see nothing funny. A young man struggling to acquire an education; is that what amuses you? Why I am astonished."

After these remarks, somewhat indignantly uttered by their teacher, the scholars settled down, slightly ashamed. But Walter had time to observe there was more tittering on the girls' side of the room than on the boys' side; that even Mag. Bernard had given a contemptuous smile; that High. Bowers' face had at first assumed a grin like a hyena's, but like a whipped spaniel's after the Professor's reprimand. He felt glad to notice that neither of the Swave boys nor Henry Kerr showed any disrespect. Even Mart. Bernard had betrayed no emotion, and Morton's subdued smile was only that of quaint good humor. It was several minutes later, when he reflected that, for the first time in his life, he had involuntarily said to himself, Mag. Bernard, instead of Maggie.

To tell the truth, Walter himself would just as leave Pat. had not come to the school. He had really no special claims upon Walter's friendship. He had lived in the neighborhood a kind of protege of his father's family as long as he could remember, and he knew that Pat. was rather fond of the exercise of authority,

and that in the early years of his existance, he was a little afraid of him. He could remember his having told him, at the age of six, to stand at the stable door with a corn stalk to keep the old cow out, while he, Pat. chained the other in, that the old red cow shut her eyes and cow-like walked straight through the door, knocking Walter down, but fortunately stepping safely over him. Pat. came running back, and, without even once commending him for the gallantry with which he had stood at his post, began berating him as a poor stick for doing no better. Likewise, Walter remembered that Pat. had once placed him, at the age of seven, on the back of the brown colt to ride across the lot while he led him; that the colt jumped and threw him off, greatly alarming his mother. Pat. denounced him as a coward for not getting on again, and when Walter suggested to Pat. that he should get on himself, Pat. replied that he "reckoned he knew how to break colts, don't we always put boys on first?" But these and many similar events Walter had now forgiven. He had reached the years when he was at least no longer afraid of Pat., and his conclusions as to his character were probably not very far from the truth, that he was a young Scotch-Irishman; born on ship board, on the passage of his parents to this country, possessing the usual aspirations of his race, naturally firm in his own conceit, abundantly able to hoe his own row in a free country, and having in reality some good traits of character, and, as Walter reflected on his own high ambition, it certainly did not lie in his mouth to disparage Pat's efforts to acquire a little more knowledge of the common English branches.

So it happened one day, about the first of March, that the boys were gathered about the porch of the schoolhouse (within hearing distance of the girls), discussing the great social event which was to happen next week —the party at Bowers'. High. said he would do everything in his power to make it a success, he was going to invite a few outside people of high social standing, and then all the scholars. Walter, without a moment's reflection, asked, "Are you going to invite Pat. McKnight?" High, turning around with a contemptuous grin and an air of superiority, said, "You must be getting out of your head, Graham, what do you mean? Do you hear Walt. Graham, boys, he wants to know if I am going to ask Pat. McKnight to our party."

Several of the boys gave a suppressed laugh, and Walter was not sure that he understood the expression on Morton's face, although High. had turned to him rather appealingly as one in authority, and hoping he would immediately squelch any such sentiment as that. What Morton's real feelings were, whether simply those of regret that the issue had been raised, or otherwise, it might be unsafe to say. At all events he had the good sense to hold his tongue until he heard what Walter had to say in his defense. Walter's reply, rather more apologetic than might have been expected, was,—"Well you said you were going to invite all the scholars, and surely that includes Pat."

Walter had seen his mistake in making the original inquiry, but no sooner was his answer out than he also saw his mistake in making it in a manner that might sound like humiliation. To High. Bowers this air only

encouraged him to greater arrogance. "Yes, but I expected to confine it to respectable families. Of course, you naturally feel a little sensitive on the matter, as your daddie used to be a tenement farmer on our place, and, in fact, if it had not been for my father it is doubtful if he ever would have got along."

Walter now advanced towards him, and placing his clenched fist very near to High.'s face, said, in a manner capable of no misunderstanding this time, "High. Bowers, I consider my father as respectable a man as yours, and myself as good a man as you, and, for that matter, a blamed sight better, and if you give me another insinuation of that kind out of your mouth, I will smash it for you."

High's arrogance seemed suddenly to have left him. With face about as white as the snow, and trembling like a leaf in an Autumn gale, he managed to stammer out, "Oh, well, you needn't get so high about it, I reckon a man has a right to invite whom he pleases to his own house. You need not bother yourself about it. I don't know as it is so particular whether you come yourself or not."

"You can invite to your house whom you please," replied Walter; "as for myself, I would not go near your little stuck-up party, but I don't allow you or any other man to make any insinuations against my parents.

Several of the boys here, including Will. Morton, said, "Oh, well, say nothing more about it one way or the other; it's better for all hands. Let us go and have a good time at the party, anyhow."

"You can go on and have all the good time at the party you want, I shall not bother it," replied Water.

Although this was ostensibly the end of this little episode, Walter felt from this on that he was under a kind of social ostracism. True, he had been rescued, to some extent, by those two sentiments, so strong in the Saxon race—in the American Saxon race—respect for courage and love of fair play.

True, Will. Morton had said to him, with apparent sincerity, "that Bowers showed himself a coward, and he should not allow it to worry him a particle. He is evidently afraid of you, and will need you as much as you will need him."

Tom Swave had told two of the boys that "High. knew better than to take it up. Walt. would have knocked the breath out of him in two minutes." Walter, however, instinctively knew that the school, especially the girls, did not wish to be forced into taking open sides against 'Squire Bowers' son, with all his influence, and thereby lose all the social pleasures they had in expectancy.

This naturally made Walter feel a little isolated. He chafed under it sometimes, but he had no notion of retreating from his position. He knew he had been imprudent in calling it a "little stuck-up party;" he knew also, that he could get his invitation to it renewed upon the slightest hint to High., but he was not made of that kind of material. "This was twice," he reasoned, "I have put myself under the ban by espousing the cause of the despised." He would be more prudent hereafter. But he reflected, on the other hand, that Pat. now seemed to worship at his feet, and little darkey Ben. Smith, had acted toward him, ever since the day he raised his voice and arm in his defence, as one who

could never pay his debt of gratitude. Was it not better, thought Walter, to stand firmly grounded in the favor of these than to be a fawning sycophant for the smiles of the elite? To have some individuality of his own rather than to creep along one of society's weaklings? In fact, he wondered whether this first little touch of society had already weakened his purposes and sapped his energies; whether its paralyzing hand was not already upon him, and the blood coursing less freely than usual through his youthful veins. He had been a fool; he was born for the tempest and not for the drawing-room. To be sure, love was a natural instinct. There was Amelia Kerr, the beautiful brunette, he had every opportunity to behold her lovely character this winter while she boarded in the family. She was the daughter of a plain, honest farmer, who had, like his father, a mortgage on his farm. She was not such a snob as Mag. Bernard. Amelia was handsome in every respect, neither too tall nor too short, neither too fat nor too lean; she was endowed with natural intelligence and strong common sense, she had spoken to him so kindly, almost affectionately, at the party, about his little misfortune with Miss Page's dress. Her voice was so winsome, her manner so sympathetic. He would devote himself exclusively to her and to his studies from this out. True, she was six years his senior, but that was not much. Had he not heard his own mother say, "It was luck to marry a girl older than yourself." And was not Napoleon much younger than Josephine? He could easily afford to wait, and was she not quite willing, too? He would now plunge into his studies with that zeal and continuity of which he knew

he was capable. In the four weeks that yet remained, he would wrench victory from defeat. He would yet take the honors of his class at the approaching exhibition ; he would call a halt upon the ambition of his friend, Tom Swave.

But already the law of retribution had written her decree. She cried, "Too late, too late, you have wasted too many hours, Walter, dreaming of the waltz, you have gone sleighing too many nights with father's little bay mare and seal brown horse, you cannot pass your friend, Thomas Swave, in so short a time. Nature has done as much intellectually for him as she has for you ; and although your mother was a little afraid of his companionship, he has really not lost his head this winter as much as yourself He read your purpose distinctly and resolved quietly to give you a slight set-back. He would have trembled for the result if you had formed your resolution at the commencement of the term, but at present he is confident of success."

Yes, Walter, you were destined to stand on the platform on commencement day and act a minor part, while Tom. carried off the applause of the village denizens which you knew you could have had. Humiliated, defeated in the very field in which above all others you wished to succeed ! It was enough to produce remorse. Justice requires it to be said of you, however, that since it had to be so, you felt glad for Tom ; rather it were he than any other boy. And he was really glad that Henry Kerr, of the A class, was valedictorian.

Walter, however, would take with him some pleasant

memories of the winter, chief of which was that he had made the acquaintance of Will. Morton, no longer doubting the genuineness of his friendship. He had said to him so often, even after the altercation with High Bowers, many little complimentary things, such as "You are a darling, Graham;" "You and I are chums;" "You are a boy of mine;" "You have got true grit, courage, both moral and physical." "You are going with me to college next year. While I was there last year, before I got sick, there were plenty of boys in the Freshman class that did not know half as much as you."

This last remark had so filled Walter's mind that he proposed it to his father, but to receive the reply, "No, you cannot go to college next year with Will. Morton. Even if I were able to give you a college course, I would not wish you to go now with him, not that I think him a badly disposed boy, but because he would have wealthy associates and companions, with habits of extravagance, which you could not pretend to keep up with. It would only disqualify your mind for study and increase his influence over you proportionately in that he would mould you about as he pleased."

And now, though the school had been over only three days, he would have one unmixed pleasure at least before he entered fairly upon the drudgery of the spring work. He would take Miss Kerr over to Marsdale to the lecture next week. So he went into the room that evening where she was sitting all alone and said, after clearing his throat three times, "Miss Amelia, if you have no other way to go over to Marsdale to hear Beecher, Tuesday night, I will take you over."

And Miss Amelia, the daughter of a plain, honest farmer, with an archness that would have done credit to a French actress, with a beauty of expression never excelled by Mary Queen of Scotts, with voice so winsome, with manner so kind, with expression so sympathetic, replied, "Why, Walter, it is very kind of you, indeed, but I thank you, I have another way."

CHAPTER V.

A DEEP-LAID SCHEME.

THE April sun was sinking low; a round ball of fire it seemed to be in the western sky. The bright streaks of red that extended further up and stretched along the horizon, presaged, Aunt Nancy Stoner said, "A coming dry spell." The two bay mares which Walter Graham brought home from the plow, stood at the barnyard gate and nodded their heads with that intelligence which said "don't be long unreining us and opening the way;" which being done, they marched up to the watering trough and drank their fill. The low neigh of the seal brown horse greeted them as they entered the stable door, as if to say, "I beat you home." The old red oxen twisted their tails as a sign of relief when Pat. McKnight released them from their yoke, and shook their heads in haughty defiance at the old brown cow and spotted calf, which stood munching at the crib they preferred. The cows gave a suppressed low of discontent as they peeped over the barnyard wall and through the gate to snuff the first odor of the grass now sipping the evening dew and painting the meadow with deep rich green. The yearling colt with steel gray coat had jumped from the lot into the young orchard where little Joe was driving it out before it should brake down any of the trees. The shepherd dog leaped over the fence to join in the task, but devoted more time to rearing

up on Joe, whom he had not seen all day, than in helping with the work. The cat, with sentinel eye, sat at the rail pile near the pig pen ready to make that spring so fatal for the next mouse that should expose itself outside their protection. The pigs grunted out their ease inside the sty, and increased it to a more impetuous squeal as they heard approaching footsteps that indicated slop and corn. The turkey gobbler strutted with majestic tread as he escorted the brown hen home from the place where she had secreted the germ of her next year's progeny. Mrs. Graham had just closed the coop on the dominica hen with her brood of ten, the first of the season. Mary and Sue and the hired girl had just gone down to the barn with pails on their arms to do the milking. Little Beckie Miller who had been over to spend the afternoon had bid them goodbye at the end of the path and ran on to her home in the village. The masons who had been laying the foundation wall for the much-talked of grist mill, had laid up their tools, drawn off their overalls and surveyed their week's work. Old Zebediah Monks and his nephew, Ben. Smith, had left the stone quarry and were walking down across the meadow to their humble abode, thinking of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Jacob Graham had adjusted a log on the skids all ready to start the saw on Monday morning, and walked up to the house for a social chat with Mr. Williamson, who had driven over to the village and left Mrs. Williamson with Mrs. Graham until he came back.

Mrs. Graham was so glad to see her, and Mrs. Williamson had "just told John that he need not think he was going to drive out this lovely evening without taking her along." And Mrs. Graham said, "I should

think so. Has it not been a lovely day? The whole country is beginning to look green." And Mrs. Williamson said "Oh, hasn't it; perfectly invigorating. How do you do, Mr. Graham?" turning to speak to him as he came up. "John will stop as he comes back from the office. I know he longs for a talk with you."

"I assure you he can not be more anxious than Jacob is for one with him," said Mrs. Graham, "they will have so much to discuss now."

Walter fed the horses, finished up the chores while the sun sank slowly out of sight, and wended his way to the house to join this peaceful circle. The whole community around the little village of Shocktown was sinking down to quiet rest. Dame Nature seemed at ease along the little village of the Silver, through which its placid waters flowed.

"All seemed as silent and as still,
As the mist slumbering on yonder hills."

But within the broad limits of the United States there was, at this moment, another spot where the waters were not so calm, where the scene was more turbulent, where the political pot was boiling with the greatest intensity and being watched with suppressed anxiety. The Charleston convention had been in session a week and no report from the committee on resolutions. The debates had been heated and betokened a coming rupture in the Democratic camp. It was the crucial test as to whether the so-called principle of "popular sovereignty" or "squatter sovereignty," as it was called, could in any way be juggled up to satisfy the South, or whether the followers of Douglas would yield the entire demand of the Slave Oligarchy, "that slavery existed already in the territories, that they had

a natural right to move there with their property as had any other citizen;" that there was no "popular sovereignty" about it, that such had been the judicial utterance of the Supreme Court in the "Dred Scott Decision," that there was no power in the constitution to prevent it. Each speech seemed to drive the wedge a little farther in.

Mr. Williamson said "he believed now that the convention would split. Douglas seems to have too strong a following to surrender, not that he has any actual principles or convictions on the matter, but simply because any other course would be fatal to him now. As for the South, I never for a moment supposed that they would abandon one inch of their ground; they have a purpose and are standing on a principle. They have not manipulated all these years to have the 'Dred Scott Decision' promulgated and then not avail themselves of it."

"I suppose," replied Mr. Graham, "that we understand the 'popular sovereignty' doctrine was only a pretext to their first step in nationalizing slavery. But does not that rather show that they saw the necessity of some pretext before they could expect the hearty coöperation of even the Northern Democrats in their ultimate purpose? And don't you suppose to-day, Mr. Williamson, that Douglas in his heart prefers Kansas to be a free State?"

"I do not know," rejoined Mr. Williamson, "that I am bound to suppose even that much for him. I think the best thing for Republicans to do is to simply take him at his word, that 'he does not care a particle whether slavery is voted up or voted down,' he has made that declaration so often that he and his follow-

ers need not complain now when we charge him with having no convictions whatever on the real question at issue, namely, the admission or non-admission of slavery into all the territories. Lincoln drove him pretty hard to the wall on that simple position, you will remember, in his debate, and besides, if you look at the question in the light of what has followed, and by the very speeches that the Southern leaders are making now in that convention and in Congress, it appears they never did put the repeal of the Missouri Compromise on any other principle than the one for which they now contend (their constitutional right to take their slaves into the territories). In fact, as I have already said, they had a purpose from the start and never had many pretexts about it. It was Douglas himself who saw the necessity of some subterfuge to excuse himself before his northern constituents."

"All very true," replied Mr. Graham, "yet sometimes when I reflect what a narrow escape Kansas made from the Lecompton conspiracy, that a change of three votes in the House would have launched her into the Union a slave State, and crammed the institution of slavery down their throats against their will, I cannot help but feel that the friends of freedom owe him some little gratitude." "Just so," said Mr. Williamson, "It is a perfectly natural feeling, but it is rather an exemplification of the truth of the saying that 'God sometimes works through mysterious agencies.' It is that feeling which threatens Republicanism to-day. The great danger is that the party may give way too much to that sentiment. We must win on a square issue or we cannot win at all. We were in great peril from that situation in Illinois two

years ago, when so many Republicans were inclined to let Douglas have his seat in the Senate rather than raise a contest. I for one am much better satisfied that Lincoln was defeated than that he should have lowered his flag and succeeded. Then, besides, if Douglas really has his face turned this way from anything that has its foundation in conscience, he will get to us in due time; we need not go to him."

"Yes, by the way, I see Illinois intends to press Lincoln's claims before the Chicago Convention for President," said Mr. Graham.

"Well, how would it suit you? How does it feel down here?" queried Mr. Williamson, laying his hand upon his heart.

"Well, I can't say," rejoined Mr. Graham, "that I am greatly disturbed under the thought. Of course we would have to defend against the charge of nominating a man comparatively unknown to the party, but that cuts both ways sometimes; you gain as much by that as you lose. Sometimes a man with too much reputation has some very vulnerable points."

Walter, who had been an attentive listener up to this time, now interposed by saying, "I am for Seward; no man can say that he has not the brains. Professor Baker says the rhetoric of Seward is almost faultless, and that there is a logic and coherency in his positions never equalled by any other man ever in Congress."

"Well, Walter," replied Mr. Williamson, "that may all be true; I shall not quarrel with Professor Baker about that. I suppose the Professor also knows that many people consider the diction, coherency and logic of Lord Bacon the finest in the English language, and

yet tradition, if not history, says he could be bought for a five dollar bill."

"That's a little rough on Seward," rejoined Walter; "pretty near as bad as I heard a man say of Lincoln the other day—'if the people of Illinois consider this man Lincoln a great man, I would like to know what their ideas are of an ordinary one.'"

"That man," said Mr. Williamson, "had probably never read a sentence or an utterance of Lincoln's. For my part, I must say that as much as I read of the debates between him and Douglas, as they were given by the papers, and his Cooper Institute speech, he does impress me as more than an ordinary man. He has a plain, direct way of presenting a proposition in simple language that goes direct to the understanding of the average mind; and, while I do not say that Seward can be bought for a money consideration, either large or small, it is quite certain that his last winter's speech was something lower in tone and quite ambiguous. On looking over the field so far, I am not certain the convention can do better than drop to Lincoln. Chase, to be sure, has a national reputation, but, like Seward, he has some assailable points. Cameron is urged solely on the ground that he is an astute politician. As for Bates, he lives south of Mason and Dixon's line; that, to my mind, is a serious objection to him, no matter how sincere he may imagine himself now. Viewed from every standpoint to-night, I am not certain but it is the best thing we can do; but I suppose we will not have so very long to wait. Time will tell who is to be the man and how he will turn out."

And time did tell. But two short months elapsed when she disclosed the fact, at least as to who he was

to be. Through the mist of conflicting interests and personal ambitions, the tall figure of the Sangamone had been dimly seen figuring in the background. The Chicago Convention had come and gone, and after the usual pulling of wires and smashing of slates, breaking of promises and making of new ones, the curtain raised and there stood Abraham Lincoln. He was not very handsome, to be sure, buth is tall spare form and high cheek bones impressed his figure on the mind from the start. His mixed expression of kindness and firmness seemed to invite a closer inspection. His party said, "Hold him up that we may examine him." His friends held him up and said, "Judge and behold. True, he has only served one term in Congress, but upon his record in the debates with Douglas alone we are willing to stake his reputation. You shall learn as we publish those debates in full what manner of man he is; of the clear terse way with which, in simple language, he takes the wind out of sophistry and subtilty; how he lays bare the purposes of the enemy, and tells in plain but comprehensive words the great purpose for which his party was formed."

Of all the people in the country who went into that examination of Lincoln's character and capabilities, none were more earnest than Walter Graham. He was somewhat disappointed at the failure of Seward to secure the prize, but he soon recovered. He read every line and sentence of that historic battle of words that had been fought in the prairie State by the two great leaders of the common people. No more effectual campaign document could have been published to introduce a candidate to his party. Walter soon found his mind warming towards the "old rail splitter." He

felt primed for an argument for a speech from the stump — he dreamed, whether such a thing were possible. Would some opportunity present itself? Sometimes there were little local neighborhood meetings when the speaker disappoints. He would watch and keep his eye open and his mind prepared. The summer was passing pleasantly along with every indication of success, especially after the adjourned Democratic Convention, at Baltimore, had actually dissolved and placed two candidates in the field. In his happiest mood, one nice Saturday afternoon, Walter asked his parents if he might have Simon, the brown horse, and he and Tom Swave drive over to Kerr's to see Henry. His mother said, "Why could you not hitch to the big carriage and take the girls along? No doubt they would like to take a drive and see Amelia."

The boys both thought this a capital suggestion and accordingly they went. Simon looked his best, his coat looked so glossy. The girls seemed so glad and the boys were so agreeable. They arrived at Kerr's to find everybody in the same sweet temper. Henry and his father were sitting out on the porch reading the papers. Miss Amelia received them so cordially, her voice was so winsome, her manner so kind, her expression so sympathetic. Walter thought he could see in a glance she would have much preferred to have gone with him to the lecture; that it was only because she could not help herself that she declined his invitation. Certainly, old Cain must be a great annoyance to her. What did she want with an old bald-headed widower of thirty-seven? True, he and his brother, the doctor, owned a farm between them, but a girl of her qualifications and graces would waver at no consideration of

that kind. This instantaneous reasoning and the satisfactory conclusion to which it brought him had but a short existence. It lasted only while he passed from the yard gate into the house, where he found "little old baldy" sitting in the rocking chair, and rising to shake hands with him as Amelia said very kindly, "You know, Mr. Cain." Then touching him on the arm, said, "Walter, I wish to introduce you to my cousin, Annie Lesher, from Sharwood." Tom and the girls were introduced in turn. What Walter supposed were sound conclusions reached but a moment before, were now considerably shaken at what his eyes beheld. He wondered if Amelia's tastes were so perverted after all, and turned at the same thought for a second glance at Miss Lesher, to see what kind of a girl she was. He saw she was a spry looking blonde, something younger in her appearance than Amelia, a trifle shorter in height, but a little heavier set, rather quick and decisive in her action, and he thought perhaps a little bold.

As they all walked in the orchard that afternoon and strolled down by the spring-house, Miss Lesher offered Walter her hand to be helped over a fence, and said, spryly, "Mr. Graham, I have to depend on you now to keep the snakes and the cows off. Mind, I am afraid." He thought, maybe she is not bold after all. I guess it is her natural quick way. These city girls always seem a little pert. He replied, "Oh, there are no snakes here and the cows will not hurt you."

Amelia assured her she had nothing to fear while Walter and Tom were about.

"No, I suppose not; I will put my trust in them, anyhow," replied Miss Lesher.

As the little company passed the afternoon away in that easy and informal manner, incident only to the quiet old farm home, dicussing the harvest, the crops, and occasionally a little of their neighbor's business, Walter's mind, though alternating between Miss Amelia and Miss Lesher, was entirely unconscious of the fact that anyone was thinking what fine, healthy, animated, vivacious girls were his two young sisters, Mary and Sue.

When they were all seated at the supper table Mr. Kerr inquired of the boys "how their parents liked the nomination."

Walter replied that his father was very well pleased. "He thinks, on the whole, it was the best nomination that could have been made." Tom said that "it suited him first-rate. Father says he wanted the man we could win with, and he thinks we have got him."

Amelia said, "Walter, it seems to me we ought almost to hear from you this fall, before the election is over. You have such a natural inclination for public affairs."

"Little Baldy" now spoke up with an attempt at friendly humor, "We will have to have a grand rally some night, I think, at Martin's Cross Roads or at Hornsdale, in order to give Young America a chance." Walter smiled as best he could, while Tom and Henry both said "they might do worse than listen to a speech from Walter."

Walter was not so infatuated with Mr. Cain, at least, (whom he still involuntarily called in his mind "Little Baldy,") as to suppose he was entirely in earnest, but he thought to himself all the same, You may not know everything that is going to happen before this campaign is over.

As they rode home that evening they met High. Bowers and Ben. riding out. They stopped for a few moments' talk, when High. said, "Well, how are you all, anyhow; how are you coming on? I don't see much of you this summer, Walt."

Walter replied that he had been pretty busy; that he had not got away much. High. threw out several more friendly ejaculations and inquiries and concluded by asking the boys to come and see him, after which they drove on. When they had gone about five hundred yards in silence, Walter turned to Tom, saying, "Well, what do you think of the serpent, anyhow?"

Tom's reply, rather sarcastically given, was, "Oh, you have struck about the right name; his daddie is going to be a candidate for the Legislature this fall. They will both be crawling about like snakes from this on. Still, it don't do to say too much. One thing is certain, neither of them will ever be hung for his brains."

Tom turned his head back to the girls and looked approvingly at them, as he finished his remarks, and they smiled back in return to him.

When they arrived at home, the girls alighted at the house, and Tom went on to the barn to help Walter put Simon away. While they were all alone, Walter said to Tom, in a low confidential tone, "Tom I am going to make a Lincoln speech this fall, if I can get the chance to slip it in. Anyway, if you will never let on, and help to arrange it for me, I will consider it a great favor, and you know I will do the same for you if you want to make one.

Tom replied in the same confidential tone, that he had no ambition of the kind for himself. "But I will

keep my eye open and do all in my power, Walt , to see that you get a chance somehow, and you be prepared for any emergencies and have a good one ready. Of course, if you were only a little older we might work it better."

"Yes, I know," said Walter, "but then you know Randolph was so young when he first entered Congress that they asked him if he was of constitutional age, and Webster delivered a Fourth of July oration at 17, and I am that old now."

"All right," rejoined Tom, "I will do my best."

At this the boys parted with the warmest regard for one another. Walter having considerable faith that Tom's great tact and executive ability could bring it about.

But July passed out. August came and went September, too, closed in, and no speech from Walter, although it had long been prepared.

Again he was seated comfortably one Sunday afternoon in the old sitting room at home, in the early October, when Mr. Williamson and Professor Baker had dropped in for an hour's talk. Walter had given them an account of the size and enthusiasm of the grand torch-light procession which he had witnessed at Sharwood the week before. He was certainly not over hopeful now in his cause. "The mass meeting at Mansdale four years ago sank into insignificance when numerically compared with this." Mr. Williamson, after hearing Walter through with his description, said to him, rather suddenly changing the subject, "Walter, do you know who lit every one of those torches?"

Walter replied, with an expression of intelligence in his face which told very plainly that he understood

Mr. Williamson had some point to make now in moral philosophy, though he did not exactly foresee what it was, answered with a kindly smile: "I suppose the men who carried them lit them?"

"No," replied Mr. Williamson, "the men who carried them that night were only the instruments who went through the mechanical form of applying the match. They were all lighted by William Lloyd Garrison thirty years ago. We only saw the blaze break out last Thursday night."

This utterance fell with considerable force on the little circle, but it was Walter himself who deigned the first reply, as follows: "Mr. Williamson, most of the men who bore those torches would rather have Garrison denounce them than applaud them."

"Your reply is apt and well put, Walter," said Mr. Williamson, "but do you suppose the men who were first moved by the truths of Christianity would not have been a little ashamed to acknowledge Christ? Would not they rather have preferred, before the crowd that he condemn them?"

A slight pause again followed; Professor Baker broke it by quoting Lowell's lines:

> "Each great cause, God's new Messiah
> Offering each the bloom or blight,
> Parts the goats upon the left hand
> And the sheep upon the right."

"Just so, just so," uttered Mr. Williamson. Jacob Graham took rather a square look into the countenance of the man who had been such an important factor in bringing him to the platform where he now stood, and said, "Well, I think I have heard you say yourself, Mr. Williamson, that Garrison's methods were

not practical, that they would never bring about the abolition of slavery." "Quite true," rejoined Mr. Williamson, "and yet you must remember that it is impractical only in the sense that all great moral agencies are impractical at first. Force, which after a while consummates it, is but the natural sequence. You know Christianity itself has been called impractical, and Christ ignored all physical force for his rescue from his slayers, but centuries afterwards hundreds of thousands of torches were lighted to rescue the soil his feet had trodden from those who had desecrated it. There are men, you know, who tell us to-day that Christianity was not established by Christ but by the Emperor Constantine at the point of the bayonet, and yet don't we know that the Sermon on the Mount came before the bayonets. Even skepticism, to-day,—all those who honestly believe that Christ was only a man, and the stories of his miracles only fables—acknowledges the power and potency of his great moral or divine nature over any other example ever given to man. For that matter, all history will illustrate the point. It was the philosophers of Greece who melted down the gods of mythology. They were not known perhaps to a thousand people in their day. It would be useless to elaborate. In all cases, some great moral explainer, no difference what the mould of his mind or the character of his heart, has gone before the convulsion. Even Voltaire and Rosseau preceded the French Revolution."

Another slight pause followed, after which Professor Baker said, "Your conclusions, Mr. Williamson, seem to rest upon the premise that Garrison *is* the boldest

moral advocate in the country on the question; that he is really the Messiah of this reform."

"They certainly do," replied Mr. Williamson, "and in that, am I not certainly correct? You can point to all the other bold leaders in the cause of anti-slavery, but none have made the absolute sacrifices that he has. None have so completely put every prospect of life behind them as he has. Other men have had the physical courage, it is true, to die for it, but Garrison is the only one who was contented to live on a crust of bread and water daily, that he might espouse his cause He is the only one who says, with composure, after being dragged by a frantic mob through the streets of a populous city with a halter around his neck, 'I will not abate, I will not take back a single word.' No, sir; disguise it as we may, all other forms of anti-slavery admit of some kind of temporizing; the *sine qua non* of Abolitionism, pure and unadulterated, in this country to-day, is Garrisonianism and Wm. Lloyd Garrison."

"I thought John Brown stood for the idea you have been illustrating," said Walter. "Did not he die a martyr and offer himself a sacrifice to the cause of the slave?"

Mr. Williamson looked thoughtful for a moment and then said: "Walter, your questions strike close to the mark, but I can only say, John Brown simply represents the physical side of the idea. I don't say that John Brown's moral convictions could have been deeper; I only say that all history seems to show that Garrison precedes the John Brown, or the greater convulsion which will follow. Of course, I see that the character of John Brown challenges the admiration of the world, and especially of flaming youth like yours, Walter, more than Garrison's, but that has always

been the case. The world has always paid greater homage to physical courage than to moral. And yet, in both cases, you will observe, the party to which we belong, and which we believe offers something practical for the abolition of slavery, finds it necessary to disclaim any sympathy with either Brown or Garrison."

"Do I understand you to be of the opinion," asked Jacob Graham, "that the slavery controversy will yet result in a war in this country?"

"Yes," was Mr. Williamson's reply.

"When?" asked Walter.

"I cannot fix the time," rejoined Mr. Williamson, "but I have reached that conclusion; the bitter animosities between the two sections of the country on this question, will end only in war. No prophet on either side of this controversy is wise enough to see everything. I believe that Webster is right in so far in his prediction, that any attempt to break up the Union will produce a war, such a war as I will not describe in its two-fold character, for I believe the sentiment for the Union, one and inseparable, is the strongest sentiment in the American people to-day. And I am convinced, also, of the irreconciliability of the two elements. Therefore I believe war will yet be the sequel; when, I cannot tell; Mr. Garrison cannot tell. He told me once, himself, he never expected to live to see slavery abolished, nor was he clear as to how it might be brought about; he only knew that God reigned, and therefore it would go to pieces in His own good time and in His own good way. And since prophesying is free to all of us, I will say this, Walter, that although I do not expect to live to see it,

if you live to be as old as I am, only 57, although I have been called old John Williamson for the last fifteen years, you will see a war in this country, which will have its origin in slavery."

Walter replied rather meditatively, "Well, that seems a great way off. I will just have forty years to live yet."

The other children smiled and Mary said, "Walt. never expects to live to be that."

Mrs. Graham said, "Perhaps a kind Providence will postpone it until after our day and generation, but that I suppose is a selfish wish."

In this train of thought the congenial little company dispersed, leaving Walter to digest the thoughts he had heard, to rehearse in his own mind his Lincoln speech, and study out more fully his deep laid plan to get it off. While Thou, oh God, whose mercy had been asked to withhold thy avenging hand until we, of this generation had been called to rest, knewest best when the debt of justice should be paid. And it was no doubt true mercy, to let that little circle disperse that golden Autumn day, all in blissful ignorance of the fact that when next they should see the leaves put on those hues, the fiery flag of war would be sweeping desolation over the land.

CHAPTER VI.

HO! FOR MANSDALE.

GRAHAM'S two mares, Lucy and Flora, were all harnessed and dressed in their best regalia, hitched to Miller's big spring wagon in front of the coach shop, ready to take two of the Miller boys, Dave and Joe, Tom Swave, Walter himself, and any other two men about the village who had no way to go to the big parade at Mansdale that night.

As the little Shocktown band pealed out the notes of preparation summoning the delegation together, these sprightly bays turned their intelligent eyes with a searching gaze, their ears went forward at the proper inclination, as they waltzed to the measured sound of drum and horn, and champed the bit of impatience as if to say, who else of our species can beat us to Mansdale is welcome now to try. The familiar voice and hand of their young master had allayed whatever there was of fear in their action and changed it into friendly harmony with the pageant.

It was the last week in October and no speech from Walter yet; the cause had been espoused thus far without him. At all the local meetings in the neighborhood that he had attended, which consisted of but two, the speakers had been perversely punctual. Walter had already been entered one week at the academy, and was seated this time by the side of Tom Swave, both of whom were members of the graduating class of this institution. He had hoped that his de-

liverance from the stump might have been over before this event, as he wanted no other absorbing thought on his mind after he had fairly entered upon his studies; for he had resolved this winter that no divergent thoughts should draw him from his purpose, no allurements of fashion should sap his energies, no girl should fascinate him. His purpose was fixed: it was to take the honor of the class, to deliver the valedictory address, to receive for himself those cheers which others had received a year ago, and which he knew full well he had lost through his own neglect. If he could keep that resolution to the end, and keep it all to himself, it meant simple victory.

But the boys drove to Mansdale in the greatest glee. Walter had wondered all afternoon if he would have the good luck to see Will. Morton there. He knew he had started for college six weeks ago, but then, he would be likely to slip home occasionally on Saturdays; would he not be likely to do so to-night? Walter counted him now as one of his true friends. He had received a letter from him during the summer that would have given final confirmation of that, if final confirmation had been necessary. When they arrived at the borough, as the various delegations were pouring in from the neighboring villages, Walter searched out a safe and secure place to tie his horses, blanketed them, and walked down the main street of Mansdale in a state of high expectancy and delight, which was greatly quickened as he neared the stand that had been erected for the speakers, when a friendly voice exclaimed, "Halloo, here, young Graham," advancing and giving him a hearty shake of the hand, at the same time still exclaiming, "How are you, any how?

You, old chum, I was wondering if you would be here to-night." Then, turning to speak to the other boys, he continued, "Here is Tom Swave and Dave Miller and Joe. Did you bring all Shocktown down with you?" Walter replied, "Oh, we brought a pretty good delegation down with us;" then turning, he introduced to Will. the two laboring men who had come with them. Will. shook hands with them with the same urbanity of manner he had shown to all the others, putting them at ease at once, and almost making Walter utter the thought in words, "Yes, he is the true gentleman of aristocratic bearing, of democratic qualities." His manner was so courteous, so free, so easy, and yet not undignified. As for himself, Walter thought he could not have wished a more cordial reception. He thought Will. looked rather more handsome than ever. He seemed a fraction taller than he did last winter, but it might be that was because of his higher crowned hat and the first faint efforts of a goatee.

Walter asked Will. how he was enjoying it at college. Will. replied, "Oh, excellently. I ought to have you there, though. You would make an excellent young fellow to settle the boys who practice hazing on the Freshmen." "Yes, I would like to have gone," replied Walter, "but father and mother did not see the way clear. However, Tom and I are back at Professor Baker's."

"Oh, you can learn just as much there, if you want to," rejoined Will. "Where a boy has it in his head to do it, he can qualify himself to enter any of the professions almost, just himself, at home, if he sets himself for it; and, besides, Professor Baker has had a college education; he can take you as far as you want to go."

Walter replied, "One thing is certain, I am not going to waste as much time as I did last winter."

By this time they had advanced around the open lot up to the end of the hotel, at which the bar-room was located. Will. had moved along as the central figure in the group, and was also recognized now in a very respectful way by several other young men. Walter noticed two of them say something to him rather confidentially, at which Will. turned to him and the rest of his Shocktown friends and said with his same courteous manner, "Do you men ever take anything to drink?" The two men who came with the boys said quite readily they did not object to something sometimes. The two young men who had spoken to Will. advanced toward the bar-room, saying quite cleverly, "Just bring your friends in with you." Dave Miller followed Will., his two friends and the two Shocktown laborers a short pace behind, as they all passed through the door, the younger boys bringing up the rear.

Walter had hardly realized what had happened, except that he found himself inside the bar-room where several others were standing around, all of whom seemed to be on familiar terms with Will. Morton, and the bar seemed to be doing a thriving business. He felt also-while he stood contemplating some faces and pictures on the wall, the same friendly hand of Will.'s touch him on the shoulder, who said, half apologetically, "You can take something mild, a glass of mineral water, or sarsaparilla, if you don't care to take anything strong; or if you prefer, you can slip out here now at the side door, no one will observe it." It would bother Walter Graham to say to this day what reply he really did make to this observation; suffice it to say that he looked

at Tom Swave, and then at the Miller boys, and then tried to reflect. As he did this, he said to himself, "I have never understood in all these years that my father embraced the absolute doctrine of total abstinence, although he knew full well that his father was a very temperate and exemplary man in all things, and he saw in the same instant Tom order a glass of sarsaparilla with considerable composure. He could just follow suit; but somehow, he could not really explain how, before he knew what he was doing, one of the men had poured out a small quantity of brandy into a glass and said, "There, Walter, you take that much; that will not hurt you."

Walter felt himself involuntarily raising it to his lips; as he felt for the first time the first small sip, and then the second of the burning fluid pass down his throat, he withdrew the glass more resolutely from his lips, threw the contents on the floor, laid the glass upon the counter, and walked straight out to see if Lucy and Flora were standing all right. Will. Morton followed him out and said, "Walt., that is right; you and I will go around to the stand now and keep out of this crowd." Walter said, "Yes, he would meet him after he looked after his team." As he did this he found he had time for reflection. He began to wonder if he had really lowered himself in his own estimation. He answered perhaps truly enough to his own conscience, as he had done even in the excitement of the moment, that there was nothing radically wrong, in the abstract, in taking stimulants under some peculiar circumstances, but he instinctively felt and knew that while his parents entertained those views, they would have frowned with the greatest displeasure at his entering a bar-room on a public occasion for the mere purpose of

being treated. As the thoughts flew thick and fast through his brain, he thought he understood more clearly why his father did not wish him to go to college with Will. Morton. He thought of Mr. Williamson's disquisitions about moral courage being a higher quality than physical; his thoughts went back even to the day his mother had spanked him, with the admonition that unless he learned to utter the little monosyllable *no* he might constantly expect trouble, how she said something else in the same admonition about his "trusting nature." He wondered indeed which it was he had been this time, a moral coward, or a fool. His life so far had given some evidence of possessing both kinds of courage; he had been so told at least by the very lips that now led him to his humiliation. Perhaps he thought, sure enough, it is the fool I have been. It was the trusting side of his nature perhaps that had got him into the present scrape, for he could not have denied in his soul that he liked Will. Morton and had trusted him. He knew very well that if any other of the company had extended the same invitation to imbibe he would have given a prompt no; and yet what right had he, even now, he thought, to censure Will. Morton? Had not he shown him every avenue of escape if he did not wish to drink, and had not he walked right into the web, just like an unsuspecting fly? He doubted whether if Mart. Bernard had been with them he would have walked to the bar with the same composure to be treated that Tom Swave had exhibited, and yet he never did like Mart. and always had liked Tom.

Well might Walter query to himself, "What kind of paradoxes are these in our natures?"

CHAPTER VII.

SHOCKTOWN'S LAST RALLY.

WALTER'S thoughts were still engaged to some extent on the events of the previous Saturday night, as he sat the next Monday morning at his seat with Tom Swave, who explained, with the air of one of great experience, how a man could best get out of a scrape of that kind: "Just either take something mild, or else just say you will take a cigar."

Walter replied that "The cigar would be of no use to me, as you know."

Tom solved that difficulty by saying, "You can take the cigar and give it to me."

Walter shook his head and said, "I have come to the conclusion that the best way to keep out of the scrape is to simply say no."

At this the boys turned their conversation from this theme, and directed it to the coming event of the next Saturday night, the Lincoln meeting at Shocktown. Some reports had been rife for the last two or three days, that there was to be, or ought to be, another rally at Shocktown before the campaign was over. Some had said, "Oh, no! What is the use in trying to repeat a good thing the second time. It is always a fizzle." But Tom now told Walter, "Indeed there is to be a meeting on Saturday night in the hall (the name which was sometimes given to the upper part of Miller's coach or wheelwright shop), and two lawyers

from Sharwood, Mr. Button and Mr. Pepper, are to be the speakers; there is a bill in our store." George Miller and Joe confirmed this by saying, "Yes, there is going to be a meeting in our shop. I heard father say so." Will. Long said, "A heavy meeting it will be; you had better save your strength, boys, Lincoln won't be elected." Jake Hoover exclaimed, "We are going to have a Douglas meeting in our smith-shop the same night." Walter said, "You need not fret yourself about Lincoln not being elected; you will see all about that next Tuesday week."

As for the coming meeting in Miller's shop, there certainly was something a little mysterious connected with it. A few small posters had been seen sticking in the stores and on the fences, but no one seemed to know who was responsible for it. Even Mr. Williamson and Walter's father said to him the next evening, when he spoke to them of this last grand rally, that they guessed Mr. Miller was just getting that meeting up on his own account to amuse the boys. Walter said, "He could not see why it ought not be a success." Mr. Williamson said, "Well, I guess we will have to go over and help it along anyhow."

When Saturday morning came, the sun arose under a heavy cloud of mist, which Mrs. Graham told Walter she believed "would end up with a settled rain." Walter looked meditatively as he said, "I don't know; sometimes it is a good sign to see the mist come down." At one o'clock, when he went over to the village for the mail, the weather seemed to be struggling between two opinions, whether to clear off, or to let the clouds weep themselves dry in more rapid torrents. Mr. Swave said to him, "Well, Walter, the prospect does not

look very bright for the meeting to-night." "Oh, I don't know," replied Walter, "it may break away by the middle of the afternoon. The sun seems to be struggling to make its appearance at times." "Yes, but is too late in the day now, even if it does clear off. You see, the speakers won't start," replied Mr. Swave.

"Well, I suppose we have to accept whatever comes," rejoined Walter; "only so there is no shirking next Tuesday on account of the weather. That will be the more important part, I suppose." "That is the point, that is the point," said Mr. Swave as Walter went to his home.

About half-past three o'clock the sun broke through the clouds and patches of blue sky were seen all over the canopy. The wind was bearing round to the west, giving unmistakable evidences of a clear night. Walter thought to himself, "How could it have turned out better? The people will turn out now, but I don't hardly believe the speakers will come."

After supper he and his father walked over to the village. They found a considerable portion of the neighbors and the villagers gathered about, but, true enough, no speakers. Tom drew Walter aside and whispered to him, "Now is your chance, Walt., there is going to be a pretty big crowd here after awhile, but no speakers. I think we will get our work in this time. You are all ready, are you?"

Walter replied, "I guess I am. I have had time enough to prepare; if I am not ready now it is a poor show for this campaign." "All right," said Tom, and in due time Mr. Miller arose and said, "As there seems to be no particular programme for this meeting to-night, or no particular person in charge of affairs, I move, fel-

low citizens, that John Williamson be elected president of the meeting." The motion was seconded, of course, and duly put and carried, while Walter thought to himself nothing could be more fortunate.

Mr. Williamson arose and advanced to the platform, which consisted of a small pile of six-inch scantling, two layers deep, and said he was sorry to be obliged to announce that "The speakers we had expected to be with us this evening are not here, owing no doubt to the unfavorable appearance of the weather during the day; but I am gratified to see so large a gathering of the community as this, at this late hour of the campaign. It is the little school-house meetings, the small gatherings like this, that make converts after all. I have no extended remarks of my own to make, but there are, no doubt, those of our neighbors among us who might have something to suggest. I observe we have Professor Baker with us to-night; the audience I have no doubt will be pleased to hear from him."

Professor Baker arose with becoming modesty, and said that he really had nothing to suggest by way of a speech. Indeed the role of stump speaker was the last one he had thought of assuming, but he agreed with the president that the little close, compact meeting of the neighborhood, was what did the effective work, perhaps quite as effectively as brass bands. He might suggest perhaps while on his feet, that some of the younger men of the community who had proven themselves rather creditable advocates from the lyceum platform, as he had reason to know, might be induced to say something.

Tom Swave, who had the Miller boys, his brother Frank and Henry Kerr all in the secret, now thought

that things had taken a more favorable turn than he could have hoped for. What good angel could have whispered to the Professor to make that happy suggestion without any understanding with him whatever. As quick as thought Tom saw the opportune moment had arrived. To wait longer would be to pass the flood-tide, and he at once cried out, "Graham, Graham," as the Professor took his seat. The other boys chimed in with calls for Graham, while the audience turned around, looking alternately at Jacob Graham and then at the boys. Tom caught the situation at once and exclaimed, "Walter Graham, the young man, we mean."

Mr. Williamson rapped for attention and said in a very inspiring manner, "Walter, there seems to be a general call for you, I hope you will not decline." It must be said for Walter, that in all his months of preparation and waiting for this opportunity, he never felt as much like backing out as he had in those moments immediately preceding this call, when he witnessed his highly esteemed old friend, and his respected teacher, both modestly declining. And he thought what presumption it would seem for him to rush in where they had refused; but the sincere and sympathetic voice of Mr. Williamson produced instantly a slight countercurrent in the region of his heart, stimulated also by the thought, what infirmity of purpose it would show to flinch now. As he arose, with considerable diffidence, to approach the stand, he received the most effectual nervine that could have been administered, from a group of Democratic boys on the other side of the room. He heard the voice of Bill Boyle say, as he walked past, "Don't burst yourself, Walt." Sam.

Long said, "Don't go too deep into Greece and Rome." Jack Matson chimed in, "Don't go farther back than the Assyrian Empire." Mr. Williamson rapped for order. Walter now ascended the platform with his combativeness sufficiently aroused to banish all fear of failure and addressed the meeting substantially, as follows:

"Mr. President and fellow citizens: I have been admonished not to go too far back into ancient history. I trust, however, that I shall get far enough back in modern history, into the history of our own country, to expose the principles and purposes of the Democratic party." (Applause.) These words, uttered in clear, sonorous tones, captured his audience from the start and commanded the attention of the Democratic boys. They could have poked no fun at him more in consonance with the line of thought on which he had long since prepared his speech, or given him a better opportunity to turn a point with effect. Continuing, he said, "That purpose sir, as I shall show, is to make slavery national; to enforce its existence everywhere within the borders of the United States. That is the Democracy that is now represented by Breckenridge, and by the South. In proof of this, just let a few historical facts 'be submitted to a candid world.' Did not the South oppose the ordinance of 1787, prohibiting the introduction of slavery into the Southwestern Territories? Did not the rejection of that part of the measure give to the slave power the new slave States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi? Did that look as if the institution was going to die out of itself, as our fathers had hoped? Did not the purchase of the Louisiana Territory in 1803 add to the

slave power the States of Louisiana and Arkansas? Did not that look as if it was the purpose of the South to push the institution everywhere? Did not the Missouri Compromise in 1820 give them the State of Missouri and grant them the right to introduce slavery into all the existing territory south of the line of latitude 36° and 30′? Was not that making slavery one of the recognized institutions of the country about as fast as possible? Did not the South and the Democratic party wrench from Mexico by the war of 1846 the State of Texas for the aggrandizement of the slave power, and acquire a vast extent of new territory over which they refused the protection of freedom by rejecting the Wilmot Proviso? And did not the South and the Democratic party finally make a bold demand in 1854 for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the very measure for which they had contended so stoutly thirty years before, because they now saw that it stood in the way of the further spread of slavery? And have they not succeeded in repealing it, and passing the Kansas-Nebraska Bill? And are they not now trying with might and main to force the institution of slavery down the throats of the unwilling people of Kansas? But in this, thank God, my fellow citizens, they will never succeed. They have met a different kind of mortal in Kansas than they had anticipated. They have met freemen who have bid the slave-holders, 'go back and show your slaves how chivalric you are, and make your bondmen tremble, but don't come here.'

Is it any wonder, then, that our Democratic friends are a little anxious that we don't go too deep into the history, and does it not prove that it is their intention to make slavery national? I know it is

said there is a portion of the Democratic party, called Douglas Democrats, who pretend to say they are only contending for the right of the people of the territories to decide for themselves whether they will have slavery or not; that they don't care, as a question of right or wrong, whether slavery is introduced into the territories or not. But that position is not worth considering; it recognizes no principle in the question. Neither is this Bell-Everett party worth considering in this campaign. They deal only in glittering generalities about 'the Union, the constitution, and the enforcement of the laws.' All of us, I take it, are in favor of that, but you must come down to some definite opinion about the introduction or non-introduction of slavery into the national territories.

And Mr. President, and fellow citizens, what I contend is this: There are but two parties to-day in this country who have any actual, well defined principle upon that question, the Republican party and the Democratic party of the South which is represented by Breckenridge. No man could illustrate the position more clearly to the American people than has our great standard bearer, Abraham Lincoln. Did he not tell them in his debates with Douglas that there was no middle position on the question, such as he trys to assume? Mind how clearly Abraham Lincoln puts it. I do not claim this as original with myself. Lincoln says substantially this: 'A house divided against itself will not stand; this controversy will not cease until there is slavery everywhere, or none at all. I do not expect the house to fall, I do not expect the Union to be destroyed, but I do expect one or the other of these institutions, freedom or slavery, to gain entire ascen-

dency over the other. Therefore, every citizen must ultimately say whether he considers slavery right, or whether he considers it wrong ; whether he prefers to see it introduced into the territories or prefers to see it excluded. He cannot evade the responsibility of the question, as Judge Douglas endeavors to do, by saying, 'he don't care.'

"Now, the South understood his proposition by decreeing, as a judicial principle, that they have a right to take slavery into the national territories, whether or no ; and they have gained their point by the Dred Scott decision. Now, sir, as our great candidate further asks Stephen A. Douglas, 'Of what use is his popular sovereignty doctrine if he admits the binding effect of the Dred Scott decision?' And you will remember, fellow citizens, that Douglas has not answered that question yet. No, sir ; as our candidate further says, 'What is to prevent the slave power from going one step farther and obtaining a judicial decree that a slave-holder may enter a free State with his slave as a matter of right? And when that is done, is not slavery everywhere?' And further, as Lincoln so clearly portrays, this has been the intention of the South from the start. He says: 'Suppose Stephen, and Franklin, and James, and Roger, would all go out into the woods to hew down and mortice separate sticks for a building, and when these timbers were all brought together it would be found that they exactly fit, wouldn't you naturally suppose that Stephen, and Franklin, and James, and Roger, all understood each other?' Now, fellow citizens, I suppose you all see the point in the comparison. You see, Stephen A. Douglas introduced a Kansas-Nebraska Bill; then you

see, Franklin Pierce approved it; then you see, James Buchanan suggested, in his first inaugural, that we have a decision of the Supreme Court on the question of the constitutional right of the slave-holder to take his slaves into the territories, and then you see, in a few months, we had the 'Dred Scott Decision' by Roger B. Taney.

"Now, you see, my fellow citizens, the only way to resist the aggressions of the slave power is to have a party founded on the great principle that it is opposed to the introduction of slavery into the territories, because it believes it to be wrong, and because it believes that Congress has the constitutional power to prohibit its introduction into any of the territories, and to refuse to admit any more slave States into the Union. Such, sir, is the great broad and impregnable principle upon which the Republican party is founded, on which it will march to certain victory, next Tuesday, under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln, a man who stands to-day as the highest type of the self-made American citizen; a man who knows how to make a good rail, define a great constitutional question, or grace the Presidential chair; a man who will keep waving the symbol of peace, of union, and of harmony over this great and mighty union; a man, although I do not wish to use the language of extravagance, who stands this day and hour as the mightiest name on the continent of North America"

Walter now retired amid the hearty applause of the audience. Mr. Williamson took him by the hand and gave him his sincere congratulations. The Republican boys said it could not have been better, and even the Democratic boys smiled pleasantly and said, "You did

well, Walt." As he walked home he heard two men behind the store, unhitching their horses, discussing it. One said, "That boy of Jake Graham's is a pretty smart boy now, if he don't get too conceited." To which the other replied, "Yes, but don't you suppose he had that all studied up?" The former replied, "Oh, I suppose he had, but then it is not every boy who could do it that well, even then; it shows there is something in him. I am not much for making boys conceited and spoiling them with education, but I believe, in this case his father ought almost to send him through college." "If I were his father," replied the other, "I would let him go on as far as he wanted with his education, if he earned it himself. I would not help him with money, though."

The next morning, as Walter sat in church, he caught Amelia Kerr's eye across the aisle and she smiled approvingly at him. After services were over she paused long enough under the old oak tree to shake hands cordially with him and say, "I must congratulate you, Walter, on your effort. I have heard it commented on very favorably. I thought we would hear from you before the campaign was over. Oh, yes, I must tell you further; I had a letter from cousin Annie the other day. She inquired about the two very gallant young men she had so much pleasure in meeting at our house."

As he withdrew from this shower of smiles and drove home under their benignant influence, reflecting still further over the numerous compliments he had received, it would not have been a startling freak of nature, indeed, if Walter had "bursted." Perhaps that phenomenon was averted by what natural common sense he could yet command, or by the occasional recollec-

tion of the mixed compliment he had overheard behind the store, that "He would be a pretty smart boy now if he did not get too conceited."

His vanity was further touched the next morning at school, as a group of the girls joined in a congratulatory circle about him. Maggie Bernard's smile, he thought, had none of its usual suppressed contempt, as she said, "Indeed, Walt., we are not joking; all the people that heard your speech speak well of it. Father and Mart. both said it was just as good as that of any of the men they heard." Walter had resolved during the night to keep his head in its proper place, but again he felt it beginning to reel. Maggie Bernard always was a pretty girl, he said to himself. No person had ever yet pronounced her homely, not even himself, in his process of casting her off; his mind had never written for her epitaph, "ugly." Neither of her sisters could compare with her in beauty. As for her reserved father and brother, he could certainly mark down a compliment from them as coming from an unexpected quarter, and therefore, he concluded, sincere. He might after all, he thought to himself, have judged the Bernards too severely, now that he suddenly remembered that none of the family had ever given him any direct insult, and had always treated him with the same formal politeness; and perhaps Maggie should be excused for a little haughtiness, when he considered the number of admirers she had for one of her years.

But the hour of his humiliation was close at hand. After dinner, as he returned to school, Bob Long held in his hand a copy of the *Sharwood Age* (the Democratic organ of Jefferson County), and called out, "Hallo, Walter, here is a copy of your speech in the paper." Walter and the other boys gathered around

while Bob read from the columns of the *Age* the following account of the meeting at which Walter had won such a reputation as an orator:

"GRAND FIZZLE.—The black Republicans of Adams Township had made elaborate preparations for a last grand rally at Shocktown on Saturday night. But the failure becoming so evident, the speakers for the occasion had either been advised not to put in an appearance or else were kept hid in the back-ground. About eight o'clock there were, all told, about twenty-five men, boys, and dogs, gathered about Miller's cooper shop, when the old fanatic, John Williamson, was called to the chair. He regretted to state that they had been disappointed in their speakers and hoped Professor Sam'l Baker could favor them with a few remarks. But that gentleman very modestly declined, whereupon a very fresh young man by the name of Graham volunteered to address the meeting. He mounted a pile of old rubbish and harangued the dozen people who stayed to listen for about fifteen minutes, in which time he managed to recite his school history of the United States from the Declaration of Independence down to the present time; quoted largely from Shakespeare and repeated Lincoln's buffoonry in his debates with Douglas, which he called great logic, and concluded by saying that if Lincoln was elected he would grace the white-house yard. Being a good rail-splitter he would know how to keep the fences in order. Then the meeting scattered, being altogether a grand fizzle."

The Democratic boys took a hearty laugh at the conclusion of this article, while Walter, although considerably disconcerted, managed to say, "That is about all

you could expect from that dirty sheet." George Miller said, with indignation, "And such a lot of lies; it calls our carriage factory a cooper shop." Tom Swave said, "Oh, that vile paper could not report anything correctly if it would try. That article don't hurt us a bit more than a crow flying over our heads." Then, turning to Jake Hoover, he continued, "I guess your father or Jacob Matson wrote that article; which was it, Jake?" Jake replied he did not know. "It gives you a pretty good raking up, anyhow, whoever did it." The boys all scattered now with a good-natured "let us go on with our game of ball. School will call before we know what we are about." This they all did in good part, but all afternoon Walter could not dismiss from his mind how thoroughly he had been satirized. He concluded that Tom Swave's judgment was correct; that it should be treated with silent contempt; but yet that night he could not keep from asking his parents if papers had not been sued for less abusive articles. His father replied that "Fools generally take notice of such articles; wise men bestow very little thought upon them." Mrs. Graham said, "Walter, that article may be of more benefit to you than if it had been one lauding your efforts. I cannot say but that I am glad it has appeared and that the Republican papers make no mention of the meeting." Mary and Sue both declared that "It was a mean, contemptible article, full of lies; that was what it was;" and Joe now declared, with the full force of his ten summers, that he could "Knock the man giddy who wrote it," to which his mother replied, "There, there, Joe, that is rather large talk from such a small man."

As Walter lay in bed that night, reviewing the

whole affair in his mind, long before his eyelids closed in sleep he came to the conclusion that his speech in the great campaign had not staggered the nation. He felt confident that the morrow was to bring forth the election of Lincoln, although he could not but remember how hopeful he had been four years before; and it made him sometimes tremble now for the moment. He had too much intelligence left, not to say self-possession, to misread the minds of his parents in their indifference about what he had been considering his great success, and their failure to become indignant at the libellous article of the *Age*. He knew they had always taught him to have a proper respect for his own individuality of character, and that this was only meant as a wholesome rebuke to the ambition that they knew was now firing his brain. All the next day at school he could hardly be as buoyant as he would have liked to be, although he had resolved to use philosophy and forget the past. He saw Mr. Wagner slip across to the polls to vote for Douglas, during the noon hour, as he had from the old public school, four years ago, to vote for Buchanan, and Walter thought, he is half way a Republican now. He saw the bleak November day close in, as he had four years ago. He walked over to the village after supper with his father, as he did not four years before. While he felt his own mind more matured than four years ago, he was satisfied that his father was more hopeful. The lamps burned low across the street at the drug store, the Democratic headquarters of the village, and Republicans, who were gathering in at Swave's store, had every reason to be hopeful. The first click of the wire indicated that Pennsylvania was solid. Some of the villagers

had driven over to Mansdale to gather the more satisfactory returns. Walter and his father returned home by half-past ten, the latter saying to Mrs. Graham, as he went to bed, "I believe I can sleep without a fear." But, notwithstanding, he and Walter were both up early in the morning. As they were out at the barn, doing the morning chores, Sam. Long drove past with the butcher wagon, as he had done four years before, but he stopped this time to tell Walter and his father, "You may hurrah for Lincoln now, Walter; I guess you have got us this time." And in answer to Mr. Graham's question, as to what he had that was reliable, he replied, "Oh, father and Dave Miller and several others left Mansdale after one o'clock. They all agree Lincoln is elected."

Walter Graham started off to school that morning with all the ecstasy of victory. No fearful forebodings filled his mind as they had four years before. For the moment he had forgotten all about the episode of his speech. He received a pleasant reminder of it as he met Mr. Wagner passing into the school-house, who smiled so kindly to him and said, "Well, Walter, I guess your speech must have done it." But neither he nor Walter saw how distinct an epoch had been marked in a nation's history. They of course saw that sixty years of almost unbroken reign of the Democratic party was now to be interrupted, but to their eyes was not revealed that day the far reaching consequence of that event; nor did Jacob Graham and his devoted wife know how near at hand were the weary days when they would long to say, "We can lie down to-night without a fear."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GATHERING STORM.

NO sooner had the result of the election been definitely ascertained, and the people of the South fully realized that the party of total exclusion of slavery in the territories had triumphed, than they began to take council among themselves as to what course they should pursue. The Republican cry of victory throughout the North had scarcely died in the echo until their jubilant voices were changed to whispers of suppressed alarm. Science had been teaching Walter that the precursors of the natural earthquake sometimes resembled the sound of distant thunder. He laid his ear close to political terra firma, and thought he heard the rumbling far away in the direction of the South. Sometimes he thought the very heart of the storm centre was located in the city of Charleston. How far it would extend, what proportions it would assume, what would be done to avert it, and what should be done to avert it, were the questions now being pondered and considered by older heads than his own.

Walter heard these questions discussed in the home circle, at his school, and at the lyceum at the village debates, and at the public meetings, at the village store and at his father's mill, at public sales and from the pulpit. Yes, Mr. Hartley generally prayed that "The voice of moderation and the counsels of wisdom

might prevail throughout all sections of our vast country, and our glorious Union be preserved intact." How strange were the words which came to Walter's ears from a convention claiming to be the sovereign State of South Carolina, that the Union was dissolved. How he read the accounts of other States going through the same performance; of their preliminary steps for the formation of a government of their own, whose "corner-stone was slavery." Some little cant was made about State rights, but it was very little. Few indeed were deceived as to the real cause. Even the weak, expiring administration betrayed its consciousness of that when it said, "The violent and intemperate agitation of the slavery question on the part of the North has now produced its natural results." Mr. Buchanan knew well enough what was the matter. He was only anxious to place the entire responsibility on the North. Severe critics have even charged him with a deliberate purpose to make the road to rebellion easy by declaring, "That he saw no constitutional power to prevent the secession of a State."

Walter Graham, although not a constitutional lawyer, thought this proposition monstrous, not to say a fine subtilty. This opinion was probably the one held by a majority of the North, but as to the first assertion he could not but observe Buchanan had a large following; a considerable portion of the people seemed disposed to hold the North largely accountable. They were willing, at least, to make some concession to avert an awful catastrophe. Capital and commerce, always conservative, could be safely relied upon to espouse the cause of compromise. Their effusions broke out in large mass meetings in the large cities of

the North, composed largely of large merchants and large capitalists, with large bank accounts, which contributed largely in sending the cold chills down the backs of many of those who had been considered tried and trusted leaders in the cause of freedom, and threatened for the moment the surrender of all that had been gained in the contest, producing a feeling of intense solicitude in the minds of those who stood for maintaining their ground, firm as the rock-bound coast when it beats back the ocean billows.

Mr. Williamson had said to Walter and his father, at the village meeting and on all occasions, that "The Republican party never was in greater peril than it is at this moment. No man will ever be put to a more crucial test than Abraham Lincoln. I will bear with timidity, with caution, if his conclusions are ultimately right, and he is firm in the end; but I am as thoroughly convinced as I can be convinced of anything, that to surrender one inch of ground now gained is to postpone the cause of freedom for the next two hundred years."

Walter saw Congress assembled that Winter amid these conflicting emotions of passion and fear. He saw the Southern Senators and Representatives, one by one, take their departure from those halls uttering sulky and defiant words. He almost wondered sometimes whether these men were the injured parties and whether they really believed what they said. When he read the utterance of Judah P. Benjamin, as he bade farewell to the Senate, "Better a thousand times the wildest anarchy, aye the flimsiest gossamer that ever glittered in the morning dew, than bands of iron or shackles of steel, with the hope, with the chance of one

hour's inspiration of the glorious breath of freedom, than ages of the hopeless bondage to which our enemies would reduce us." True, Walter said rather sarcastically, that he supposed the bondage Mr. Benjamin alluded to was the restriction which might prevent him from holding other men in bondage; but, nevertheless, the utterance in the abstract read to him like impassioned eloquence. Would the world be misled by it? That was the question now.

He saw Jefferson Davis rise in his seat and protest against the government "Taking any action to fortify and maintain its forts, because it might precipitate action on the part of the South." He wondered if the North was so stupid as not to see through that remark, and if they were weak enough to obey it. He heard Senator Wigfall, of Texas, rise and say substantially, "These Northern men are miserable creatures; if you hold up the rod of chastisement they will tremble and turn pale, and at the first light stroke they go down and bite the very dust." He read of proposed compromises flying around in Washington as thick as butterflies on a June day, the most conspicuous of which was labelled "Crittenden." The imminent danger of its adoption was what alarmed him, his father, and Mr. Williamson, as they saw the pliant knees of Northern Representatives bending all around. It was high time, they thought, for the real leaders of the Republican party to assert themselves. Gruff old Ben. Wade, of Ohio, was the first to break the silence in the Senate. He said, in substance, "That he could not look upon the proposition of compromise without a smile; since he had been a member of this body he had seen the most sacred of them all swept away by

the hands of those who now asked virtually for its re-establishment. No, sir, we went before the country with our candidate and principles; you went before the country with yours. And after your doing your best and we doing our best, we beat you; and, sir, we have nothing to concede or to compromise. We will inaugurate our President and enforce the laws even if your darling institution has to go under, for the Union, the Constitution and the time-honored old flag shall live forever."

He saw the "Old Commoner" from Pennsylvania, who had returned now to the House to assume its leadership, rise in his place with knit eyebrows and compressed lips, and speaking as one having authority, bid the tidal wave retreat. Threats about secession and war gave him no alarm. He said in substance, "If the South were mad enough to rush into war, that would be the annihilation of their institution. The issue would simply be to leave us a nation purged of the curse of slavery." The clearness of his mental vision was like unto that of Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, who warned his people of the same result. The *Tribune* came to the rescue, by declaring to its readers, that "the adoption of this Crittenden Compromise would be a victory for the enemy more brilliant than any they had ever dared to hope for; and our victory would be a defeat more humiliating than any we had ever feared." These sentiments served as a wholesome antidote to Walter for the vague uncertainties and fine sentences which covered ideas in Seward's utterances, such as, "Speaking for the Union, and paying for the Union, and praying for the Union. And as prayer brings men nearer to God, although it cannot move Him towards us, perhaps every word of concili-

ation spoken in favor of the Union might have its healing effect," all of which seemed like very nice rhetoric, as Professor Baker had the boys read it one afternoon in school; but of which, the Professor himself admitted when done, that he was not quite certain as to what Mr. Seward's position was on the question of compromise. And Walter was not quite sure that Seward had not fallen a little in the estimation of both the Professor and himself.

As the process of disintegration kept going steadily on and secession assumed more and more the attitude of rebellion, some effort was made on the part of the loyal members of Buchanan's cabinet to strengthen his feeble knees and hold up his palsied hand, to do something that might at least seem like the semblance of an effort to preserve the nation's authority. But it was too late or too feeble to prevent the President-elect from having to crawl into Washington by stealth for the purpose of being inaugurated, or being openly assassinated on the way. All this Walter looked upon as a deep humiliation and disgrace.

There might be no excuse, and perhaps should be some apology as it is, for tarrying even this long in a novel to allude to events which have already been elaborated upon by legions, and are destined to be the theme of thousands more, but for the fact that Walter Graham happened to be born at the time he was (a fact for which he cannot be held accountable), it is only fair to him now to say that in giving a narrative of his life some little account should be taken of those events, some faint idea given of what impression they made upon his mind. Perhaps he himself was not aware of the fact that he was passing through one of

the most eventful periods of the world's history. Perhaps he did not fully realize that down the long pathway of nations' histories no legislative body had ever been the scene of more earnest debate, or more forensic eloquence, than the American Congress had been for the past ten years. Perhaps he was ignorant of the fact that his country was the theatre of the most dramatic scenes that ever preceded a national convulsion, unless indeed the early stages of the French Revolution should be excepted. But certain it was, as he passed the historic winter of 1860 and '61 at Professor Baker's academy, as day by day, and week by week, he saw the storm clouds gather thicker and thicker and heard the thunder-peal draw nearer and nearer, it was no easy matter for him to keep his mind down to his studies with that assiduity of purpose he had resolved upon at the opening of the term. But nevertheless he stuck to it sufficiently well to win his prize, to take the honors of his class and to deliver the valedictory address on the subject of the hour—"The Federal Union." To do this, indeed required more resolution than might be supposed. Considering his proneness for public affairs, it caused him more self-denial than it would have done if the situation had admitted of any relaxing of his efforts; for around him were dangerous contestants, the most dangerous of all he knew quite well was his friend Tom Swave. Walter knew that to pause too long was but to let Tom make a brilliant charge and gain ground that might not be recovered. If Tom lacked any element of success in this race which Walter possessed, it was simply fixedness of purpose and capability for hard work. On that thread alone Walter instinctively knew hung the fate of his cause.

The ardor of his nature was tempted on all sides. Cupid's dart, capable of piercing through all other emotions, would not be entirely still, even at his most resolute bidding. He staggered a little under the wound, as he actually declined several invitations on behalf of the girls to attend evening sociables, on the ground that he was going to abandon all social duties until after school closed. He was stunned still more one Saturday evening when Henry Kerr, Amelia, and their cousin Annie, drove up to the house to return the pleasant visit they had received the previous summer. This was not all by accident either. Mary and Sue had invited Amelia to bring Miss Lesher over to see them the next time she came to the country, and accordingly Amelia sent a note to the girls that cousin Annie was going to spend a few days with them the last of the week, and if it was agreeable she would be pleased to make them a visit on Saturday evening. The girls replied that they would be delighted to have them come, and obtained permission from their mother to invite a few friends, and if all went well and smooth, old Zebediah Monks might drop in with his violin about half-past eight. They could have such a nice select little sociable and dance combined, and the fun of it was it would all be a surprise to Walter.

The rap at the door was responded to by Sue, with the alacrity of one in expectancy. They were ushered in, partly by both the girls and Mrs. Graham, who was introduced to Miss Lesher by Amelia, with her usual comeliness, and then to Mr. Graham, after which Walter, advancing from his corner, met Miss Annie advancing with quick vivacity of step toward him, exclaim-

ing, "How do you do? How do you, Mr. Graham? You never come to town to see your friends, so we have to come all the way here to see you, in mid winter." "Yes, yes," replied Walter, taking her extended hand, with a great effort to assume the same easy, jocose manner, "that is right, that is right," and stumbling over a rocking chair as he retreated a little sidewise to make room for her to pass by.

"Well, I am sure we will think it all right," was the quick response, "inasmuch as I was wondering whether I would have the pleasure of meeting the Graham family again, and here, sure enough, cousin Amelia told me, almost the first thing, that she had such a nice invitation for us to come over while I was here."

"Well, yes," replied Walter, rather slower than before, "I guess that was all right; in fact, I did not know anything about it."

"Just listen, won't you?" exclaimed Miss Lesher. "Cousin Amelia and Henry, you must have played a huge joke on me. You said we had been invited out to spend the evening, and here the young gentleman of the house says he knows nothing of it."

"Ah, there are a good many things," interposed Mary, "going on sometimes that Walter don't know about."

"You need not be anxious or afraid about our invitation not being warm enough; need she, girls?" responded Amelia, as she turned to Mary and Sue and Mrs. Graham, who was also smiling complacently.

"Oh, yes, I see," said Miss Lesher. "You will have to make your daughters keep your sons better posted, Mrs. Graham. Do they often play tricks on you, Walter?" she continued, turning to him. "Ex-

cuse me for calling you Walter, I have become so accustomed to hearing all the rest do it."

"You are quite excusable, Miss Lesher," replied Walter. "The fact is I am rather more accustomed myself to Walter than to Mr. Graham."

Henry spoke up saying, "Walter, you will have to take the same privilege with her then; call her Annie."

"Oh," rejoined Walter, "on the same principle she alleges, I would have to call her cousin Annie; you folks always call her that."

"Well, I do say, Walter," exclaimed Miss Lesher, "I did not know you were so sarcastic. I think after this you will have to be allowed that privilege. I trust you will have no occasion to be ashamed of your new relation."

"Oh, no," said Walter, "I think I will be highly complimented. I think you are getting a little sarcastic now, cousin Annie" (uttering the last words with a herculean effort). By this time they had all been cosily seated for some minutes, and were plying questions thick and fast at one another. An air of unrestrained ease pervaded the little circle. Walter was thinking to himself, I don't believe she is pert after all; and there is one thing certain, she is a girl of considerable intelligence. She now turned to him in the same quick, decisive way and asked, "What has become of your agreeable young friend, Walter? I had the pleasure of meeting him last summer. What is it his name is, Suasion?"

"Swave, Swave," replied Walter. "Oh, he is about, and all right."

Mary smiled a broad smile at this point and said, "Oh, he is often around. You might see him to-night yet,

there is no telling." "Swave," rejoined Miss Lesher; "how did he ever get that name; is he so full of suavity?" "I don't know," said Walter, "whether that is the reason or not; he don't spell it that way at least." "At all events," said Amelia, "it seems he is around a good bit." At which Mary, all innocent of what her remark was construed to mean, blushed considerably, whereupon Miss Lesher said, "That remark is capable of two constructions, either the one Amelia hints at or that there are more surprises in store for you tonight; which is it, Walter?" "I rather suspect there is more conspiracy going on," replied Walter.

"I hope they are not as bad as those conspirators down South," rejoined Miss Lesher. "Hard to tell," said Walter, "the disease may be spreading." The conversation here switched off on the all-absorbing question of secession, in which Miss Lesher still exhibited her same sprightly intelligence. Turning with a quick jerk to Walter, she said, "Do you actually think there will be a war yet on the head of this?"

"I do not know," replied Walter. "Sometimes I think possibly it will all end in talk; that they are just testing their theory of peacable secession. You know the North has always yielded to them so much; they think we will submit to anything. If Lincoln will simply take a firm stand when he gets in, for enforcing the laws, it may be they will all back down as gracefully as they can." "That is what father thinks," replied Miss Lesher. "Sometimes he gets so disgusted he believes they are nothing but a set of blow-horns; he don't believe there is any fight in them." "How is that?" queried Jacob Graham at this point. "Your father thinks there is no fight in them?"

"Yes," replied Miss Lesher, "he thinks all they need is a good settling down; he says if old Jackson were President now, they would not be carrying on this way."

Jacob Graham shook his head and said meditatively, "I suppose that is true; what they need is a good settling down. I am only puzzled to know what it may cost to give them that."

Further conversation on this theme was here interrupted by the arrival of other company, which was to complete the surprise to Walter. It consisted of Tom Swave, who was able now to present to Miss Lesher his older brother Frank., the three Bernard girls, Sam. Long and Bob, Joe Miller and George, and their sister Beckie. Mart. Bernard had excused himself on the ground that he was detained with a rebel cousin from North Carolina, who had just arrived. Dave Miller and Jack Matson had both written the girls polite letters regretting their inability to be present; but, notwithstanding, what a nice, select little gathering it was. It was a kind of *debut* into society for the girls, and Mrs. Graham thought how much better it was to be right under her own roof than anywhere else.

There were enough of them to keep going one plain quadrille, and even double on the lead sometimes, and leave a few to rest alternately. The company had just time enough for a little social intercourse and acquaintance with Miss Lesher, when old Zebediah appeared with his fiddle. The evening fled with joyous speed. Tom Swave and Joe Miller were masters of ceremony. Walter stepped with alacrity to the wit and vivacity of Miss Lesher. Amelia Kerr seemed to be as kind and accomplished as ever when he led her out on the floor.

Maggie Bernard's smile would still beam all evening, and would close with its latent contempt. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and the last set for the night, before ever Walter asked her to dance with him. She of course accepted ; but Walter was not sure whether it was with a little disdain, or whether she was a little piqued that she had not been earlier asked. However, he had to admit to himself that she did move with great grace, and was decidedly the handsomest figure on the floor that night. That could not be denied. She said to him quite friendly, "Walter, you must come over and see our rebel cousin from the South, while he is with us." He thanked her, saying, "I would like to very much. I wish you would bring him over here. I know father would like to meet him." Maggie replied, "I do believe I will get Mart. to do that."

The company broke up after voting it a grand success. "Oh, cousin Annie, I guess you always enjoy yourself," said Walter. "Is she your cousin?" queried Tom Swave, with some suspicion in his look. "Oh, no, not by relationship," replied Miss Lesher quickly ; "but he is one of the privileged young men who always get special privileges." Tom Swave's mind was sufficiently acute to read that some little joke lay back of this, and perhaps none of the company had been so obtuse as not to notice that Frank. Swave had been particularly attentive to her all night, and that she had not specially resented his advances.

Walter went to bed to dream over the night, to contrast in his own mind the qualities of the three girls who he was obliged to admit had produced in his heart at different times a slight sensation ; he had now all before him on the same evening, and finally fell

asleep wondering what Southern cousin Bernards had from North Carolina. As to that inquiry he did not have long to wait, for the next Monday evening Mart. Bernard entered their sitting room with a young man, whom he introduced as Andrew Jackson Clinton, his cousin from North Carolina. He was a young man of the tall spare mould, apparently anywhere in age from twenty-two to twenty-five years. His locks were rather long, but his face was clean shaven. He seemed just a little brusque in his manner, although he spoke in the most courteous way, and invited the most frank discussion of all matters at variance between the two sections of the country, as he was being seated. To which Mr. Graham replied, as he laid away his overcoat and invited him to draw nearer the stove, "I suppose from that, your Northern relatives are taking you around as a kind of exponent of Southern sentiment." "No, sir, I don't know that I am that," replied Mr. Clinton. "I have been brought here rather by Mart., as he has told me, to see the typical Northern man, a man who superintends his own business, works with his own hands, brings his children up trained in the same way. I am sure, Mr. Graham, the two sections of our country have occasion now to learn all they can of each other. If I can gain anything from personal observation during this, my hurried business trip, I shall consider myself greatly benefitted." Mr. Graham said, "I thank you certainly for your invitation to be frank and unreserved in all our remarks, and I suppose it brings us directly to the point we are most concerned about: What is the actual condition of sentiment in the two sections of the country at this moment? Your remarks suggest a question which I will ask right now. Are you sure

that you could invite me to the same full and unreserved expression of all my sentiments if I were with you in your own home to-night in North Carolina, instead of where you are?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Clinton, raising his thin, spare hand and finger in gesticulation, "you could utter any opinion you entertained on any subject (provided it was couched in respectful language), in my home to-night, or in my father's home, more properly speaking, or in the parlor of any Southern gentleman in North Carolina, that you can here in your own. That, sir, is a mistaken idea you people of the North entertain, that a Southern gentleman will molest any man for his opinions in the South. Of course, if they will use no discretion in their utterances about hotels and in public places, where they are likely to be repeated in the presence of the slaves themselves, and taken up by irresponsible fellows who make a trade of politics, perhaps we could not always be responsible for results. No, in short, it is only the public discussion of those questions that the South objects to. In the parlor of the Southern gentleman you have nothing to fear."

"Your answer, I must say, is frank and satisfactory," replied Mr. Graham; "more so indeed than I had expected. It contains a confession of a weakness I had not looked for." "Well," exclaimed Mr. Clinton, "do you pretend to say that is a different situation of affairs from what exists in the North? Do you say, Mr. Graham, that I can go across to the hotel in your village to-night and make a harrangue to the rabble, uttering the extremest Southern views, and escape unharmed." "Well, sir," rejoined Mr. Graham, "ex-

treme as the case is which you suppose, I believe you could. What you might do in case it comes to actual war, that is another question."

"Then," said Mr. Clinton, "if you are correct in your estimate, the character of your lower classes is different, simply because your institutions are such as not to threaten you with momentary insurrections or violence from open discussion. And if you reply that we have no right to have such institutions, or that we ought to get rid of them, I can only say we have found them among us in the South, and that section alone was not responsible for it in the beginning." "Just so," said Mr. Graham, "the last part of your answer is perhaps entitled to some consideration; and I take it that we understand each other now on that branch of the question, as well as we would by longer discussion. Allow me then to ask you another question. Are you actually in earnst about this matter of secession? Do you actually mean to resist the authority of the national government, and do the majority of the people of the South actually propose secession? or, is there actually no Union sentiment among you.?"

Straightening himself up in his chair, raising his two white hands to the sides of his face and ears, and passing them up through his well-kempt hair until the fingers of the two hands had interlocked each other, then drawing them back a little behind the ears and down to the top of his neck and bringing each down on the arms of his chair, with some emphasis, he said, "That question, Mr. Graham, I trust I shall answer with equal candor. I can answer it best perhaps by speaking from my own feelings in my own heart for the old flag. I can conceive of nothing but that dire neces-

sity, which makes revolution justifiable in all cases, that will warrant the South in open rebellion. I am not sure but that my feelings are the feelings of quite a respectable minority of our people at least. But on the other hand, you can readily see how the South must naturally feel on the question of the absolute denial of their rights in the national territories; of their share to an equal portion thereof, and of the entire disregard, not to say defiance, of the fugitive slave law by the Northern people, and of the personal liberty bills by the Northern States. If that is to be the policy of the government from this forward, then it is not to be wondered that the South feel they have nothing to gain by remaining under it. They may as well withdraw from it."

"Mr. Clinton," replied Mr. Graham, "conceding every premise that you lay down, or viewing the question entirely from your standpoint, that the policy of the government is hereafter to be a denial of what you call your rights in the national territories and a laxity of sentiment on the part of the North in the enforcement of the fugitive slave law, how are you to better your situation by forming a separate government?"

"Your question, Mr. Graham, as to what will be gained by separation is the one that gives us pause," said Mr. Clinton. "Added to that, filial affection for that old flag to which I have already alluded, makes some of us desire to go slow. I am considered at home a Union man and entirely too conservative, but I am stating this question to you, Mr. Graham, as I see it in its logical bearings, and in that view of it, it must be admitted that those we are now calling hot heads in either section are nearest right. That is to say, if

there never can be peace between the two sections we may as well separate in peace. Your irrepressible conflict doctrine in fact is not original with you. John C. Calhoun promulgated it twenty years in advance of Mr. Seward." "Yes," replied Mr. Graham, "with this distinction: Calhoun always associated with it the idea that the conflict can be avoided by peaceable secession, as you term it. We, of the North, look upon that as a delusion. This now brings me back to a part of my original question. Are you going to resist the general government; in short, are you going to fight if the incoming administration refuses to sit tamely by and permit it?" "Cannot answer your question, sir; can't answer your question," responded Mr. Clinton. "I can only say for my own part, I dread seeing the two sections of our country plunged into a civil war." "Perhaps you are only trying to scare the North," remarked Walter at this point; "perhaps you think that by bluster and secession ordinances the North will back down and let you go."

"To be perfectly frank with you, young man, there may be some people in the South who entertain that idea, but I fear they are hugging a delusion," was the reply.

"Well," said Walter, "that is what some of the people of the North think of the South. I heard a young lady say not many nights ago, that the South was nothing but a set of blow-horns. She did not believe there was a bit of fight in them. She thought if the man, whose name you bear, were President, there would be but little talk of secession."

"Yes, well," replied Clinton, with a grim smile, "I am very much obliged to that young lady for her

opinion of the Southern people. You may give her my compliments, and, while I do not blame her for her opinion, I can simply say, she must have read the history of our people wrong if she impeaches their courage. As for my name, I have been twitted a good deal about it since I came North, but it is with that as with slavery, I am not responsible for it. And, besides, our young lady friend should remember that it was a Southern name—one, at least, that was never charged with lack of courage."

"I suppose," replied Walter, "the opinion she entertains of the South is not so very different from that which the South entertains of the North. You know, only a year ago Governor Wise said, in a public speech, that he could take ten Southern men and drive a whole regiment of Northern creatures back into Canada."

"Young man," exclaimed Clinton (this being the term by which he addressed Walter all evening), "Governor Wise may be as badly mistaken as the young lady. You have read in your books, no doubt, a great deal of sentiment about Greek meeting Greek. I have a much greater dread just now of Saxon meeting Saxon; American meeting American. If I am not mightily mistaken, it will take more than ten men to drive a regiment like yourself back into Canada."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Graham, thoughtfully, "you are quite right in your views of this talk; talk is cheap."

The conversation now drifted off into a general social form, and they parted about ten o'clock, extending quite cordial invitations to visit each other again if ever chance brought them together. Mart. Bernard remarked, as they were leaving, "Well,

Andrew, I have certainly done my part, and brought you to see the typical Northern man."

After they had left, Sue asked, "How is it they are cousins?" To which Mrs. Graham replied, "Mrs. Bernard's sister married this young man's father—a Mr. Clinton, from the South. You remember something about it, don't you, Jacob?"

"Yes, I remember it," replied Jacob; "they made some kind of investments down there, or some of the family."

Walter passed through all these experiences and reached safely the end of the school term, as has been stated, but as he sat, one evening, in the old sitting room, about the first of April, after all was over, his mind turned to Clinton's visit, and he remarked to the rest of the family, "I wonder what has become of our rebel friend that was here to visit us."

"Oh, I guess he is down at his home," replied his father, "in pretty hot water, from what Joseph Bernard told me only to-day. I guess there is a conflict of interests among them in their business. There is another Northern family down there, it appears. Bernard thinks there is a kind of storm gathering."

"Yes, and it is going to burst some of these days," replied Mrs. Graham.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MORTON FAMILY.

IT was the last Saturday of March, 1861. The day maintained the reputation of the month. In the morning it blew; at ten o'clock it snowed; at eleven o'clock it hailed; at twelve o'clock the sun came out; at one o'clock it rained; at two o'clock it sleeted; at three o'clock the sun presented itself again; at four o'clock it was again hid in the mist. Whatever else may be said of you, old calumniated and slandered March, let no man say that you lack variety in the spices with which you season the weather. Let those people who like a variegation of colors in their garments, a diversity of employment in their business and a change in all things, bow down and worship at your shrine, rather than pour execrations on your head. Why speak of you, old March, as something harsh and hard? Was there not something soft and tender in the short intervals with which the sun broke the rule of rain and snow and sleet that day, and let his mellow beams fall down on the south side of the barn and mill? Surely, old mother earth was in her softest mood, for there was scarcely a foot of ground all around the region of Graham's buildings that would not have yielded more or less to the weight of Walter's foot, not even excepting the matted turf which covered the front yard. To be sure, this condition of things was described by the horrid word mud, rather than some more romantic

name; but all the same it was certainly meant in kindness; nor had nature dispensed her bounty with a niggard hand, for there was mud in the path to the mill, there was mud in the path to the barn, there was mud around the front of the mill, there was mud at the rear of the wagon-shed, there was mud at the cabbage hole in the garden, there was mud at the apple hole in the orchard, there was mud to the front of them, mud to the rear of them, mud to the right of them, mud to the left of them; but it neither volleyed nor poured, it neither thundered nor roared. It was perfectly quiet, wonderfully pliable, even plastic. It adhered to the men's boots with a tenacity which made Mrs. Graham say she believed "it was everywhere." To which Walter replied, that "it was a fine thing it had one attribute of the Deity." Mrs. Graham's wit was in no wise eclipsed by this, and she answered, "Why, certainly; the Creator who made those beautiful coleuses (pointing to those in the window), made the mud also."

"Yes, indeed," replied Walter, tapping his mother sportively on the shoulder, "According to both theology and science, he made the mud first, and then the coleuses."

"Oh, go along and clean off your boots," said his mother, raising the broom stick at him in the same sportive manner, as both smiled the smile of perfect understanding. "He made the mud to be kept out of of doors and the coleuses to be in the house in winter time; and boys to clean off their boots well before they come tramping in," Mrs. Graham continued.

"Yes, yes, just so, just so, Mrs. Graham," replied Walter, as he jumped with agility around his mother, giving her a parting kiss on the cheek, "I understand

thoroughly; I thought I had cleaned them off, but you see my vision was a little defective as to the heels."

"I think it was," said Mrs. Graham, as Walter made his exit through the kitchen door. He returned in a few minutes with his arms full of wood, which he had laid down in the fire-place, saying, as he entered the sitting room door, "There, mother, I brought you something more essential to the busy housekeeper than before."

"You thought the next time you came you would try and have your mother in a better humor, did you?" asked Mrs. Graham. "Yes," replied Walter, "I said,

'When next I come it should
Be with bended arm and load of wood,
And hold it up until before me stood
This busy mother and her brood.'"

"Oh, my," exclaimed Sue, from behind the stove, "I think, Walt., if you had gone to that high school another term the house would not have held you." Walter ran up to Sue, caught her by the head and pretended to bump it against the wall while Joe was busy remarking, "Oh, yes, you ought to hear him out about the barn, going over his—

'But when I come again,
I come with banner, brand and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe,
Until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band!'"

Whereupon Walter wheeled immediately and gave his attention to Joe by going through the feigned effort of choking him, getting through only in time to suppress Mary, who had just finished remarking, "Oh, yes, Walt. thinks none of the rest of us ever heard that. He has been studying for three days to

get up a parody on it." To her he gave a look of imperial power as best he could assume, and pointing his finger before her face, exclaimed, "Take care; I tell you, if you all had me for a teacher I would settle you." "You would be a great person to settle anyone," said Mrs. Graham, with her smile of latent humor.

"I guess," said his father, "you have hardly been settled yourself; that's what's the matter. Have you finished all that work I set you at?" "Yes, father, I have it all done," replied Walter; "just come in to play you a game of checkers." "I will play you a game," came simultaneously from the mouths of the other three children.

"Well, no," replied his father, "I have been thinking something about another job for you. How would you like to go over to Mansdale this afternoon yet?" "First-rate," replied Walter. "Oh, there is no such violent rush about it as that, is there?" said Mrs. Graham. "Well, it is already as late as I generally leave it," replied Mr. Graham; "it will not hurt Walter, I guess, and it will make no break in the business Monday morning if attended to now."

"I am in for it," said Walter; "perhaps I might see Will. Morton."

"Yes, I know you think you might get out of the evening chores," said Joe; "I will have them all to do now."

"Well, it is to Morton's I want you to go, at any rate," continued Mr. Graham. "Take this money over to him and have him receipt it on the mortgage, and tell him that, between the bad weather and bad cold I have had, I have not been able to get over sooner."

Walter proceeded to take his leave, and to don his best

clothes, which his mother had told him to do, if he was going, and to be sure to take the blanket with him ; to wrap it well around his legs and to try not to spoil his clothes any more than possible ; and to be sure not to stay too long at Morton's, unless he was invited. To all of which Walter replied, "Yes, and if Will. is at home he will invite me in, and if he is not I don't care to stay." He was all ready and at the barn quicker than would have been deemed probable, throwing the saddle and blanket on Flora's back, with her tail bobbed and mane properly adjusted, and with buckskin gloves on his hands to preserve them clean ; he slipped the bridle on her head, vaulted into the saddle, and started gleefully down the road. It was still misting a little in his face, but he was unconscious of that, his whole mind being absorbed in the thought how to urge Flora on without splashing his clothes too much, as his mother had cautioned him, and wondering why she had cautioned him against staying too long at Morton's if he was not invited. Did she think him so simple as that? No, he knew what she thought, he said to himself, but he felt confident he knew Will. Morton's friendship better than that. He would wager a big apple that if Will. was at home he would give him a cordial invitation to stay awhile. As he went on down the road he passed Bowers' residence, and saw High. and Ben. both standing out in the wagon shed. They both exclaimed to him, "Hallo, Walt ; where are you going in the rain this late in the week ; come, ride in." Walter rode in under the shed for a minute, answering, as he did so, "I am going over to Mansdale." "What are you going over there for in this rain?" asked High. "Oh, I am going to pay father's interest to Mr. Morton,

replied Walter. "He must be in a hurry for it," replied Ben.; "I think I would let him wait for it another day." "Oh, it is a wet afternoon; can't do anything else," said Walter; "may as well go now."

"How much interest does your father owe him?" queried High. "One hundred and twenty dollars is what I have in my pocket," replied Walter. "The interest on two thousand dollars that would be," replied High. "I suppose so," rejoined Walter; "I guess that is about how much father is in debt." "He might have had that debt all paid off by this time if he had not gone on improving so fast," was the information High. now offered him. "Oh, I reckon so," said Walter, "I don't know anything about that. Father says, 'A man ought not to own a farm, who is not willing to improve it as he feels able.'"

"Are you sorry school is done?" queried Ben. at this point. "Yes, I am, I have not got quite as much schooling as I would like to have," was the quick reply. "Great pity that your father was not able to send you to college. What would you like to make of yourself anyhow?" was High.'s next suggestion and inquiry. "I am bound to be a lawyer somehow; if I live," replied Walter.

"What is Tom Swave going to be?" asked Ben.; "you and he are pretty thick and he is a pretty smart boy, too." "Don't know," replied Walter; "I don't think he knows himself, but he is qualified to be anything he wants." "Do you think you can get to be a lawyer without going through college?" was High.'s further interested inquiry. "Yes, I think I can," replied Walter; "Professor Baker says my scholarship is sufficient now to be admitted if I can not go to school

any more, and with what he will assist me and what I can acquire myself, he has no doubt but what I can get through. He never saw a boy yet determined to make a point but that he succeeded somehow." "Are either of you going to school any more," asked Walter. "Don't know," said High.; "while the old governor is away in the Legislature we can't get him to talk about school."

"Well, I must be going," exclaimed Walter, "or I will not get to Mansdale. Good-bye," and he straightened himself up in his saddle, laid his hand on Flora's neck, which was the given signal for her to start off on an easy gallop. As he galloped on he began thinking about what had happened, and he came to the conclusion that Bowers' boys knew quite as much now about his inward thought, his future prospects and his father's business, as he did himself. Whether he had been a bird and tumbled straight into a snake's mouth he did not know, but one thing was certain, he felt he had been drained pretty dry. And yet, what had he said or done that he should be ashamed of? Nothing, only he had been indiscreet, unbosomed himself to those who he felt suspicious were not his true friends. Maybe his mother was right. He would be a little more on his guard hereafter as to the genuineness of the friendship of those who claimed to be in social life above him. In this frame of mind he reached Mansdale and resolved to be a little reserved, even with the Mortons, much as he had to admit he liked Will. So hitching Flora under a shed he looked around at the extensive coal yard, lumber yard, and warehouse, which he saw were Mr. Morton's. As he looked up the street he saw the largest dry goods store in the borough,

which he also knew was owned by him, and thought perhaps he might be a silent partner in that, as he no doubt was in Bernard's business at Shocktown, now grown to be quite extensive. He remembered also he had heard that Morton was likely to be president of the bank as soon as old Mr. Herr died, who was supposed to be on his death bed, and he was grossly misinformed if there were not other farms than his father's in that country on which he held mortgages. With all these facts darting through his mind, he entered the counting room of Mr. Morton, resolved *not* to be pert, but to stand upon his dignity. There he saw Mr. Morton seated in his revolving chair. Walter knew him by sight, of course, but he now had an opportunity to take a closer observation of him than he had in his previous transient views. He saw a man whose age he would have taken to be anywhere between forty-five and fifty; perhaps a trifle nearer the latter than the former figures. His hair was slightly sprinkled with a silvery gray. His stature was medium in height, and proportioned accordingly. He had no symptoms of the thin, spare build or nervous temperament. His action, his step and sentences, all seemed not too slow, but measured rather than quick and nervous. His forehead was oval, his face clean shaven, and the resemblance between him and his son was sufficiently marked to show that they were kinsmen. As he turned in his chair he gave Walter a polite, "How do you do, sir; will you be seated?" As Walter entered the room he felt instantly as he had felt when he first approached his son, that he was a man with a studied urbanity of manner at least. There was nothing to disconcert or abash him as yet or that required him to

assume a reserved and dignified air. Of course, it was his business to be polite in his own office if he desired custom. He would therefore not undo himself too soon; but he must admit that he felt he was being captured by the first look and sentence that fell from Mr. Morton's lips. He answered, however, with the same informal but polite, "How do you do, Mr. Morton? Father sent me over to pay you his interest. Perhaps you don't know me—my name?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Morton, with a bland smile, cutting short his sentence, "I think you will pass for young Mr. Graham."

"That is correct, sir; Graham is my name," replied Walter, with a similar smile, which he could not have prevented with all his effort to assume the austere, and continuing, said, "Father sent me over to pay you his interest, as I was about to say. He said you should just receipt it on the mortgage, and that I should explain that the rough weather and the bad cold he has had for a few days past, have kept him pretty close to the house, or he would have been over sooner."

"There is certainly no explanation needed," rejoined Mr. Morton. "The money is not really due yet; he should not have sent anyone over on this kind of a day; it is I who owe the apology."

"Yes, I know," responded Walter; "but father says he has never left it later than this, and he don't like to put off things until the last minute."

"Yes, I understand," said Mr. Morton, who was now handling over a lot of papers in his safe; "your father is a very prompt man—as much so as any I ever did business with."

Walter was now captured, body and soul. He was about to enter into the most unrestrained conversation,

and ask enthusiastically for Will., when he reflected long enough to say in an earnest and heartfelt manner, "I thank you, Mr Morton, for the compliment."

"You are welcome to it," replied Mr. Morton, "for it is given without mental reservation. Your parents, indeed, I know to be not only prompt, but in every respect worthy and upright people, and I trust I have made no mistake in urging your father not to pay this debt off, but to build his mill instead. In fact, he would have paid me off long ago, but that I still advised him to make what we thought might be certain profitable improvements."

Walter thought, I am learning a good deal about my father's business to-day. This is twice I have been told why he is still in debt, but with some difference in the two standpoints from which the information came. This latter fact High. Bowers either did not know, or else forgot to tell me. Perhaps it is as well, he thought, that I have not told him everything about father's affairs; although he certainly would not have objected to letting him know this additional fact while he was on the subject.

Mr. Morton, now entering a receipt on the back of the mortgage, continued, "I will just give you another receipt in addition to this, Walter—I believe that is your name; you can hand this to your father for his own satisfaction when you get home. Let me see; Will. is about some place; would you like to see him? You and he are old chums, are you not?"

Walter replied that he would be delighted to see him. He was afraid he would not be at home.

"He comes home about every third Saturday. John, just see where Will. is," said Mr. Morton, tapping with

his pencil on the window, and speaking to one of the men outside. In a few minutes Will. appeared, all innocent of the nature of his summons. He opened the office door and exclaimed, "Well, hallo; how are you, young Graham? I think I will soon have to quit calling you that. Why, you are growing like a bitter-weed."

"I am very well," replied Walter; "how have you been? I think I have been pretty fortunate; I see you every time I come to Mansdale."

"Oh, I am fortunate in seeing you every time you come," responded Will. "You have met with father, have you? Father, this is Walter Graham, who sat with me at school last winter. You have heard me speak of him." "Oh, yes, he and I have had quite an acquaintance here by ourselves," replied Mr. Morton. "Yes," said Walter, "It appears your father knew me before I could announce myself." "Well, you know distinguished men must expect to be known by the public," said Mr. Morton, humorously. "Yes, indeed," added Will.; "you see your reputation is growing, Walter; whenever it becomes known in Mansdale you must look out for surprises." Here the conversation became so spontaneous and general, the atmosphere became so warm and congenial, that Walter accepted, without hesitancy, the invitation which he felt sure was sincere from Will. and his father to have his horse put away and stay for tea. "I believe it is going to clear off," he said, "and I should enjoy an hour's talk with you very much."

"Certainly," said Will.; "there is no excuse whatever. I have no engagement for the evening, and you and I will have such a joyous time talking over every

little incident that ever happened up in Shocktown academy. I want you to come up and see the rest of the folks. You were never in our house, were you? I remember what a pleasant evening I spent at your house once. How are those two young sisters of yours; are they both well?" Walter replied that they were, and that Sue could play much better on her little melodeon than she could when he was there. "She could do it very nice then," came quickly from Will.'s lips.

Mr. Morton had now called once more at the window to the man whom he addressed as John, and directed him to "take that horse in the shed to the barn and have it well groomed and fed."

The man proceeded to take charge of Flora, and Will. and Walter, after taking a short survey of the warehouse and yard, proceeded to the house. They walked up two of the principal squares of the borough, then about a square to the left, when they turned to the right and walked about another half square across an open lot, over which there was laid a board-walk, which led up to the side yard of a substantial, old stone house, built of old Pennsylvania limestone, and pointed off to look quite artistic, as the large stones lapped over each other in such regular irregularity. A more modern brick end had been built to it, whose second-story windows looked a trifle higher than the old ones but not more comfortable, as the old building looked just old enough to have pleasant memories associated with it and yet not antiquated enough to haunt you with ghost stories and murdered men buried in the cellar. The ivy crawled over one side of the wall and had thrown its tender sprigs out for a short distance on the brick part, as if to say, how far dare

we come on this new territory. The side-yard gate through which they passed was about twenty-five feet from the wall of the building, around two sides of which ran an open hospitable porch. The front of the building stood about one hundred yards from the public road or street, and a considerable portion of the walk was covered with a long grape-vine arbor with its fancy lattice work and creeping vines. All around the yard, which extended back and on the other side, were trees and shrubs, and flower beds, and tufted sods, and little nooks and corners, and out-buildings to the rear, such as are incident to an old farm-building. The barn, which was more considerable than Walter had expected to see for a gentleman's stable, probably stood about two hundred yards diagonally to the rear and about the same distance to the right; fronting the road stood a modern new frame dwelling, with porches around its three sides, with bay windows on the south, and surrounded with a spacious yard, and shrubbery, and young trees of probably ten years' growth. Oh, I am mistaken, thought Walter, after all, over there in the new house is where Mr. Morton lives; but as they turned into the gate and proceeded for a short distance along the walk, ascended the porch and advanced to the other side entrance of the old house, which admitted them into a long comfortable sitting-room, he found his first impressions were confirmed. The look and air of all in the room were like those outside; neither so grand as to freeze you out, nor too mean for the gentleman of real wealth and culture.

When they were fairly inside Will. asked Walter for his overcoat and hat, which he laid away for him, and then said, "I am going up to the bath-room to wash;

do you prefer to go along?" Walter replied that he would like to wash off his hands and face a little, but he could do that out here at the pump very well. At which Will. caught him by the arm, without evincing the slightest appearance of amusement, and led him upstairs to the bath-room, saying, "We have all got in the habit of just going to the bath-room; it is really more convenient."

As Walter washed the mud off his hands and face and combed up his hair before the glass, Will. Morton could not but say to himself, "What an intelligent good-looking face it is. I need not be ashamed to bring it into the family after all." When they returned to the sitting-room, Walter was presented to Aunt Mary, who had been housekeeper in the family for over a dozen years Aunt Mary was a spry young widow of forty-three, who had buried her husband some fourteen years ago. Her hair was very much the color of Mr. Morton's, and slight traces of silver were seen to be threading it here and there. Her general form and features seemed to resemble his, save that they were something younger, and they had a right to, for she was his full sister. She received Walter in the most gracious manner, bid him be seated, with a kind inquiry for his mother, with whom she claimed a slight acquaintance in their earlier days. She moved about, doing a dozen little agreeable things at once and making her young guest feel perfectly at home.

Walter had understood from Will. that his mother had been deceased for several years, and that Aunt Mary had been housekeeper ever since. Indeed she had almost raised the children; but it required this ocular view for him to understand why the fresh young

bachelors of thirty and upwards still waltzed around her with the avidity of youth; why she was the center of many a social gathering in Mansdale, and how the impressions made on a certain rich old widower of sixty-four had never been reciprocated. He was shown a picture of a bright young girl in her twentieth year, who Will. told him was cousin Ida, Aunt Mary's daughter and only child, who was now away at a female college. His further inspection of the photograph was interrupted by the arrival of Harry, the younger brother of Will., a lad, just turned fifteen, whose complexion was a little more of the blonde tha neither Mr. Morton's, Will.'s or Aunt Mary's. He was more quick and nervous in his step and voice, and showed very clearly that he was a Bernard, as Walter thought he could actually see his resemblance to Maggie a little. Aunt Mary, who had retired to the dining-room to look after the supper, now returned to the room where the three boys were conversing; she asked Harry when he thought his father would be home; then passed through to the hall and called up to Blanch to know if she would soon be down.

In a few minutes the door opened and Will. arose to introduce Walter to his sister Blanch. She was a young girl, just nineteen months older than Harry, with black hair and bright complexion. Her eyes were a cross between blue and gray, her expression a kind of mixture of the sparkle and the austere. A second glance, which was cut too short for Walter's satisfaction, by reason of the second glance that was slipped slyly up to him, told him that it was a slight tendency on the part of her eyes to be crossed; not enough to mar their beauty, but just enough to give them a kind

of penetration. Her figure was erect, though not haughtily so. She received him cordially enough, although not with the same spontaneity the rest of the family had done. Her movements were graceful, her voice had a sufficient mixture of the clear, the crisp, and the soft. The genial traces of her father were on her countenance far more, Walter conjectured, than were her mother's, and he saw nothing of the latent, tart smile that sometimes played around Maggie Bernard's lips. It would have puzzled Walter to have described in detail a single part of her garment, although, manlike, he had his clear idea of the general whole. He knew that the shade of her dress was rather dark, that the material, although not gaudy, was rich. Her general figure might not have been pronounced by most young fellows quite as handsome as Maggie Bernard's, he thought, but he was half inclined to believe there was something rather more striking in her countenance, notwithstanding she was rather less communicative than the rest of the family, and taken all together perhaps a little too coy.

When they were all seated at the supper table, with Aunt Mary at one end, Mr. Morton at the other, Will. taking his seat at the left of his father, and Walter next to him, at Aunt Mary's right, Harry immediately opposite at his aunt's left, where he had sat from the time he was two and a-half years old, and Blanch to the right of her father, Walter could perceive that they were quite a handsome and cultured family ; that Aunt Mary was quite fond of Harry, and that Mr. Morton turned affectionate glances occasionally to his only daughter, while Will. assumed the dignity of the oldest child. It required no great discernment on

Walter's part to discover, also, that while the Mortons were Republicans, there was a far more conservative policy prevailing with them on the momentous question of the hour than in his father's home, to say nothing of the political gospel of Mr. Williamson, to which Walter had become so familiar. "What does your father think of the prospect of things, Walter," asked Mr. Morton; "does he think there is any prospect of a peaceable adjustment of affairs, or does he think there will be war?" "I can hardly say," answered Walter, "he don't say much about it the last few days. He says he is prepared for anything now except compromise. He says he don't want that; he is glad Congress expired without adopting one."

"That is all nice enough in sentiment," replied Mr. Morton, "but he must remember there are large commercial interests at stake. I have frequently found in business it is better sometimes to give and take a little." "Do you know Mr. Williamson," asked Walter; "you should hear him on this question. He looks upon any concession made to the South now as the greatest calamity that could befall the country, not even excepting war with all its horrors.

"Yes, I know him," replied Mr. Morton, "he is very radical in his views."

"He is so considered," rejoined Walter, "but I think thoroughly honest."

"I am willing to concede that," replied Morton, "but an erroneous opinion is none the less dangerous, because it is honestly held." "Very true, that in fact would make it all the more dangerous; the only question is, are Mr. Williamson's opinions wrong?" said Walter. "I suppose that is really the question," an-

swered Mr. Morton." Will., who seemed rather less conservative on the question than his father, said, "You see, father, Walter is quite a champion in debate; he can take advantage of a weak point in his adversary with wonderful quickness."

"Oh, I see," replied Mr. Morton, with a smile. A short lull followed, and Blanch now addressed to Walter her first direct question, as follows: "Do you ever see anything of Uncle Joseph's family, Mr. Graham."

"Oh, yes, quite frequently," replied Walter; "I see either Mart. or Mr. Bernard nearly every day; I believe they are all well." "How often do you see the girls," queried Aunt Mary, with a benignant smile. "I saw Maggie and Phoebe every day while school lasted." Blanch, with what Walter thought wonderful tact and good taste, said, "I suppose this will be Maggie's last winter with Professor Baker." "I could not certainly say, but I rather suppose so," replied Walter.

As they arose from the supper table and passed into the room, Mr. Morton said, "Now Blanch, you can play some nice music for Walter and the rest of us." The family, at this suggestion, all passed on through the sitting-room, across the large hall, into the parlor. As Walter looked around and saw the upholstered chairs and sofas, velvet carpet, and costly paintings on the wall, although the room was well aired, cosy and warm and the furniture sufficiently disarranged with all evidence of having been used and not kept merely to be looked at, he could not help but think how plain and uninviting his mother's clean rag carpet and old red settee, and well-chosen little pictures on the wall,

must have seemed to Will. Morton the night he was at their place. But still he was surprised to feel so much at home, especially when Blanch said to him, "Which kind of music do you prefer, Mr. Graham, the piano or the organ?" "I like the organ best," was Walter's instant reply; "it is not fashionable to say so, I know, but the organ has such a soft, sweet tone, compared with the piano." Blanch smiled serenely, as she turned to the organ and filled the room with the sounds of the instrument and her voice. Soon the young folks were all gathered around her in a close circle, chatting merrily between each song. As the light shone through the window from the other house across the way, Walter remarked, "When I came up I wondered if that was the house in which you lived," to which Blanch replied, as she turned over the leaves of her music, "Yes, I know a great many people think that. Father built that house for Mr. Jones, the farmer. Previous to that we used to board some of the hands ourselves, but it made so much trouble and work." "Why, is this a regular farm here?" asked Walter. "Oh, it used to be," replied Blanch, "but now it is so cut up into lots, and has been sold off that there is not much left." "Only about twenty-five acres across the road they farm now," added Will. "I thought this back here looked like an old farm house originally," said Walter.

Blanch smiled and said, "I suspect you thought that was the nicer house of the two, and that was where we ought to be living." "No, I did not think that," replied Walter. "I thought this looked like one of those quaint old places which become either the retired farmer, the gentleman, the scholar, or the mer-

chant prince." Blanch looked up at him with her penetrating eyes and honest countenance as if to charge him with flattery, but the guileless expression she saw on Walter's face rescued his remarks from that interpretation, and she simply smiled and said, "Oh, here, let us sing the Star Spangled Banner next; that is appropriate now;" which they did, the two boys and Aunt Mary joining in. At the close of this song, Blanch turned around thoughtfully to Walter and said, "Do you think there is going to be a war growing out of all this trouble?" Walter answered her with equal thought, saying, "I really don't know, I hope not; that is, I hope we will not be driven to that necessity." "Mercy, I think it would be awful," replied Blanch. She now, at Will.'s suggestion, sang that favorite piece of hers, "The Stars and the Dew Drops are Waiting for Thee." She began at once and filled the room with the sweet melody of her voice, keeping perfect time with the organ, as she reached the chorus of each verse, which was

"The stars and the dew drops
Are waiting for thee."

Entertained as Walter was, he now reflected that it was time he was starting for home. He withdrew to the sitting-room for the purpose of making preparation. He noticed that Mr. Morton had already withdrawn to the library to enjoy his cigar. Blanch proceeded to her father's room and woke him from his reverie by gently laying her hand upon his shoulder and saying something to him. Mr. Morton responded, "Be seated, Walter, until your horse is ready; John will bring him out for you."

John, who seemed to be always ready, reported in due time that Mr. Graham's horse was ready.

Walter bid them all good bye, and received the accompanying invitation to come and see them again from all but Blanch, who simply wished him "safe home." He thanked her and started out once more into the night air, and vaulted into the saddle. He straightened himself up again, not with a feeling of defiance, as he had in Bowers' wagon shed, but with a feeling of pleasure, as he passed out of Morton's yard. He drew the reins slightly on Flora, laid his hand again upon her neck, at which she started off on a vigorous trot. Her action and step said plainly, that she was not started home with an empty stomach. She arrived at her stable door a little before ten o'clock. Walter was in the house by ten, where he reported all things to all the family except Joe, who had been in bed an hour ago. He did not go separately over each member of his family and compare them, to see if there were not as deep traces of character, of individuality and of Christian virtue stamped on their faces as on the Mortons, but he did wonder if the Mortons, even in the absolute privacy of their home, congenial as it seemed to be, gave way to the same easy frolicsome mood that the Grahams had just before he had left for Mansdale. He did have sense enough left, however, to say to himself, that friendly as the Mortons had been to him, he must be brave enough in the very inception to suppress every emotion in his heart which had been awakened by the sight of Blanch. He knew enough to know that she was destined to have every opportunity of what the world calls society, culture and high accomplishments. She would always be at heart a lady, it

was true; but the rich, the affluent, the presumptuous, the cultured, and even the so-called great, who were sure to be rivals for her hand, were a certain bar to any aspirations of his in that direction. No, sir; that thought, he correctly reasoned, may as well receive its quietus at once. He went to his own plainly-furnished room to retire, where he found Joe lying diagonally across the bed, sound asleep. He caught him by the legs, straightened him out, and made room for himself at his side. He lay down, looked out of the window, saw the stars shining and the dew drops sparkling, and he uttered in an audible whisper, the word, Blanch. Where did they get that name? There was no harm, surely, in asking that question. He could, with perfect safety, he thought, tread thus far on the forbidden ground. Blanch Morton—it had a poetic tinge. Oh, yes; he remembered now: "Blanch, Blanch, the poor girl, met an untimely death, in Scott's Lady of the Lake, from which he had been quoting so profusely of late. Yes, the arrow just passed Fitz James' breast and pierced hers. Alas! he said, has this Blanch shot forth an arrow from those penetrating eyes of hers that has lodged straight in my heart? If so, I will imitate the example of the great Julian, who, expiring, drew the arrow from his heart and implored his followers to fight to the death and stand by the religion of the gods." He would now dash this insidious dart aside and move on to his great purpose.

So resolving and so musing, he fell asleep; but down in the coveted White House, at the nation's capitol, Abraham Lincoln had just dismissed his last official visitor, and picked up Gen. Scott's letter to read it for the third time. It told him, in substance, that owing to

the startling revelations that had come to him during the last twenty-four hours, he had deemed it proper to suggest the temporary abandonment of Fort Sumter. He laid the letter down on the desk, and himself on a lounge, but arose again in a few minutes and walked the floor to keep down the hot fever that was burning in his brain. He felt from that hour, with increased acuteness, if possible, the great weight that had fallen on his shoulders. He saw so clearly, from that day forward, the bloody carnage through which his country would have to pass, and said: "O, God! have mercy on me and my poor country, and grant us both the power to bear it." He commenced to answer the letter of Secretary Seward, in which he had practically asked him to abdicate his office in his favor. He saw clearly that, from this hour forward, he alone would be held responsible for the acts of the government; that, from this hour forward, his will alone should construct the policy of his administration; that he had been inviting his cabinet long enough to deliver written opinions on different matters, that he might take the measure of their minds. It was high time for him to make manifest what he had felt conscious of for some time, that his own mind was the master of them all. The morning light peeped through the curtains and saw his face haggard and careworn, for he had not closed his eyelids in sleep. The morning light peeped through the curtains in Walter Graham's bed-room and fell upon his face, all radiant and bright, for he had just awoke from a refreshing sleep and pleasant dreams of the Morton family.

CHAPTER X.

THE BURSTED STORM.

DOWN in the State of North Carolina some place, as near as it is now possible to tell, anywhere from fifty to one hundred miles from the sea coast, and about the same distance from the city of Wilmington, stands a certain Southern mansion. In fact, if you would start from that city and sail up the Cape Fear River, about the distance spoken of, it is within the range of possibilities that you might pass not more than five or ten miles from the particular spot now alluded to. At all events, either tradition or some of the friends in interest have gone so far as to locate it on the west of the river, about eight miles from it, on a considerable little stream that flows thereinto. It is safe, therefore, to assume, from the description of these interested friends, that it is far enough west to be out of the miasma and all the debilitating influences of the great "Dismal Swamp," but not far enough west to be subject to the snow and rigors of the mountain district; but in that happy mean, between the lowland and the upland, not far from the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude, where there is such a happy coming together of winter and summer; where this genial meeting of latitude and altitude have produced such a general merging of interests and variety of products, of sweet potatoes and tobacco, of cotton and corn, of the tar, the pitch, turpentine, rosin and lumber, all so peculiar to the Old North State. Some accounts said that it was not more than ten

miles from Fayettesville; some said it was as far as seventy-five and others only fifty miles from Raleigh, the capitol of the State. At all events, as you approached it with private conveyance, after emerging from a large tract of pine timber, through which a long, narrow road had led you to a small, open, cleared field, crossed over the creek, moved on for about one-fourth of a mile, gradually ascending until you reached the brow of a moderate hill, where the cleared land again broke all around, you saw this ideal Southern mansion. It was in the centre of a large tract of land, some seven hundred acres or more; around and about, extending down the creek and back to other woodlands, were numerous negro huts, a saw mill, a cotton gin, tar and turpentine industries, and other dwellings, not greatly inferior to the central mansion.

Like most homes of the first families of the South, it had a name. That it was owned principally by Northern men and the businesses carried on about it were run principally by Northern capitol, did not prevent it from having that. The appellation by which it was dignified was Mount Airy. Whether it was because of the elevation on which it stood or the salubriousness of the atmosphere that had suggested the name, is not clear. One thing, however, is certain, some of the residents of this plantation were airing themselves considerably as to their political opinions on a certain occasion. The occasion was the 15th of April, 1861, three days after the firing on Fort Sumter and the bursting of the war cloud all over the country; the bursting, perhaps more properly speaking, of the hope of peace and the unification of the sentiment of war upon the one and the other side; but the genera-

tion that passed through it remember too distinctly, and the generation that has been reared since, have been told of it too thoroughly, to waste any time describing it now. The uprising of the North, the pouring forth of the troops, the disappearance of the peace party, the indignation at the South, and the determination to uphold the Union, the equal suppression of all opposition to secession in the South, the activity of their movement, the assurance of their leaders, and the dreams of power and victory that arose before their excited vision, have all been elaborated by historians so thoroughly as to need only a passing glance, while the attention is called more particularly to the little particular storm that took place at this particular mansion on that particular day.

"I tell you," said the old man, with the gray beard, walking the porch of this mansion and addressing himself to two other gentlemen, and a few ladies who were listening at the window, "Reed has got to be suppressed. The idea that we are going to nourish and foster a live, loud-mouthed traitor to our country and sympathizer with the North in our own household, is simply preposterous. I am in favor of giving him his choice, either to enlist in the Confederate army or leave the country, branded as a spy, within the next twenty-four hours."

"Mr. Morgan," spoke up another man, of about fifty-five years of age, and the occupant of the house, "I am equally in favor of having him suppressed, but the trouble is, it's not we that are nurturing him so much as he and his friends that have been nurturing us. If we send him away, and our friends in the North commence foreclosing mortgages and demanding

divisions of property, it may be worth while to consider the positions we will be left in."

"I say to you, Clinton, and more especially to your son Andrew, right here on this porch, that Reed *shall* be suppressed," rejoined Morgan. "You must remember I have some interest in this property as well as you, and I never have wavered in my opinions for mercenary considerations, and I never will. I have no terror of their mortgages and foreclosures and divisions of interest. Sir, there is not a reputable lawyer in the State of North Carolina who would represent these Northern tyrants in their cause while the country is in a state of war; besides, war, sir, absolves, for the time being at least, all obligations, either public or private. No, sir; we can't maintain a traitor here from the North, even under the pretext of property rights. He can either acquiesce in the measures of our country, or leave it and trust to such equitable adjustment of his financial rights as may be accorded to him at the close of hostilities."

"I acquiesce entirely in the measure," responded the older Clinton, "that if he declines to enlist or to support the flag of our country, he be told to leave it, with the understanding that we will meet him upon liberal terms as to his property rights at the close of hostilities, which I don't think will last long. I will write to that effect to our friends in the North, as my wife has already written to her sister, that we shall hold them as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war, in peace friends."

"Yes, but remember," said old Morgan, "there is but one way in which he can assure us of his loyalty to our cause, that is by enlisting in the Confederate army."

Andrew J. Clinton now addressed Mr. Morgan, saying, "That method of convincing you, you may rest assured, Mr. Morgan, Reed will never acquiesce in, or I am mightly deceived in the man. In fact, he would lower himself immensely in my opinion if he would. I insist, therefore, on one other consideration, that he be allowed to remain by taking a regular obligation to obey the laws of neutrality as any other alien might do, or if he does depart, that he shall be allowed to start sufficiently provided for, and that he be given safe conduct through our lines."

Mr. Reed, the person under controversy, a man of about forty-two years, with a business-like air about him, had now arrived, face to face with his accusers, in obedience to their request, and upon having their alternatives presented to him, said, "Gentlemen, the idea, the suggestion that I should enlist under this flag of treason, this banner of hell, this new and hateful emblem of sedition and slavery, is simply insulting. How it is that you could have conceived of any such idea, or dreamed for a moment that such a thing was possible, I cannot understand. I have gone to the farthest extent conscience will permit by pursuing a policy of strict neutrality, of perfect silence; but beyond that it is simply impossible to expect any self-respecting Northern man to go. As for my own small interest in this plantation, I have long since made up my mind that it was gone, and would have left your State long ago, but for the fact that I am here as the guardian, the trustee of my friends in the North, of Messrs. Morton and Bernard, who have placed their confidence in me, and whose interest I will not betray without at least an effort to maintain it."

These words were spoken with all the deliberation of a well-matured purpose, although the voice was a little tremulous with excitement, and they caused a feeling of surprise, if not a little terror on the minds of the two older men, while the younger one, the cooler of the three, gave Reed a look rather of friendly admonition, as if to say, "Perhaps it would have been better for you not to have expressed yourself quite so strongly."

Morgan, advancing now a little towards Reed, drawing one hand down over his gray beard, and his face flushed with rage, said, "Sir, I don't like such insolence from a man who is here by our leave. We called you here to talk reasonably, to give you friendly means of escape if you would not endorse our cause; but now you have, by your own conduct, burned every bridge behind you. You have relieved us from every obligation we owe you. Don't look to us for protection if you receive a visit from our vigilance committee to-night." He here turned on his heel, gave a wave of his hand, as if to say the conversation was closed.

"One word," exclaimed Reed. "I have nothing further to add," said Morgan, with imperial voice.

"We are not men who waste words," interposed the elder Clinton; "I take it that enough has been said; you understand the situation." And they both turned to go.

"One moment, I say," repeated Reed, with deep agitation in his voice, and drawing a six-shooter from his pocket, he discharged one of the balls through the board fence. At the report of this the two older men halted, turned and looked upon Reed with a look not unmingled with fear. The girls screamed, Mrs. Clin-

ton's face turned the color of chalk, and the young man stood unmoved. "You sent for me," said Reed; "now will you please hear me through? I did not want to have to hold your attention by this method, but perhaps it is as well that we have it all out now; that you understand me quite as thoroughly as I understand you, and what your vigilance committee means. You are convinced now, are you, that there is powder and lead in those barrels? I have two others besides these with me. You see the hole that it has burned in that board; it will make the same kind of a one in the heart of a man; and I have been considered a fairly good marksman from the time I was a boy; therefore, what I want to say to you is entirely for your own benefit. Please don't have any of your own personal friends or connections on the vigilance committee to-night, for they will surely have cause to regret it; besides, sir, you need not have gone to the trouble of informing me now that they might wait on me to-night. They were there last night, and, as I verily believe, with your knowledge and approval. They informed me, themselves, that I should be either a soldier in the rebel army, or leave the country by another night. I answered them, as I answer you now, that I would do neither. I am not only a man of few words, as you claim to be, but I am a man of peace. I will now have it, if I have to enforce it with these revolvers; but now, sir, if we have all become composed enough to talk the matter over, what I have to propose is this: first, I am not such a fool as to suppose that you can't, ultimately, drive me out of the State, and murder me and my family. Therefore, I ask, as a matter of right, as well as the respect due an honest foe, that my time of starting be extended at

least another twenty-four hours, that my family may make something like comfortable preparation; that I have an equitable division of the available assets of the firm now, in bonds; that I have an agreement in writing to make an equitable adjustment of all matters at the close of hostilities, and that I shall be guaranteed safe conduct outside of the limits of your so-called Confederacy."

"By Heaven, his terms are just and reasonable," said young Clinton, who was the first to break the silence after Reed had finished; "I am in favor of every one of them being granted, and, whether they can all be effected or not, I will stand sponsor for you, Mr. Reed—for your faithful performance of the contract, and give you my guarantee that no vigilance committee will wait on you to-night."

"Andrew," said his father, "you take a heap on you for one of your years, and, besides, you talk all the time as if you were half afraid of these Northern mud-sills."

"And father," responded Andrew, "you talk as wide of the mark as Mr. Morgan and the rest of the enthusiasts. It is easy to sit here at home and talk about Northern mud-sills; that hostilities won't last long, and that the Confederate States of America are an established fact on the map of the world; but to go forth and establish it, that is quite another thing. Sir, I have loved the land of my nativity, the State of my birth and our sunny South, with the devotion of a child. Ill-advised as I think her course has been, much as I have done in my humble capacity to avert it, a filial affection for her sends me out to-morrow to obey her behests, to enlist in her ranks, to fight her

battles, and to do what I can to make the Confederate States of America a reality. But in doing so, I firmly believe I am going forth into a severe and bitter struggle, in which the courage and valor of the Southern people furnish me the guarantee that we shall ultimately win; but I know equally well, as I know I have an existence, that it will be only after weary months, perhaps years of blood and toil, of homes made desolate, of families and kindred separated and divided, and of hearts rent with sorrow. I know that you and Morgan and many of our leaders in high position have filled the people with the idea that there is a large portion of the North that sympathizes with us; that there is a Southern sentiment in the city of New York alone that can save us from harm while we rear our new edifice; but let me beseech you to dispel that delusion. Sir, I have misread the people of the North in my sojourn among them, and with our friends there in the winter, if the peace party, the sympathizers with the South, has not as thoroughly melted away and disappeared already as has any Northern sentiment among us. I know you thought that the government at Washington would not even resent our assaults; that she would treat for peace from the start, and now you are confronted with the fact that already Lincoln has called for seventy-five thousand troops to uphold the flag of the Union, and they are responding from all sections. No, sir; all this means war and no other word defines it. And as regards the matter of Mr. Reed, about which we were assembled, he has simply lived here a peaceable and unobtrusive life for four years with us, a party in interest, who merely asks now, in this state of open war, to be allowed to depart in peace (with a proper adjustment of his rights) to his

native country with which he sympathizes. I say, by all that is fair, by all that is reasonable and right, he should be allowed to do it."

Although his whole manner had been earnest and solemn, young Clinton uttered his last sentence with that peculiar flash of the eye and emphasis of his long, slim white hand and finger which, it was perfectly plain, impressed the two older men with the thought, that, perhaps, they might as well acquiesce. Old Morgan stroked his beard, showed signs of suppressed rage, and deigned to be sarcastic, as he replied, "Andrew, when you get into our army I hope you will fire toward the Yankees, and not towards our own men. Lincoln has called out seventy-five thousand Northern cattle, has he, to come down here to suppress Southern gentlemen? Well, don't get scared; the first regiment you see of them will run away at the sight of one hundred Southern soldiers. In fact, Andrew, you talk a good bit like a young blatherskite."

"And, Mr. Morgan, you talk like a man who has never read a page of history or had a year's experience of life, notwithstanding you have just had the ocular demonstration of one Northern man who has not been scared very badly at sight of you or at the sound of your bravado. If there are seventy-five thousand more such coming down upon us we have good cause to be alarmed. Mr. Reed, we may as well withdraw for the present," and they turned and walked slowly away.

As they passed down the lawn, young Clinton continued, "There is no doubt now, Reed, but what your terms will be substantially granted, and since it has to be so, perhaps you had better not defer your starting any longer than you can help."

"Andrew," rejoined Mr. Reed, "I had a lurking idea that you entertained such feelings toward me, but I never dreamed that you would have dared to say what you did, at this time, in the face of those older men, especially your father. I supposed that I was summoned there to be cashiered in the most peremptory manner and that you, of course, would go with the current. You have laid me under a deep obligation to you, and I fully agree with you now, that since it is only a question of time, I may as well go as soon as possible. I think I can be ready to start in the morning."

"All right, then," said Andrew, "we can start together. You have my respect as a worthy foeman. I should have despised you forever afterwards if you had consented to enlist in our army," and the two men parted.

The two older men were left standing on the porch, in a kind of paralyzed condition. After Mr. Reed and Andrew had gone out of hearing distance, Morgan said, "By Jove, he is a Tartar, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir; who would have thought it—such a quiet, inoffensive man he always seemed to be," was Clinton's reply.

"Mercy, but I was scared," gasped Mrs. Clinton.

"I guess we may as well grant him his terms," replied Morgan, "save that his present allowance shall be as meagre as possible."

It would be useless to pursue their conversation further, or the doings of any of the parties about Mt. Airy the remainder of that day; but the next morning two men were seen departing from it, the one mounted on a dapple-gray horse, going to enlist in the

North Carolina cavalry, the other driving an old mule to a Dearborn wagon, a refugee for the North. The name of the one was Andrew Jackson Clinton ; the name of the other was George Washington Reed. The latter had with him in the wagon, a trunk and his wife Sarah, a lady of about forty summers, and his daughter Emma, a girl of seventeen. It is, perhaps, equally useless to pursue in detail the happenings of these two parties on their journey. Suffice it to say that both were travelling in the direction of Fayettesville. The one, as might naturally be supposed, reached the place several hours in advance of the other. The one with the slow team trudged slowly along through bogs and over hills, walking most of the way himself that his mule might not fall from exhaustion, allaying the apprehensions of his wife and daughter as best he could, as they entered in and passed through dark passages of timber, and answering, in a hopeful affirmative, their anxious inquiries, "Do you think we will get there before night?"

The other, true to his instincts and his promises, commenced busying himself during the hours he had preceded the other to Fayettesville in hunting up the colonel of his regiment and other persons of station and influence to procure for Reed, when he arrived, not only protection but passports of safety as far on as Raleigh, at least, and with such letters to the governor of the State as might procure for him a safe journey to the North. There is only time now, however, to say that the two men said good-by to each other cordially in the railroad station at Fayettesville, late in the afternoon of the next day, with the mutually sincere hope that when they next met it would be under happier conditions ; and that they never did look upon

each other's faces again. And notwithstanding all the precaution that had been taken, Reed met with more detentions, embarrassing annoyances, searchings of person and trunk, missing of connections, and exhaustion of his not over plethoric purse, than he had expected, but finally arrived safely on the 23d of April, at Mansdale, with his health, his wife, his daughter, his wife's trunk, and a two and a-half dollar gold piece in his pocket. For these he joined with his wife and daughter in returning thanks; then left them at the hotel and proceeded himself immediately to the office of Mr. Morton.

To an upper room in his warehouse, where they would be unmolested by callers, Mr. Morton took him, bade him be seated and tell all. Mr. Reed was seated and told all. When he was through Mr. Morton said, "Well, as I see this situation, the first thing to be done is to procure some means for your family to live on, and some employment for yourself by which you can earn a living. Have you thought of anything; have you anything to suggest yourself? I suppose, hardly in your present state of mind."

"Yes, Mr. Morton," replied Reed, in a calm, resolute voice, which Morton saw admitted of no argument, "I have thought of something; I have a well-matured plan which I intend to pursue. First, try to fix my family in some little way by which they may live comfortably by earning something for themselves in some respectable manner, and I shall find employment for myself as a private in the ranks of the United States army, doing what I can to suppress this rebellion, conceived in hell, born in iniquity, and carried on for the purpose of maintaining human bondage."

"Do you look upon that as permanent?" asked Mr. Morton.

"I look upon it, Mr. Morton, as more permanent than you perhaps anticipate. If there is anything I would urge on you and the people of the North, it is to dispel the illusion that this war will be over in three months. I understand that there are opinions prevailing to a considerable extent that the South will, after all, make no actual resistance. Let me tell you that they will; that they will have to be suppressed largely by sheer force of numbers. I know you think they lack the resources, the numbers, and probably the endurance, if not the real courage, of the Northern people. But, let me tell you, their country has to be invaded, an advantage that will well nigh compensate for their numerical inferiority; and, while I believe we will ultimately suppress them, let me prophesy to you now, that it will be only when we have not merely called for seventy-five thousand troops, but when we have found graves for that many human beings, and expended perhaps two hundred million dollars."

When Mr. Reed had finished these remarks there was a slight pause, during which time no angel raised the curtain and showed them that these figures, astounding as they seemed to be, should be increased to 359,000 lives actually lost by the North alone, nearly as many by the South, and a national debt lacking a trifle of $3,000,000,000. So the silence was simply broken by Mr. Morton saying, "Well, let us go see your family, and then we will all go up to the house. Mary will be relieved, at least; she has been in such a state of anxiety these two weeks. In fact, we have all been in that condition, for we could hear nothing,

as I have said, except what came in Mrs. Clinton's letter to Mrs. Bernard, in which she said there would necessarily be a temporary suspension of all social and business relations, which rather increased than allayed our anxiety, as it made no mention of you whatever."

They all proceeded to the house, where Mrs. Mary Reed (better known to Walter Graham as Aunt Mary) received with rapturous joy her brother-in-law, her sister-in-law and niece; for Mr. Reed was none other than the full brother of Jno. Reed, her deceased husband, and, consequently his daughter Emma was the cousin of her daughter Ida (whose picture Walter had seen), who was the cousin of Blanch Morton, who was the cousin of Maggie Bernard, who all lived in America in the days of the great civil war and saw the storm burst.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. GRAHAM IS RESIGNED.

"Nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done."

AND it came to pass in the land of America, in the days of the great civil war, after the storm had burst and the first heavy dash of excitement had fallen, there come a lull, and it was sufficiently calm in the vicinity of Shocktown for Walter Graham to work a whole day without running three times to the village for the paper, and to the telegraph office to catch the latest news. Things were sufficiently settled for the young folks to think once more of social pleasures; for Maggie Bernard to be sufficiently composed to conceive the idea of a boating pic-nic and a grand good time among the trees, the flowers, and on Graham's dam, on the 21st of June, the longest day of the year. And accordingly it happened that Walter had an opportunity to meet once more with Blanch Morton, for of course, cousin Maggie would see to it that cousin Blanch and little Harry—as the Bernards called him —were invited.

She could not invite Will. upon this occasion, for he had gone off with some other college boys in the three months' service, but Blanch would naturally have delegated to her the special privilege of bringing with her cousin Ida, whose term at college had just closed; and Ida's cousin Emma, the young refugee from the South, with whom they were all anxious to meet.

Amelia Kerr was there, as was also cousin Annie,

who had slipped out for her first summer's stroll in the country; but Henry Kerr was not there, for he, like Will. Morton, had enlisted in the three months' service. So Amelia and Miss Lesher had fallen back on "Little Baldy" to bring them over on this occasion; but cousin Annie was not long without a special escort, for Frank Swave soon became quite marked in his attentions, and Walter even heard her say, in her open, frank way, when the other girls twitted her about it, that "of course she had received a letter from him since she was out in the winter, and of course she had answered it, too."

Dave Miller could not be there on this occasion, as he too, like Will. Morton and Henry Kerr, was unavoidably detained as a private in the army. These three, and two men who were employed in the iron works farther down on Silver Creek, were in fact the only ones Walter knew who had actually enlisted; notwithstanding there were several others training in the home guards and talking of going into the regular service if there should prove to be any serious necessity.

Whether this second meeting with Blanch Morton was an evil omen or a good one, Walter was unable to decide in his own mind. To look into that countenance while mingling with flowers and trees on a bright June day, which had so impressed him on a rough, March eve, was certainly a pleasing sensation; but whether or not it was only awakening delusive expectations, dreams that could never be realized, was what annoyed him. Certain it was he looked at her all the same whenever he could without being caught in the act. It must not be inferred from this, that he did not look occasionally at Amelia Kerr, who was still so kind and

comely; though once it did half occur to him that perhaps she was treating him more like a mother than a lover. Neither must it be supposed that he did not find himself occasionally being highly entertained by Miss Lesher's wit and candor, nor that he did not occasionally sally forth in the direction of that graceful form and those rich blue eyes of Maggie Bernard's, although she did adroitly turn him aside and steal away with High. Bowers, just as she had done years before on the play-ground at the old public school. Nor must it be imagined that he did not seem deeply interested in the story of "the young heroine from the South," as the other girls called Miss Reed, as he was receiving a special introduction to her and "cousin Ida, Aunt Mary's daughter," by Blanch.

And Miss Reed, it must be admitted, had a bewitching little way about her as she would turn up her dark brown eyes, and talked rather intelligently and spiritedly on most topics, especially on literature, in which Walter discovered she was quite well versed.

Cousin Ida, at first sight, was perhaps the least fascinating of any of the girls; indeed, he was rather disposed to vote her quite homely in his mind, as he offered her his hand, but he soon discovered that the light of intelligence was on her countenance; that it was illumined with something that warranted a second inspection. Farther on in the afternoon he found his opinion changing as to her features; he believed they were not homely, after all; he was sure, before evening, that her mind was cultured and her soul was pure.

In this whirl of gay young girls Walter began to wonder if he really was possessed of such a singular

combination of the elements as to fall in love with all of them—each, in turn, as he met them.

Yet, before the day was over, he found himself unconsciously doing, most of all, what his will had forbidden—yielding, with great pliancy, to that penetrating glance of Blanch Morton's—those half crossed eyes which had such a strange mixture of the searching and the kind. She was one of a group which he rowed across the dam and back again; and what a thrill went through him as she said, with such unfeigned sincerity, "You seem to be an excellent rower, Mr. Graham. I think we can put our absolute trust in you." And then, the torture he felt to think she was sitting at the wrong end of the boat when these words fell from her lips; what perverse circumstances, he thought, had placed her face to his back; and he smiled, as best he could, at the "young heroine from the South," and Miss Lesher, who sat fronting him and were sportively splashing the water on him with the tips of their fingers. How contrary and provokingly quiet the elements seemed to be—not the slightest sign of a hurricane; the boat wouldn't upset; no opportunity likely to occur for him to rescue a group of drowning girls; to drag Blanch, almost beyond resuscitation, to the shore; to challenge her love for the dangers he had risked, for the hero he could prove himself to be. Surely, this was the way he had read of it happening in books; but then, of course, he reflected, here I am in *real* life and nothing of the kind happening; not even an angry wave in sight; all placid and calm as were the leaves of the old willows at their landing place, on the shore, which dipped their branches so modestly down to the water's edge; and at which place

stood Tom Swave reaching out his hand so politely to help the girls to the shore, to which Blanch replied so kindly as she accepted it, "Thank you."

Accordingly, as he walked up across the meadow to his home in the evening he looked back and saw Tom walking by Blanch's side as the company were proceeding to the village, and he was sure he saw her smile her usual thoughtful smile in his face as he had made perhaps some very entertaining remark, and instantly a feeling arose in his breast in reference to Tom Swave, such as he had never experienced before.

It never occurred to him, as he looked into that sincere, earnest face of his sister Mary, and those rich black eyes of little Sue's, which fairly sparkled with intelligence and grit, that others were casting wistful glances up across the meadow. But he went home, donned his working clothes, did some evening chores, sat down on a log by the mill and began to meditate, inquiring, "What is this that now rankles at the thought of my old and trusted friend, whom I have defended even to my mother?"

Walter felt, as he sat there in the twilight, that the bond which existed between him and Tom had always been that of genuine friendship. All his rivalries with him, either on the play-ground or in the class-room, had been generous ones. In all these contests he felt he could truthfully say he had never cherished an unkind or envious feeling toward him. Why, then, this strange feeling now? Is this the green-eyed monster? and that, too, about a girl of whom he had bid his every emotion be still—a girl whom neither of us have any more real chance of winning as a wife than we have of Queen Victoria's daughter? But, hold!

at that thought; Tom is such a plausible fellow. True, his station in life would not be considered very different from my own, but then he always had such an agreeable way. He half trembled at the thought.

He proceeded to the house. In due time he retired; he tossed a good bit in the bed; Joe asked him what was the matter? He was frightened again, when he reflected how nearly he involuntarily let the words slip out, "I'm in love," but he just caught them in time to substitute, "It's too warm to sleep to-night; we must throw some more covers back." He finally took a pillow and lay down upon the floor. Had he been a little older, or had it been in the present age, he could have called it *insomnia*. But here he was dead stuck; no other word to call it but madly in love, and jealous at that, of his true and loyal friend; then, besides, not three months since he had bid his soul be still and banish Blanch Morton from his mind, with all the resolution that he could command. Ah, frailty! thy name is a boy of eighteen; he almost uttered this thought aloud.

And now, to you, my friends of riper years, who look upon even love from a more philosophic standpoint—don't judge Walter Graham too severely; be sure that you yourselves have never experienced any more pure or unselfish sentiment than was his for Blanch Morton that night.

Please don't dismiss the subject by calling it the love of only eighteen years, and destined to pass off with the same ease as all those which had preceded it. Who can say that they each in turn had not been pure and unalloyed, the simple behests of nature's great decree upon a warm and sympathetic heart?

Whether this love for Blanch would prove more stable than those that had gone before or succeed entirely in keeping his mind from reverting to the old ones, or forever bar him from taking new ones to his heart, is not necessary now to decide; but, for the time being, I believe it was pure and holy in the sight of God. And it is a doubtful question whether the old bachelors and maids of fifty, who may incline to be facetious about it, ever listened more thoroughly to the voice of judgment than did Walter Graham that night.

It is doubtful whether he himself ever did a more truly great, self-sacrificing or heroic act in all his life than he did that night, when his bosom rent with the passion of all passions, he deliberately reached the conclusion before he closed his eyes in sleep, that come what would, he had no right to feel a jealous or envious pang towards Tom Swave. It was just as natural for him to fall a victim to the same fascinating powers as it was for himself to have done so. No, to him, his friend from almost his earliest recollection, whose moral fibre it was true he sometimes felt a trifle lower than his own, a fact which he well knew had sometimes caused his mother a little anxiety; but still a friend who had never shown him aught but kindness all his life; who, whatever else might be laid at his door, could not be charged with selfishness—to him his friendship should never change. Thus Walter solemnly resolved that night, under the light of the stars and the dewdrops, that he would meet Tom in the morning with the same cordiality as ever and that if the worst should ever come, he could stand by and see him lead Blanch Morton to the altar as his wife without betraying any emotion. Nay, more; that night, as he lay there upon the

floor, he resolved that unless this war should be over in a short time he would enlist. So many passions, both love and patriotism tearing him to pieces at once, required heroic treatment. He would give himself the dose.

Accordingly, the next day, when he met Tom, they discussed the pic-nic in their usual affable manner. Accordingly, the next Sunday, when he took his afternoon stroll, he told Tom and Jake Hoover, with great earnestness, that he would stay and help his father in with the harvest, and if the war were not over then, or gave no evidence of being over in a short time, he was going to enlist.

Tom replied in an equally earnest manner, "Ponder well what you are doing; the next soldiers will be enlisted for three years. While I am for maintaining the Union, I tell you, a man has got to reflect a little on going in for three years; and, besides, I know father would bring me back while mother remains in her delicate condition at least." Walter replied, "That's what bothers me the most, thoughts of mother; but I have made up my mind; and, besides, no one expects the war to last three years."

"I doubt if Mr. Williamson expects that, and mind you, his vision is pretty clear."

And accordingly Walter stayed and helped in with the harvest, and watched to see if the "war were really going to amount to much." And accordingly the harvest was almost over; they were hurrying in the last of the oats, when Walter was convinced, the home guards of Shocktown were convinced, Congress was convinced, in fact the whole North was largely convinced that the war would not be over in ninety days. The vigor of the combat in Missouri and the killing of

General Lyons at Wilson's Creek, the surrender of Colonel Mulligan at Lexington, had a tendency to convince them of that fact; but the disaster of our army at Bull Run had perhaps most thoroughly strengthened that conviction.

Hence it was that Walter Graham's future course was clear. How much it was really determined by his resolutions to drown his hopeless love, or to do something heroic that would make the girls sure to love him, or because his hopes and plans for the law seemed at least temporarily frustrated; or whether, as he cast his eye down the list of Presidents, and indeed nine-tenths of our statesmen, he saw that they had graduated either in the law or on the tented field, that notwithstanding all our burlesque of the one and horror of the other, it was through one of these two gateways they practically all have passed; whether it was because while willing to admit that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," he now perceived the goal of his ambition lay through the latter path; to what extent any or all of these considerations, deep down in the hidden recesses of his heart, shaped his course, you and I, perhaps, may never know. It is, perhaps, unfair that we should question it too closely now. Suffice it to say from all that we have heard of Walter up to this time, of his antecedents, his parents, his education, the influences which had surrounded him, and the bent of his mind, he could consistently attribute it all to patriotism.

It is only necessary now to say that in the fulness of time he made known his intention to his mother. It was on a warm July evening, under the cherry tree, a few days after the battle of Bull Run.

Mrs. Graham neither fainted nor screamed, nor went into hysterics; aside from the conversation Joe and Sue had reported as having overheard between Walter and the neighboring boys, she had her own premonitions all along as to what might happen. She had reached the conclusion that, all things considered, it was perhaps better that she interpose no parental authority to prevent it. She was no better, she reasoned, and perhaps, making no greater sacrifice than hundreds of thousands of other mothers throughout the land, who she felt morally certain would be called upon to do the same before this war was over. As to asking her husband to interpose any objections to his own son enlisting, she well understood this would place him in too inconsistent a light before the world. Jacob Graham's opinions as to the war she thoroughly understood were too well-known in the community for any objecting words to come from his mouth.

What Mrs. Graham did do, however, was to look her son steadily in the face, and after he had disclosed his purpose, say with the deep devotion and tremulous voice of a mother, "Walter, do you think you have the faintest idea of what you are going into?"

"Yes, mother," said Walter with great sincerity, "I understand thoroughly what I am going to do; I have given this matter my best thought. You know, mother, I have always had a strong constitution; I am over all my childhood diseases (mumps, measles, chickenpox), and everything of the kind. I am sure I can stand the exposures of the camp, which may not be severe after all; we may have a great deal of garrison duty to do and things of that kind, and as for the actual killed in battle, you know, mother, statistics

show that even in the severest wars, the percentage is comparatively small."

"Walter," replied his mother, "I am only a woman and don't claim to be a great statesman, but do you believe me, you are going into a war, than which there has perhaps been none more severe in recorded time."

Walter looked at his mother for a few minutes and made no reply. Mrs. Graham, continuing, said, "Walter, who else, what other boys of the neighborhood are going?"

"Well," said Walter, "Mr. Wagner is going; Mr. Flora, another of my old teachers; Jack Matson is going; Boyle's two boys, Jake and Bill; Sam Long and Bob are going; Pat McKnight is going; and Dave Miller and Henry Kerr are both going back again, as soon as they come home. Henry Kerr was the only one you saw, so far, that went from around here, who was in the battle of Bull Run. He may be one of the officers of our company, and I guess Mr. Hirsh will go, if he can get to be chaplain, and Dr. Cairn talks of going as a surgeon."

"Tom Swave is not going then," replied his mother, "or Frank, either."

"No," said Walter. "Tom says the shock would be too great for his mother, and I believe it might; I know it is not because he is a coward."

Mrs. Graham looked again into the eyes of her son and gave utterance to the one expression, for which she was the most sorry, perhaps of all others during the remainder of her life, as follows: "Walter, Tom Swave has no more notion of enlisting than I have. His mother is no better than any other mother, and I doubt if she is a particle more delicate than some of

the rest of us. He always has exercised an undue influence over you, and always will, unless this is to be the circumstance that is to destroy it. In one way I am well satisfied that he is not going with you in the same company, but it shows he is capable of seeing other hearts distressed while his is safe. I thought, perhaps Frank, whom I always thought a better character than Tom, might be going, but it seems not; they are both willing to stand back and let you go, the youngest of all those you have mentioned."

Walter, clasping tighter his mother's hand, which had been in his all the while, looked at her with something like astonishment and pity, and said, "Mother, I may possibly have been deceived in Tom all these years, but all that I can say now is, that it is not he that is urging me to go; it is entirely my own act; he has rather dissuaded me."

"Is that so," said Mrs. Graham thoughtfully, as she impressed a kiss upon the brow of her son, and left him for the present Walter lay back upon the grass when she had gone, and said aloud, "I wonder what it is that mother sees so dangerous in my contact with Tom Swave? Her suspicions almost make me cast him off, and yet I always have liked him."

And Mrs. Graham went to her room and asked God to forgive her for the severe judgment she had passed upon the Swave boys: "for Tom has a generous nature, I admit, and that is why Walter likes him; maybe he is only being considerate of his delicate mother after all, for I am not sure that I shall be able to endure this myself. Oh, God, watch over my boy and preserve him." And she lay down on the bed exhausted.

But she arose the next morning, and went about her

work calm and composed; and continued so until the 28th of September, the day Walter's regiment was to leave Sharwood; the men of the neighborhood were running to town each day with some messages and news for friends and relatives while the regiment was recruiting. But Mrs. Graham had simply said the day it left *she* was going to Sharwood. It was principally a Jefferson County regiment; Walter was a private of Company G. The number of the regiment was either the Forty-fifth, Fifty-fifth, Sixty-fifth, Seventy-fifth, or Eighty-fifth. Mrs. Graham would sometimes forget herself; she always remembered, however, there was a fifth to it; in fact it is not at all necessary for our purposes, at present, which it was, except that for convenience sake I will hereafter designate it as the Seventy-fifth. That number is easily remembered; in fact, the boys were already beginning to call it "the gallant old Seventy-fifth," "the bloody old Seventy-fifth," and such other appellations as were calculated to stimulate local pride.

Early on the morning of the 28th, the streets of Sharwood were thronged with people from the county; her own twenty-five thousand inhabitants seemed to be astir. Mrs. Graham had come in the evening before, and remained all night with Miss Lesher, whose father kept a flourishing grocery store on one of the prominent corners, and her brother John was a member of Company B. The regiment was to leave at 10:00 A. M. They were to have a short parade through the principal streets at half-past eight; at nine the Governor was to review them. At half-past nine he was to address them, the ladies were to present their flag, and the colonel was to respond. But now Mrs. Graham and

Walter had their first experience of the sometimes inexplicable delay of military operations. Half-past eight came and went, the town clock was striking nine, and the regiment not yet formed in line; half-past nine had arrived, they received their first orders to fall in, they stood until half-past ten, going through the manual of arms followed by a short march around the camp, then dismissed until half-past eleven; some said it was "because the transportation had not arrived yet," some said it was "because the Governor did not come," some said, "the Governor had died on the way," some said it was "because the ladies had forgotten to put all the stars on the flag, and they had taken it home to finish it." At all events they formed in line again at half-past eleven to receive their flag, and then to be dismissed again with imperative orders to be ready promptly at 1:00 P. M., for their final departure. Walter and his mother slipped home with Miss Lesher to take their dinner. Brother John was with them, of course; Miss Lesher seemed active and vivacious, as she would say, "You boys can take a mutual care of each other." Mrs. Graham seemed rather quiet and thoughtful. At 1:00 o'clock, sharp, they were back in camp, but it was one-half hour later before they were formed in line; they then finally started off for a march through the principal streets of the town; it was half-past two before they were drawn up in a solid square in an open lot in front of the Governor. He addressed them *inter alia* as follows:

"It is no pleasant feeling to see you leave your homes as you do now, with fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts around to bid you your final adieu, but I know that your patriotism, your sense of

duty has compelled you to do it. And your patriotism, your courage, and your love for those you have left behind, will sustain you in any perils through which you shall be called to pass. Much as we shall pity you in your trials, I should pity you infinitely more, if I thought you were born of soul so mean, of spirits so abject, as to dare to hope that you might shirk the duty which patriotism has now laid upon you, that you should turn a deaf ear to the voice of your country now assailed by treason and treachery. To arm, to discipline, to equip, and send forth to the field of battle the sons of my native State, has now become my unpleasant duty. But I know, brave soldiers of the Seventy-fifth, that your conduct shall never bring the blush of shame to me, to our State, to your friends, or to yourselves. Let this beautiful flag, which the ladies of your town have presented you, be soiled or torn, and rent with bullets it may be, but let treachery or cowardice blast it never."

Loud cries came up from the thousands of voices in confusion, "We will not, Governor," and such expressions as, "We will never let her touch the ground;" "Bully for you, Governor;" "That's the stuff," and then, "Three cheers for the Governor." It was now half-past three; the train had actually pulled up on the track; it consisted of freight cars with a window sawed out of each end, and one on each side for ventilation; a few board seats in each car completed the accommodations The last farewells had been said, the boys were about to get in them, when the train suddenly moved back on to the cattle siding, to let the Western Express pass. The Western Express was twenty minutes late; some of the boys in this interval slipped across in

squads to a neighboring saloon to get a beer. Mrs. Graham wondered for one instant if Walter would ever be among these, and a slight tremor came over her as she thought, "If he ever does live to come back, will it be dissipated and demoralized by the habits of the camp?" but no, she would not torture herself with this thought about her boy.

"To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

Finally the Western Express passed, the train pulled up again; again it pulled out on another sideing, no person knew what for this time; again it delayed about ten minutes; while the soldiers gravely discussed the causes of the delay, as each in turn declared that they would "sooner have gone into a battle at once than fool this way all day," or that they "would have sooner marched twenty miles," or that "they were actually more tired than if they had worked all day." But now she came backing down on the main track again. It is just half-past four; the sun is shining brightly. The final martial order is given: "*All aboard;* Company G, get in these two cars here;" they bounce in; some little delay again; it is twenty minutes of five. Hark! Three long, loud, shrill whistles go up from the locomotive. Another minute, the wheels are seen to move. Walter, with some others, has jumped on the top of his car; the movement of the train is quite perceptible now; he waves his final adieu to his mother; the train is moving faster; the populace is drowning the sound of the locomotive with their cheers. The front of the train has rounded the upper part of the depot; it is out of sight; the cheers grow louder, the handkerchiefs are

flying thicker and faster from fair ladies' hands, the soldiers are waving their flag, their voices are swelling the notes of the Star Spangled Banner. The rear of the train has passed the depot, the smoke of the engine is fading, fading; 'tis faded away. The rear of the train has passed; 'tis going; 'tis out of sight; it is gone. Will it ever come back to Sharwood, bringing Walter Graham with it? That was the question Mrs. Graham asked herself, as she turned her face away, and answered it to herself, saying, God only knows, and to him I can only say, "Thy will be done, not mine."

CHAPTER XII.

SHOCKTOWN IN MOURNING.

"Thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars."—*Bryant.*

"Not painlessly doth God recast,
And mould anew the Nation."—*Whittier.*

MRS. GRAHAM, accompanied by Miss Lesher, turned her steps toward the depot to take her own train for Shocktown. But Walter's train kept rolling on in the opposite direction. He sat with Dave Miller and Bob Long on the top of the car, viewing the county in that autumn sunset through the twilight and far into the night. They finally crawled down and through the window into the car. The seats were all occupied, and several of the men were stretched out on the floor. Walter got his musket, rested the butt of it on the floor, the top of it against the side of the car, squatted down in a sitting posture with his legs astride it, with his arms around it, and endeavored to sleep while his train plunged on over hill and valley, through ravine and forest, he knew not whither, save that it was generally understood their regiment had been assigned to one of the divisions of the West.

His short naps were usually broken by some one tramping on his toes, or tumbling on him. Towards midnight the train stopped at a town that looked about the size of Sharwood. There they were ordered to get out and take supper; the citizens of the town had

something prepared. The ladies seemed to be out in force, helping to wait on the table. While they ate, speeches were made by the Hon. Mr. Grass, and Hon. Mr. Brass. An hour later he was back in his car, but had no seat. Some time before daylight the train stopped, jerked up, and started, and stopped, and backed, and finally stood still until daylight. The boys looked out, and said we are at the outskirts of the clever little town. They were ordered out, formed in line, marched around; the rain was coming down in torrents, they marched through the town to the other side; there they halted for breakfast. Again some provisions seemed to be provided for them, but the mess pots and the coffee pots were directly under the droppings of a shed roof. Walter looked around, and said "he believed he was not hungry." He felt in his haversack for the sandwiches his mother had provided for him; out of that abundant supply there was only half a one there; he ate that and slipped off with Bill Boyle to get an oyster stew.

They lay there until the middle of the afternoon, and then started off on another train, and passed through about the same experiences until the next morning. Daylight gradually stole upon them while they were again lying switched on a side track; again they were at the outskirts of a city, a large one this time; it was Cincinnati. Again the rain was pouring fast; again they marched through the streets to some other point on the outskirts. As they broke ranks, their captain told them they might take shelter under the projecting eaves of an adjoining warehouse. It did not seem to be a very ample protection for a hundred men, as the roof extended over the sides of the building only

about three and a half feet, and yet it is wonderful how nearly it was sufficient on this occasion. Walter again looked around. He saw mud in superabundance, but his eye happened to catch one little handful of straw about large enough, as the boys said, to make a hen's nest. This he gathered up carefully, laid it back against the wall, and then laid his hand and shoulders down on it, his feet drawn carefully up to keep him out of the heaviest droppings from the roof, his gum blanket under him, his overcoat thrown over him, and there he slept the sleep of exhaustion.

Ah, Walter, Walter! are you quite sure, even now, that you "understood thoroughly what you were going into?" You told your mother so, but even she doubted it. I can only say for you, however, that you have at least not regretted your step, and that you have taken one more resolution on yourself—that your mother shall never know from your pen what you are enduring. It is therefore unnecessary to follow you all through what is yet to come. How you awoke somewhat refreshed, but considerably stiff; how you went with Henry Kerr and Dave Miller that afternoon to see Cincinnati, and to the theatre that night to hear Hamlet; how you felt your pockets the next morning to find those two five-dollar gold pieces, which your father gave you, were gone; how your regiment got on a large steamboat the next day and sailed down the Ohio River; how you stopped at a point about three in the afternoon, and marched about five miles across the country, where you met some other troops.

How your two old teachers, Messrs. Wagner and Flora, looked around and said, "Shall we go by threes or fives?" "In either case I think, Walter, we will take

you here with us," said Mr. Wagner; "I know your mother expects you to bunk with me." How Dave Miller and Henry Kerr finally joined you; the tent being up, how they all said, "Now Walter, you are the youngest; perhaps you had better crawl into the far end;" how you, the youngest of the group (and there were not thirty boys in all the regiment younger than yourself), crawled into the far end; how you all lay down that night on the naked soil of Kentucky, looked out through the cracks of your canvas and saw the "stars and the dew-drops waiting for you;" how you awoke the next morning in the mist and rain, with your legs aching, your back aching, your head aching, your appetite missing; how you poured down your throat, even with the approval of Mr. Wagner, and by the prescription of Dr. Cain, a pretty stiff draft of whisky from the canteen; how it seemed to break up and tide you over the first shock of malaria; how you went on to drill that forenoon all the same, determined not to be the first man in your company to ask to be excused. But why go into detail; why stop to tell you all the weary days and nights that Walter marched up and down Kentucky and Tennessee with the old Seventy-fifth, tired by day, and home-sick by night, until far into the winter, when he stood at the gates of Fort Donaldson and heard the cannons roar and saw the missiles fly, and knew that the news would soon spread through old Jefferson County that his regiment had been engaged; that he had witnessed those fifteen thousand rebels unconditionally surrender their arms to Unconditional Surrender Grant. True, the old Seventy-fifth had not been in the thickest of the fray, nor had its loss been severe, as it consisted of none killed

and two wounded; but still, they were veterans now; no discounting that fact; the girls about Shocktown would be sure to hear it, and, perchance the fact might even reach Blanch Morton's ears, though he knew she was now away at Vassar College

Why stop now, Walter, to crowd into a few pages that part of your history, which seemed to older men than yourself to include centuries; how two months later you stood on Shiloh's bloody field, and saw for two and thirty hours the result hang doubtfully in the balance; how in the very last ten minutes of that gory contest you felt something like a sharp sting prick your right arm. The victory was won, but you were wounded. The loss of the old Seventy-fifth was severe enough this time, but her record was established; your injury was but a slight one through the fleshy part of your arm, but it was sufficient to make you a hero at Shocktown. Your vigorous constitution served you remarkably well, and the wound healed with wonderful rapidity, detaining you in the hospital only two weeks, during which time you could hardly have told which was gratified the most, your boyish pride, or your curiosity to experience the sensations of one in actual battle. How the spring passed and the summer came, and you were still trudging through the swamps of Mississippi, and over Arkansas roads, ankle deep with mud, inhaling miasma and fighting malaria. How you stopped one day in Tennessee to help construct a railroad, when the brigadier general came along inquiring "if there was anyone in this brigade who could repair an engine;" how you saw a lieutenant from an Iowa regiment step up to examine it; how you looked in his face for a minute and exclaimed, "Hello, Sam.

Blair, where did you come from?" How he looked in your face for an instant and exclaimed, "Good heavens, this isn't little Graham, is it, that used to sit on the bank by the old school-house and watch me and little Andy Jackson stall around the curve?" and how you explained that it was, and how many others of the Shocktown boys were there, and he explained how he had gone to Iowa some years before, was master mechanic in the shops of one of the principal roads there when the war broke out, and, now behold, you have met down here in Tennessee under rather peculiar circumstances.

Nay! more, Walter. How, as the summer rolled on, you began to inquire more seriously in your mind what you were all down there for. How you were impressed, and have been ever since the evening of the 4th day of July, when an old contraband negro, apparently in age anywhere from eighty to a hundred years, strayed into your camp, and after furnishing amusement for the boys for a considerable time, asked you and Mr. Wagner in a very quizzical manner, "If you has 'cluded to take our people in wid you in dis fight yet." That he, upon receiving the somewhat faltering answer from both of you that you believed not, replied, with a glare in his eyes that astonished you, "Well, you will 'fore it over." "Why?" "Why, because de good Lord tell me dat you nebber get troo wid wat you undertaken, until you let our peoples go."

How Mr. Wagner said to you, three days after, "Walter, has that old darkey's conversation, or rather prophecy, been on your mind any since you heard it?"

"Wonderfully so," was your reply; and how he asked you the further question, if you remembered the

answer you gave him up in the little academy the day old John Brown was hung, about us all going down South on the same errand. How you replied, "Yes, I recollect something of it, but I am forced to say there was no prophecy in mine; it was unwittingly given."

How Mr. Wagner replied, "Just so; I understood it so at the time, and yet those two circumstances have been in my head constantly ever since we met the old darkey."

Yes, Walter, Mr. Wagner, people of the North, all of you, some thought like that began to creep slowly into your heads. Foreigners began to ask what are the two sections fighting about; both sides declare they don't intend to disturb slavery. The question was pertinent, and well calculated to cause reflection. Yes, Walter, you remember so distinctly how the papers from the North began to come down to you, telling of the disastrous campaign of McClellan and the Army of the Potomac on the Peninsula and before Richmond, of the retreat of Pope from Cedar Mountain to Bull Run, of the second defeat of our army there, of our whole forces east of the Alleghenies being practically back inside of the fortifications of Washington, where they were a year before. You remember, also, how the letters from home told you of the feelings of gloom and apprehension which began to pervade the people of the North; how the call for "300,000 more" was being responded to; how the second crop of boys from about Shocktown included Joe and George Miller, Jake Hoover and Frank and Tom Swave. That was the part that gratified you most; it vindicated your opinion of your friend, and proved that, for once, a mother's instincts were wrong. Yes, Mrs. Graham, you shall see that

easy-going, smart Tom Swave was made of better stuff than you had supposed, for no man could charge him, or any other person who went at this crisis, with entertaining the hope that his regiment might not be ordered to the front. And you were obliged to write to Walter with your own hand farther on, that Frank was seized with a violent fever a few months after he left; that he lingered and wasted, and finally died in the hospital; that he was brought home one cold wintry day, and laid in the little church-yard grave; what a hard case it seemed to be! Poor Mrs. Swave was in such delicate health herself, unable really to follow him to the grave, and then her other only son and only child away in the army at the time; but the sympathy for her seemed universal. No funeral in the neighborhood had ever been so large. Poor Miss Lesher was one of the unfeigned mourners at it. She made no concealment of the fact that she had promised to be his wife, if he ever lived to come home.

Before the next winter's snows had fallen you were compelled to write still further to your own dear Walter, that Tom had passed safely, but with great credit to himself, through the terrible carnage wrought on the bloody fields of Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, only to be carried on a stretcher from the immortal field of Gettysburg, with his right leg so lacerated that he would never entirely bear his weight upon it again; lamed for life, to walk with a cane forever after, with the heel of one boot made an inch higher than the other to give him proper equipoise. How an imprudent news-boy ran through the village streets, two days after the battle, screaming out, "Shar-

wood papers! full account of our own losses! Jefferson County's gallant heroes! severe loss of the One Hundred and Seventeenth! Colonel Lightner killed! Lieutenant Swave mortally wounded!" How poor Mrs. Swave, weak and emaciated, sitting by her chamber window, heard the sounds, and sank back on her bed never to rise again. How you, yourself, had gone to her side to minister to her day and night. How kind neighbors rushed in with later messages to tell her that Thomas was not mortally wounded after all; it was only severely. How a letter came in a few days in his own hand-writing, saying, "Dear mother, don't be alarmed; I am only slightly injured." How Jacob had dropped all business and gone to Gettysburg to relieve her mind, and do whatever else he could. But it was all too late. The shock had been too great for her enfeebled constitution. She gradually sank lower and died. *Died.* Another victim of the war; just as much as though she had been killed on the field of battle. But Tom himself came home before another snow had fallen, with his honorable discharge for physical disability and his commission as captain from the governor for gallantry on the field of battle.

For this digression from Walter back to the scenes at Shocktown and the Swave family I hope the reader will pardon me, especially since it is but relating the news contained in his mother's letters since the July of 1862, when we left him down in the army of the Southwest, pondering with Mr. Wagner over the old darkey's prophecy. And there he kept pondering, and marching, ditching, and skirmishing, until one bleaching hot day in September there came a paper containing the preliminary proclamation of emancipation. It was commented on considerably through the ranks, though

not quite as adversely as he had expected. Of course, he stood up for it stoutly, and he could not but notice how fast the boys were beginning to endorse it. In fact, adversity makes converts rapidly. The Union defeat at Fredericksburg the following winter had rather deepened the gloom of the Union army. "Any port will do in time of storm," began to be the expression that Walter heard fall from the lips of those who he knew would have bitterly opposed the idea of interfering with slavery in the States when the war commenced.

But the conversion which astounded him most was Bill Boyle's, who, one day in February, as they were marching along through the mud, exhausted and hungry, turned his head and said abruptly, "Walt., do you remember the day you thrashed me at the old schoolhouse for abusing that little nigger, Ben. Smith?"

"I remember something of it," said Walter, "but I hope we have both forgiven each other long since."

"Well, I'm sure now I have forgiven you," replied Bill, "whatever doubt I may have had on the subject heretofore. What I want to say to you now is that I deserved that thrashing, and I thank you for giving it to me. I want you to tell your father in the next letter you write home, that I am an Abolitionist now; as big a one as ever old John Williamson was or ever dare be. Tell him that I am perfectly willing to let a nigger stop a rebel bullet before me, and if he is good enough to do that, he is good enough to be free. Of course, I'm atoning for my sins at a pretty rapid rate down here just now, but its a d——d strange thing to me if little Ben. Smith and his whole race are not avenged before this war is over. God Almighty hasn't sent this whole

thing on this nation for nothing, is just the opinion I have come to."

Do you remember?—of course you do—The look of astonishment you gave him as you slapped him on the shoulder, clasped him by the hand and said, "Oh, Bill, I will write it all home to father and to Mr. Williamson himself."

What a glorious thing, Walter, your vision did not carry you three months into the future, when you were destined to stand at Champion's Hill, while inch by inch that ground was being contested in deadly strife, and you saw poor Bill hurled instantly into eternity before your eyes. Great God!—in pity goes the exclamation up from your soul; yes, poor Bill, his sins are atoned for now. Darkey Ben. Smith is avenged, while he is far away on Morris Island, also wearing a suit of blue. What a fortunate thing, Walter, you did not know that you had yet to charge with the gallant old Seventy-fifth before those ramparts at Vicksburg, and help to carry your old teacher, Mr. Wagner, who was to take a kind of parental care of you, off the field, bleeding from a ghastly wound in his side. How your regiment was to dig and ditch during that long siege, which was to ultimately force that Gibralter of the Mississippi to surrender to the inflexible Grant. How you were to see Bob Long seized with disease, waste away in a field hospital to death, to be carried out and buried in a trench.

Ah, Walter! Vicksburg has now surrendered, but your end is not yet, your three years not nearly expired, though you have never flinched, nor sent home a regretful word; but you would like to see old Shocktown, all the same, once more, and the loved ones that

are praying for you there. But you have yet to stand on Missionary Ridge's bloody crest, and see once more the ranks of the old Seventy-fifth defeated by rebel shot and shell. You shall stand and distinctly watch one fall on a rock before you, burst into a thousand fragments, knock Mr. Flora's right eye out, while one little sharp particle of it passes diagonally over the temple of your own right brow, cutting a little scar there three-fourths of an inch long, almost as perfectly as if done with a knife. You shall rush forward even then to see who is this lying dead, while you both exclaim, Great God, its Adjutant Lesher! Poor Miss Lesher, she has already buried a lover, now you will send home to her the dead body of a brother. Meanwhile she begins to wonder if the Southerners are something more than "a perfect set of blowhorns."

But as all things earthly have an end, so there came a day at last when Walter Graham turned his face toward Chattanooga to take the cars for Shocktown. The epaulettes of a first lieutenant are upon his shoulders, placed there not by political favor and intrigue, but by reason of valor and scars. The one above his eye which he was afraid might disfigure him, healed to be almost imperceptible, though still distinct enough to be seen upon ordinary inspection. Nay, not enough to disfigure you, Walter, but rather to serve as your future passport to place and power; that admiring friends may say veritably,

> "Thy brow, glorious with beauty though it be
> Is scarred with tokens of old wars."

He boarded a north-bound train, but his eagerness to reach home far outran the speed of the cars. He turned his glance backwards, and thought about all

that had happened since the evening he had so softly broken to his mother his intentions under the old cherry tree at home. Candor compelled him to say that he must now answer her question differently, that he did not have at that time a very definite idea of what he was going into, but he did now have a far more comprehensive idea of what was yet to happen to the nation, as he surveyed the field and saw the South was still far from being conquered. He thought of his old schoolmates about Shocktown that now lay buried, of his other friends and comrades maimed for life, of the hard fortune of the Swave family, of the last letter he had received from Emma Reed, the young heroine of the South, which conveyed to him the intelligence that her father had been killed at Kelley's Ford, in Virginia, and that she and her mother were trying to make a living by keeping a little millinery and trimming store in Mansdale. All this rushed through his mind as he drew from his pocket his little passbook and diary, and looked over the lines of a short poem of Whittier's, called the "Furnace Blast," which his mother had cut out of a newspaper and sent to him. He read aloud the first four lines:

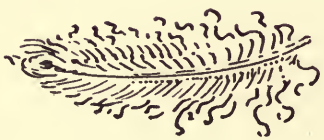
> "We wait beneath the furnace blast
> The pangs of transportation;
> Not painlessly doth God recast,
> And mould anew the nation."

He stopped, read them again, and said thoughtfully, "I should think not" But in due time he put the poem back in his pocket, and left his thoughts waft on to Shocktown. He thought of all the nice letters he had received from all his lady friends while he was away; from Miss Ida Reed (Aunt Mary's daughter), from

Maggie Bernard, from Amelia Kerr, and from Miss Lesher. Perhaps he understood better now why Miss Lesher was always so considerate, closing her letters by saying, "While I am always pleased to hear from you, don't feel that you must answer this letter at your great inconvenience, or when you feel you should be resting, rather than writing to your friends." Of course he understood that all these girls corresponded with him rather from a sense of duty which all the patriotic girls of the North felt that they should send any sustaining word they could to their acquaintances in the army. But a strange feeling came over him now when he reflected that in all this time he had never received a line from Blanch Morton. "I thought I had succeeded in forgetting her," he said to himself, "but I find I have not; I remember now—what a strange fact! yes, I remember in the very charge before Vicksburg I thought of her."

And now with a herculean effort, he bid once more that thought be still. He drew from his pocket his last letter from his mother. He read it over three times, while tears stole slowly down his cheeks. He doubted after all if any love could be as pure, as loyal, as true, as unselfish, as devoted, as sacrificing, as patient, as abiding, and as enduring as hers. But the time and train both have been passing on. It is passing through Mansdale; it is late twilight; he turns his eyes involuntarily towards the Morton mansion. He sees no one that he knows, not even Will., at the depot. Halt! They are at Shocktown. Three men in United States uniform get off on the opposite side and walk away in the dark unobserved. They were Major Henry Kerr, Ser-

geant Pat. McKnight and First Lieutenant Walter Graham. They walked directly to their respective homes. Yes, Walter Graham is at home. The joy of his mother, the delight of his father, the pride of his sisters, the idol of his brother, and one of Shocktown's heroes.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE INTERREGNUM.

YES, Walter Graham was at home; but it was on veteran furlough. Those of the boys who had not re-enlisted, remained, of course, to finish their three years; those already discharged for physical disability or "knocked out," as the boys termed it, were of course at home; and those who had re-enlisted for another three years, of whom Walter was one, were merely taking a thirty days' respite, which the government granted to all such.

After the exuberant joy of the family had been spent upon him, the morning come and the breakfast over, he had caught his breath sufficiently to notice what a stout boy Joe had become, "but thank God," he thought, "not old enough yet to enlist." He beheld with satisfaction into what lovely women his two sisters were developing. Mary's face and manner were so sincere and honest, and Sue's the very personification of energy and determination. His father's hair, just a little frosted now, and a kind of drawn expression between his brows which he had never noticed before, and which an oculist had told him was the prelude to the coming glasses. His mother had hardly aged as much as he had expected, but he could detect underneath her look the same anxious feeling she had the day he bid her farewell at Sharwood. The forenoon was spent by the family talking over all the events

of the neighborhood, all the sad incidents of the war, the prospects of its continuance, and the hope of peace. Walter strolled out to the barn with Joe before dinner, to see the gray colt, Frank, now grown into a large stalwart horse, a brilliant succession to old Dolly, that had died. Simon's coat looked as glossy and well kept as ever, to which fact Joe called special attention. Lucy and Flora looked their same old selves, and they all seemed to recognize Walter, when he addressed them, as old familiar friends. Two young colts, which had arrived since Walter's departure, were specially introduced to him by Joe.

After dinner, callers began to arrive, the first of whom was Tom Swave. To say that those two were glad to see each other, but feebly expresses it. They actually embraced with a warmth that Sue said "Makes the rest of us jealous." Walter did not love Tom Swave better than his own family, but it must be admitted that he was a little happier now to see him than any other man in the community, for it was equally true that they two could enjoy each other's experiences better than even the members of their own families. Not even the bonds of consanguinity could understand or grasp those silent and unwritten experiences of hardship and humor, incident to the camp, as those who had actively tasted of them.

"Well, old boy, how are you, anyhow," exclaimed Tom. "Why you are actually looking well; some of the rest of us thought we got pretty well tanned even in Virginia, and I supposed you would have left your more southern region a full fledged mulatto."

"Oh, no, we still give evidence of belonging to the Caucasian race," replied Walter, "besides you know

altitude has a good bit to do with climate as well as latitude. In fact it was not so very warm where we have been lately, about the region of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge." "I guess it was pretty warm for a little while about there, was it not? Let me see that dip they gave you at Missionary Ridge. Oh! it don't disfigure you any after all, though when I look for it, I see distinctly that it is there. Let me see, they knocked you out some place else, didn't they?"

"Oh, very slightly at Shiloh," responded Walter. "Neither of them amount to anything, but how is it with yourself, Tom? That is the question that concerned me most. I understood your matter was more serious. Step out there again. Why, you don't walk very lame after all. Your figure is perfectly erect, and I believe a little better looking than ever."

"Oh, yes," said Tom, "I am only decently shelved, so that I shall miss the balance of the fun;" and then smiling significantly, continued, "or happily relieved from it. You understand the feeling Walt.?" Then changing his smile, he said, "but of course I can't feel too thankful for my present situation, when I reflect how two young surgeons were whetting their knives for their experimental amputation, when an older one in citizen's clothes interposed, saying, 'hold on, hold on for a few days, I see no absolute necessity for that as yet.'"

Walter smiled and said, "Well, you know you always were a lucky fellow, Tom; you always could lie down and glance back at the more stupid ones behind, then, like the coyote of the far West, make a fleet bound or two and leave the rest of us in the distance. And here, behold, it is again; you didn't

enlist until nearly a year after me, and now you are home four months ahead of me, honorably discharged, and with a commission one nicke above me. Well, dear knows you have earned it all. The men who passed through Gettysburg, prophets are already predicting, have seen the most eventful battle of the century. Creasy must add a sixteenth to his fifteen world battles."

"Ah, Walt.!" rejoined Tom, "you need have no fears about me ultimately surpassing you. You always could come in wonderfully strong on the home-stretch. If I had your powers of endurance I would give a good bit. Remember, boy, I'm already at my end; yours is not here yet, in fact. Don't be too sure that Gettysburg may hold to the end as the pivotal point in the contest, we have already had so many turning points in this conflict."

"Very true," said Walter thoughtfully; "that is, I mean your remarks about Gettysburg But still, while I thoroughly believe that we still have to pass through severer contests than perhaps even Gettysburg, I believe now that the rebellion will ultimately be suppressed, and peace established on our own terms; while, on the other hand, if Lee had been able to maintain his ground at Gettysburg, to have permanently transferred the seat of war from Virginia to Pennsylvania, it might have produced results at least unpleasant to contemplate."

"My, but you boys talk differently about this contest than you did two years ago," said Mrs. Graham.

"Yes, mother, we are wiser now, especially I. If I remember rightly, Tom did comprehend a little later

than I its magnitude, but neither of us as clearly as you, mother."

"Mrs. Graham has a natural gift for seeing things clearly," said Tom.

Walter smiled approvingly, Mrs Graham blushed modestly, and Tom continued, "Well, how are all the boys you left behind, anyhow, and those that came with you? Henry Kerr is home, I understand; we must go over and see him, Walt., and Pat. is looking well. I saw him this morning. It was he that sped the news of your being home; he was at the store this morning. I told father I was coming right over as soon as I got my dinner." It would be useless to follow the conversation further, except to say that Walter answered his questions as fast as he could and then plied a series of his own to Tom in return, such as, "How is your father?" "How are all the other boys in the neighborhood?" "How is Mart. Bernard?" "How are the girls?" "What are the Bowers boys doing?" "I believe neither of them enlisted at any time, did they?" "Mart. Bernard has not, either, I suppose, but then he is an only son and really I should say excusable." "Do you ever see Will. Morton?" To all of which Tom replied as fast as he could, giving the appropriate answers, saying, "As to Mart. Bernard, I think as you have said, that he is excusable under the circumstances, and, besides, Mart. and his father have both given their whole moral support and influence to the cause; the fact of the matter is Mart. wears very well as he ages. He has now an interest in the business, I believe. That little stiff way that he used to have about him was, I suppose, a natural dignity that he could not help." "As to the Bowers boys,"

Tom continued with a smile, "I believe High. would have enlisted long ago, if it were not for that trouble with his larynx, an affection he has always had in his throat, and some reports say Ben. has suddenly got a year or two younger than we always considered him, and some say that it is because he knows it would kill his mother. The last time I talked with High. he was especially indignant at these conscientious people, some of the Friends who live over in Hamilton County, and a few of those German Mennonites, who have settled in the upper part of this township. Oh, yes, you asked about Will. Morton; I see him occasionally. He seems as nice as ever. He was out about six months, I think, after he came home from the three months' service in the commissary department. But he is at home now. In fact, his father needs him in his business. The only thing I fear for Will. sometimes is, that maybe he is getting a little fast."

Walter was silent for a moment and then began in a meditative voice: "I am in hopes Will. may come out all right. I always liked him. I wish he would come and see me." Then, changing his countenance with a smile, continued, "So High. Bowers has been burning with a desire to go, which his physical infirmities have been able to resist up to this time, has he?"

"Yes, I suppose that is what might be inferred from the remark," replied Tom, with some expression of humor on his countenance.

"That was the inference intended at least," replied Walter; "and Ben. is very considerate of his mother, is he? Well, I suppose we must not judge."

Tom closed his eyes for a moment, rocked rather

vigorously in his chair and simply said, "I suppose not."

Mrs. Graham turned her back, searched vigorously for a spool of cotton in her work-basket and said nothing. Tom continued after an instant, "I feel sure as to Will. Morton, Walt., that he will come to see you as soon as he hears of your being at home; he always speaks of you in the most friendly and complimentary manner."

But, as already stated, why follow in further detail this conversation. Let it be briefly stated, Walter and Tom went out for a short stroll. They did not go in the direction of the village, but up through the woods and around by the head of the dam, out onto the road, where, whom should they meet but High. Bowers going to Shocktown. They stopped, of course; High. was profuse in his expressions of pleasure at seeing Walter; said he had intended to call on him, of course, as soon as he heard of his being home; gave him the most pressing invitation to "come over and see us; spend a whole day with us; no one will be more pleased to see you than the old governor himself." For all of which Walter thanked him politely and said he would try and find time to call on them, at least before he went back, though his time would be considerably occupied. And indeed, it would be a severe judgment to pass upon High. Bowers to say that there was not even a grain of sincerity in all that he had said, especially when we consider the absolute certainty of one thing, that he felt now it was rather a mark of credit, than otherwise, to appear as the especial friend of Walter Graham. For, in the course of his remarks, he had been very strong in his patriotism, denounced Copperheads with great

severity and even touched upon the subject to which Tom had alluded—the position of those peaceable, but loyal people, who claimed to have conscientious scruples against war under any consideration.

It must be said of Walter that he was not entirely passive at the vituperation meant for the first class, saying, "All I ask of them is that they go into the rebel army, where their sympathies are." As for High.'s denunciations of the few Quakers and Mennonites in the community, they elicited no look or word of approval from either Walter or Tom. They returned to the house to find Mr. and Mrs. Williamson snugly ensconced in rocking chairs, waiting for Walter. Their greeting was warm and mutual. Walter took the hand of the man, at whose feet he had formed so many of his political opinions, with a feeling of deep respect, not to say veneration, while the old man, in return, shook Walter's hand with a feeling not far removed from affection. He spoke of both him and Tom as "his boys," now prematurely grown into captain and lieutenant. Walter said, in the same good humor, "Why, I am surprised Mr. Williamson, to hear you calling Tom and me captain and lieutenant. I prefer while I am at home to be simply your old boy Walter. I supposed you would have been the last man to pay compliments to cheap titles."

"Just so, Walter," replied Mr. Williamson, "and so I should be. It almost makes me sick to hear people calling some swell of a fellow colonel or major, because he happened to ride at the head of some parade one night, or was appointed to some ornamental position on a governor's staff in time of peace; but when I look upon boys like you two, who left their homes in

the tender years of their teens, and came home with scars upon their bodies and epaulettes on their shoulders, gained in the most sanguinary war of modern history, it almost tempts an old matter-of-fact man like me to address you by title sometimes, just for the humor of the thing if nothing else. In fact, you boys are both quite aware of the fact that your titles were not so cheaply won after all. I should say, upon reflection, that they were fairly earned."

"Well, well, never mind about that now," said Walter; "I want to interrogate you on another subject. Indeed, I was just thinking about you. You know we always did turn to you to get the kinks straightened out of us on most questions; perhaps you can do it now."

"Perhaps *you* are getting a little complimentary now, Walter," interposed Mr. Williamson. "No, I think not," replied Walter, "I have no doubt you can give me the very information I want. A discourse from you on Quakerism and Mennonitism would be highly entertaining now; as I may be somewhat remotely connected with both, I would like to know what it is they have done in reference to the war that has so incensed the loyal people."

"Why? why I don't know that they have done anything to incense the really loyal people; who says they have?" was Mr. Williamson's reply. "We met a young man not so very long ago, who professed to be intensely loyal, who was rather disposed to be severe on them, for what he termed their so-called peace principles," replied Walter.

"Well," replied Mr. Williamson, rather inquisitive in his manner, "was this censorious young man one

who had given any very great evidences of his own loyalty? Had he ever enlisted, or any of his family? Of course, as you well know, they are two religious sects who believe in the principles of peace or non-resistance, and, of course, have conscientious scruples against war in any case. But I think as far as their sympathies and feelings are concerned in this contest, they are entirely with the North. In fact, it is doubtful whether the Quakers have not been about equally divided on the question of dropping, for the time being, their peace principles, and resuming them after this rebellion is suppressed. Yes, my observation rather leads me to think that fully the half of them have broken over; a large number of their young people have actually enlisted in the army. You see, as an almost universal rule, they were anti-slavery; in fact, I am not sure but that the Friends were the only sect that actually bore a testimony against slavery all the time. The Mennonites or other non-resistant German sects may have done so; I think they did, but they have been less aggressive in their views; have lived rather more exclusively in settlements of their own. The world has known less about them, and as a rule, they have not favored education to the extent the Quakers have, but I have no doubt, are thoroughly in sympathy with us in this war, at least so far as their convictions on the question of war will permit them. They settled in Pennsylvania in large numbers, immediately after Penn, or largely upon his invitation. Quakerism, on the other hand, you see, like Puritanism, has a distinct history. It was the founder of a great commonwealth and upon principles of universal equity and justice that have never been excelled to this

day. If ever you go to Philadelphia you will see the cardinal principles of Pennsylvania's provisional government hanging on the walls of old Independence Hall, almost side by side with the Declaration of Independence."

"Do I understand you, Mr. Williamson, that Quakerism has done more for this country than Puritanism?" asked Walter.

"Oh, it would be useless, perhaps, to draw a comparison between the two," replied Mr. Williamson, "but since you ask the question, I might freely say, yes, especially, as you well know, so far as consistency is concerned, the Quakers, I think, can truly claim that they never returned persecution for persecution, in which respect you know Puritanism has a bad record. Puritanism has been wonderfully energetic, enduring and inventive, but it has also sounded its own trumpet louder than almost any other formative element in America. I think it will be found that the substance of real religious liberty in this country was in the early days found only in the provinces of William Penn and Roger Williams; in fact, the present literary aristocracy of Boston are rather disposed to admit that Philadelphia is, perhaps, the second best place in America to live in. But as I have already said, it is hardly worth while to discuss these questions by comparison. In fact there have been very few men in history, and still fewer religious sects, that have been great enough to withstand the temptation of persecuting persecutors when opportunity afforded."

"There is one who never did it," exclaimed Jacob Graham, pointing with pride to the faded picture of William the Silent on the wall.

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Williamson, "William the Silent is one of the really noble characters in history, but unless all signs fail, there is another man," pointing to a cheap wood-cut of Lincoln, hanging immediately below it, "who will fill the same kind of space in history. Of course he is not dead yet and may make some fatal error before all is over, but the indications now are all the other way; that the chief attribute of his character is magnanimity, forgiveness: indeed, I sometimes fear that his natural kindness of heart may be in the way of a proper reconstruction of the States."

"But Abraham Lincoln exhibited firmness in a very marked degree through his course, when considered as a whole," replied Walter.

"Certainly he has," rejoined Mr. Williamson, "and he enjoys to-day, what he hardly did even twelve months ago, the entire confidence of his party, most especially as to his honesty. But still I think he might be said to be rather slow in reaching his conclusions, for a leader, in times of storm. Not, I think, from lack of vision, but rather from over-cautiousness, which, it is true, may be safe leadership in the end. It is easy for us to criticise, who are not in his position; no doubt he feels just as he has said, that he is only the instrument in God's hands."

"And while he sticks close to that feeling he will not make any very great mistake," said Mrs. Graham.

"And Mrs. Graham makes the last and best speech on this subject," said Tom Swave.

"I will concede that too," said Mr. Williamson; "in fact, it is a little in consonance with the Quaker idea of obeying the light."

"There is another thought that came to my mind," said

Mrs. Graham," while you were discussing this question of Quakerism and peace. There is cousin Hannah Bolton, who is still a full-fledged member of the society in good standing, and both her boys, Cyrus and Wendell, both enlisted, and both are at home now, I think, on veteran furlough, and next Wednesday a week is quarterly meeting day over at old Pine Grove. It is a pretty good drive, but why cannot you and I go over, Walter, and see more of these people, and you, in fact, may become better acquainted with your remote relations. You boys scarcely know each other, and cousin Hannah and I were quite intimate when we were young."

"I am in for it," replied Walter.

"A good suggestion," exclaimed Jacob Graham. "I think, though, mother, you are mistaken about both the boys being home. I have understood Cyrus did not re-enlist."

"No matter about that," rejoined Walter. "Mother, you and I will go over anyhow."

"I could tell you a story about those peace people," said Tom, "that you will scarcely believe; and to tell the story briefly, it is simply this: There was an old Dutch farmer lived in that rich Cumberland Valley, in Pennsylvania, last summer, when both armies were traversing it, who was out in the field working with his team when the rebels came along. They went over to him, and were going to take his team and cattle; he plead with them not to do it, saying that he was a man of peace, that he disturbed nobody, and that he was opposed to all war. The officer of the squad said to him. 'Are you one of those fellows who pretend to sympathize with us, and hope to get off on those grounds?

If you do, come along with us; don't be ashamed to go where your sympathies are.' The old Dutchman still expostulated, and said, 'No, I do not sympathize with you; my sympathy is with the Union, and I am down on slavery; but our people never go to war.' Well, sir, do you know, they finally went away and left him, the officer saying, 'Oh, he is a kind of harmless d—d old fool; let us go on.' "

"That circumstance can be verified, can it?" asked Mr. Williamson.

"Yes, sir; I know all about it," replied Tom. "The rebel officer in command of the company, lay for three days in the same field-hospital with me at Gettysburg and told the story in the presence of all of us, but in addition to that, I was afterwards in the same hospital with the nephew of the old Dutchman himself, who belonged to the Pennsylvania Reserves, and was also wounded at Gettysburg, who said he could verify the whole thing, saying that if 'you and I were both able to walk I could take you right to the man's place in twelve hours.' "

"Well, I do say," replied Mr. Williamson, "this is one of those curious incidents always occurring, in fact, stranger than fiction and, besides, these non-resistant people can well find a great moral in it. You see, while the nephew was trying to defend his native soil with the bayonet he was injured in the attempt, while the old man had protected his team with moral suasion. So this fact may actually be used by some future author in a romance, may it?"

"Yes, sir; if he has any misgivings about the truth of the whole story let him come to me and I will dispel them," replied Tom.

I would like to go on and tell you more of this conversation, but time will not permit. How Mr. and Mrs. Williamson started home, resisting all invitations to stay for supper, how Tom did stay for supper and never got away from the house until ten o'clock, playing checkers with the girls in a manner which satisfied Walter that he had been doing this before. How changed, he thought, his mother's manner was toward Tom now; how he failed to discern, that while she treated him in the most deferential manner and with the highest respect for what he had suffered, for what he had done, for what she knew he was capable of doing, and perhaps, more than all, from a desire to atone for any harsh judgment she had passed upon him, she still trembled a little inwardly when she unconsciously thought of what consequences might follow from those mutual glances, which would be exchanged between him and her daughters across that board, impressed as she still was, that with all his powers and all his generosity he had a weakness in his nature, an indifference to success and a love of ease which might always defeat his possibilities, if not work his ruin. Of course Walter was too blind to see anything of that. Even Jacob Graham, observing man as he was, had thought nothing about so trivial a matter as that. It was left only for Mrs. Graham to have any secret misgivings about such foolish matters. It might be interesting, if admissible, perhaps, to tell all about how Mart. Bernard came in during the evening and invited Walter to come over to their house whenever he felt like it, that it was at his disposal and that they hoped to have him with them as much as possible during his stay; how Walter felt that the invitation was sincere and was glad to ac-

cept it; how he devoted the early part of the next day to calling on poor old Mrs. Boyle, explaining poor Bill's sudden and painless death, expressing his belief that Jake would live to get home all right. How he went through the same process at Long's, explaining to them that they had done the best they could for poor Bob, had marked the spot by a niche in a tree and that he believed he could find it; how he told Wils. that he was not called upon to enlist, considering his age; their family had done enough; and that Bob was in excellent health and spirits when he left. The same message he delivered at Matson's about Jack. With the Miller family he lingered a little longer, staying for dinner. Beckie said, "I just thought you would be over to-day. Sue told me yesterday that you were at home and I knew that you would be over soon to tell us about Dave." He told them all about Dave, that he had been detailed recently in the engineer corps, that he had no doubt he would live now to come home all right; that he had dissuaded him from re-enlisting; that he thought the family, having furnished three sons, all they had, to the cause, had done enough; that he felt sad when the news came to them down in Tennessee that Joe. and George had both enlisted.

Mrs. Miller said, "Yes, and how fortunate they have all been, not one of them hurt yet, and just look what battles they have all been in."

Walter replied, "Yes, but this war is not over yet, and therefore it is well enough for Dave to come home while his prospect for life is reasonably good, at the end of his term."

He got back home by three o'clock, in time to have a half hours' talk with Professor Baker, who was

awaiting him, and then started with Tom Swave for their visit to Kerr's.

Perhaps there need be no apology for telling how glad they were to be at Kerr's, how they were welcomed, what an enjoyable supper they had, how Amelia seemed quite as benignant as ever, how she drew Walter so gracefully aside on the lounge after tea, and told him so confidingly that she had a great secret to tell him, namely, that she was to be married quietly at home to-morrow week; that she and Mr. Cain had concluded to postpone it no longer, and that they would have the wedding now while Henry was at home; that they were going to have only a few of their dear old friends with them on the occasion, of which he, as a matter of course, should be one.

Henry came to them in due time and suggested to his sister that it would be nice to have Tom with them on the occasion also, saying, "True, he was not in the same company with me, but we three were all schoolmates together, and Tom has been in the army all the same, and done as gallant service as any of us."

To which Amelia responded, "The suggestion is a good one, I have been thinking about it myself. I guess you would be pleased to have it that way, would you not, Walter?"

To which Walter replied that he would be quite pleased if it could be so. He congratulated Amelia on her choice, and wished her a great deal of happiness as best he could, and made arrangements with Henry to go the next day to Sharwood to see Miss Lesher. That duty they both felt could not be postponed a day later than necessary. In the morning he and Henry boarded the train at Shocktown for Shar-

wood. They found Miss Lesher living comfortably in a respectable portion of the city, in the same house in which they had left her, the day the old Seventy-fifth bade farewell to Sharwood.

She received them both with the avidity of a lover, springing at Henry with a "Well, I do say, cousin Henry Kerr, is this you?" and giving him a kiss at the same time, then exclaiming, "And cousin Walter, too," repeating the same liberty with him before Walter fully realized what had taken place. He collected himself, however, sufficiently to remember their old contract to call each other cousins, and he replied, "Yes, cousin Annie, it is I. We have come a great way to let you know that we are alive. We are too sorry that you cannot greet a brother to-day as well as cousins."

No sooner had this expression passed Walter's lips than he was half scared at the abruptness with which he had plunged into the delicate matter of her brother's death; nor was he sure that he was entirely pleased at this instantaneous reminder of the relation of cousin, somehow he felt—not that he cared especially—but he would have been content to let the word become obsolete between them. But Miss Lesher answered with a sob, and wiping from her eyes the tears which had instantly come to them: "Oh, I know full well how truly you answer, and I cannot convey to you how thankful we are to both of you that you ever succeeded in sending poor John's body home. I know I should be so thankful that he is not lying now on the polluted soil of the South, unmarked and unknown. When I think of the many others suffering in that way to-day, why should I complain? I suppose this war could not

be carried on without hurting somebody. Perhaps my cup has been no more bitter than hundreds of others. The shock was very severe on father. Mother and I bore up almost better than he, besides, things have not been going quite right in father's business lately. A dishonest partner has just cheated him out of three thousand dollars, and besides, poor father has a weakness which has been gaining upon him lately. You never know what may happen. There is one thing I do know, that if disaster should come, I am able to teach school; even one of the grammar schools here in town. I graduated at the high school and went two terms to a normal school since. In fact, I was examined last week and got a very good certificate, and why should I be sitting here idle when everyone else is doing something; but how are you both, anyhow? How did you leave all the folks? I did not mean to take up all the time telling you of my own affairs. After dinner we will take a walk out to the cemetery to see brother John's grave." As Walter listened to Miss Lesher pouring forth what he was sure must be every emotion of her mind within the first ten minutes of their arrival, and looked into her face still animated between sobs and tears, he wondered how much fuller her cup could be filled, without producing a fatal overflow. He thought he discerned also that it would be better for them to go to the hotel for dinner, therefore among other things, he said to her, "Well now, Annie, as Henry and I have several errands to attend to, we will call after we take our dinner at the hotel, when we will take the walk to the cemetery."

To this, however, she would not listen, saying, "for them not to take dinner with her now would be simply

to insult her." They yielded, of course, returning at the appointed time and dined with the family. After dinner they took their walk to the cemetery, where Walter and Henry, both unconscious of what a universal custom was yet to come, each laid a small bouquet upon Adjutant John Lesher's grave, "a slight token of respect," they said, "from two survivors of the old Seventy-fifth."

During the day Walter did not detect any abatement in the vivacity of Miss Lesher's manner or the vigor of her mind. He did notice, however, that her opinion of the courage of the Southern people had changed considerably, as she would make such expressions as, "Do you think we ever can subdue them?" "Aren't they the most stubborn set of men you ever saw?" To which he would reply, "Yes, they fight with a valor and courage worthy of a better cause. I think, however, we will conquer them, but I am satisfied that there are hard blows to be given and received yet."

Walter arrived home in the evening to be told that Will. Morton had been there to see him, and that he should be sure to remain at home to-morrow, as he would be back. The morrow came. He spent the forenoon uninterrupted with the folks at home. In the afternoon both Messrs. Wagner and Flora called on him, both of whom had preceded him home with their discharges, bearing those honorable words, "For physical disabilities received in the service." A little later Will. Morton drove up. He seemed the same old Will., kind, affable, courteous to everyone, seemingly not the least bit proud or haughty, nor in any way made the family think of his superior wealth. Only now and then Walter thought he saw a few slight traces on his

countenance of the excesses at which Tom had barely hinted. Will. finally took Walter out for a drive. He told him all about the folks at home, that his father, Aunt Mary, Blanch and Harry were all well.

"How is your cousin Ida and her cousin, the young heroine from the South," asked Walter.

"They are both well too," replied Will. "Cousin Ida is a remarkable girl. She has far more than ordinary intelligence, and education with it, but she is in no way egotistical, so perfectly modest. As for her little cousin from the South, she well deserves the name of heroine. I know of no harder case than theirs during the war thus far, unless it is that of the Swave family. Her father, as you know, after having to flee from the South, all his property lost, went right into our army, was killed in battle and left his widow and daughter without anything. It would seem as though this government or a generous public ought to see that they never suffer for bread. But they are striving to make a living out of a little store there in the borough and have steadily resisted all offers of assistance. Father, Aunt Mary, Ida, Blanch and myself have all tried in various ways, without wounding their pride, to help them, but they have steadily refused, saying, that while they are able to make their own living they prefer to do it. Sometimes I think they have accepted some little assitance from Blanch, that none of the rest of us knew about it. She has a way of doing things that always draws people to her and gets them to unload. But I tell you, Walt., the young girl, Emma, is as lively as a cricket and smart as a whip. She has a self respect which you cannot help admiring. In reference to the question of being as-

sisted she said to me, 'Oh, it is not that we would be too proud to ask for help if we were in real distress, and we appreciate your kindness very much Mr. Morton, but while we are able to manage for ourselves we may as well do it.'"

"She was a right pretty girl too, if I remember rightly, was she not?" asked Walter.

"You are quite right, she is," replied Will. "None better looking in Mansdale."

I cannot recall all the conversations that Walter and Will. had during their drive; suffice it to say that Will. invited Walter most cordially to come and see them during his stay; to come often and stay long. "Your friend, Tom Swave, we have tried to be kind to since he came home disabled. We had him over with us three days once. He comes over occasionally and spends an evening with us. He is a good fellow; no wonder you and he were always such close friends." "Yes, he is a good fellow," replied Walter, "and I shall imitate his example of coming to see you; you need not invite me twice, I assure you."

And thus it was the first ten days of Walter's interregnum sped away so fast, he had almost lost count of them; they had been filled with such a sublime presence of home, such a genuineness of friendship, that made him so happy. Yes, even the evenings that he and the girls and Tom Swave had been spending over at Bernard's, seemed to fill him with pleasant memories of the past, and none of the disappointments. Maggie always seemed really glad to see him come in, her rich blue eyes and graceful figure seemed almost to enchant him, as of old. He felt how thoroughly he could forgive her for every little jilt she had ever

given him, and thought, perhaps, there was some truth in what Tom had told him, "that if Maggie was a little spoiled, perhaps the boys were as much to blame as she."

She could not be held accountable for being good looking, or for the boys naturally "tumbling to her," as Tom expressed it.

One evening when they were there, High. Bowers called. He could not but notice that she was a little fond of him, and he could truthfully say that the feeling that arose in his breast was not that of envy, but rather of sorrow. Though he dismissed the thought from his mind as he walked home, saying to Tom, "I must be up in the morning early, as mother and I are going twenty miles over into Hamilton County to attend Friends' quarterly meeting."

CHAPTER XIV.

PEACE SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WAR.

AS Walter and his mother neared the old Pine Grove meeting-house, the next morning, about ten o'clock, they saw carriages advancing in the same direction, loaded with sedate looking old men, rosy-faced young girls and matronly looking women, clad like doves, in clean, plain bonnets.

Their horses all look round and plump, though not what would be called stylish, which caused Mrs. Graham to ask Walter if "Simon was well groomed this morning, and in fit condition generally to be exhibited at a quarterly meeting," to which Walter replied, "he was; that he had seen none yet for which he would exchange him." "But there is another feeling troubles me much more now mother. This is all wrong in me coming over here to-day with these clothes on, and yet I dare not change, as I am still in the service of the government. Had we not better turn off and go to Boltons?"

As they drove on for a few hundred yards, both seemingly engrossed with the thought which had not occurred to either of them up to this time, the propriety of appearing among these apostles of peace with the ensign of war upon his shoulders, Walter's reverie was broken by his mother saying, "Well, there is the old meeting-house, and there, I guess you will not be the only one after all, Walter, in military clothes," as

she directed his attention to another man who had just ridden into the meeting-house yard from the opposite side, wearing a United States uniform.

"I see," said Walter. "Well at all events, I guess it is too late now to retreat. I am steeped in blood so far, that to return would be as tedious now as going on."

"You are steeped in peace, so far, it should be in this case," replied his mother.

"Give it up, mother," exclaimed Walter. "You scored the best point. At all events, we will not retreat now. We will see it to the end, let it be what it may," by which time they were actually driving into the yard. Walter stopped about the middle of a long porch which ran the long way of the building, at which place most of the carriages halted. The building was a large, antiquated looking old brick structure, with this long porch on one side of it, from which there were two doors to enter not more than eight feet apart. After his mother had alighted and he turned to lead his horse away, he observed there was a *side* entrance, as the Friends termed it, at each end of this parallelogram-shaped building. As he looked around for a place to hitch Simon, he observed further that there were two long rows of sheds on two sides of the lot, filled with horses and carriages. This he had never seen at a church-yard before. He was informed, however, by a gentleman with whom he conversed while hitching to the fence, that this was a part of the Quaker religion to provide shelter for their horses in bad weather. But, of course, on large occasions like quarterly meeting days the sheds were not adequate for the accommodation of all.

Walter was obliged to admit to himself that this was certainly a very sensible view of religion, and of one's duty as a Christian. He looked around the yard to survey the scene before him. He saw that it was situated on the top of a little knoll, commanding a view of rich, cultivated fields and fine farm buildings from three sides. To the fourth and northwest, was a beautiful grove of heavy oak and chestnut timber. A few primeval oaks still stood in the meeting-house yard, and one giant chestnut tree, which had withstood not only the storms of a century, but the clubs and stones of the boys in the neighborhood, and their fathers before them for three generations, while not far from each end of the building stood two large tulip poplars, which Friends had planted simultaneously with the erection of the building. He felt already a power in silent worship, which he had never understood before. He thought he could easily imagine how one could sit down in quiet and alone, under one of those old oaks on a hot summer's day, and worship "through nature up to nature's God." As he walked up through the lot he saw a carriage drive in with two young girls in it and a young man in uniform, bearing the ensign of an orderly sergeant. He began to feel less lonesome in his military suit, and to think perhaps Mr. Williamson was right in saying, "large numbers of their young people have been enlisting." He stepped on the porch, was about to follow a group of ladies in through the door, when one middle aged one touched him gently on the shoulder, saying, "Perhaps thee is looking for the other door. That is the men's side there;" and a passing gentleman, somewhat

younger, said at the same time, "Just come this way with me."

This was another new development to Walter. He had expected, of course, to go in and sit, as was his custom at church. on the same seat with his mother, and what made it seem more strange to him was, that it should be the custom with a people who admitted women to the ministry and, as a rule, believed in the co-education of the sexes. Once inside, however, he discovered that the seats were not numbered; that they were all tenants in common, each individual holding his title for the time being by occupancy, save a kind of unwritten law to the effect that the younger members would observe due modesty and not unnecessarily crowd themselves too far forward, or assume the elevated seats which faced the bulk of the audience. Even this rule was politely ignored on quarterly meeting days, the house being crowded to overflowing. Walter sat down rather timidly on about six inches of the first seat inside of the door, alongside of some small boys, who "scrouged up," as they termed it, to make even that much spare room for him. An elderly-looking gentleman arose from one of the elevated seats facing the audience, and said in a very benignant voice, "There are seats forward here. If friends will come farther up I think all can be comfortable." Two gentlemen, who had entered just after Walter, proceeded to the front, but he himself modestly remained in the rear, until some of the boys whispered, "There are seats up in the gallery."

Walter now observing an old stairway at the end ot the building, which some younger men were ascending, who had entered the side door, he arose, stepped

quietly around the rear passage and followed them up to the gallery. There he found the seats almost as much crowded as below, but he succeeded in getting one at the end of a bench which ran half way along the space and immediately in front of the banister, looking down upon the audience below.

There he sat twenty minutes surveying the statue-like appearance of the throng below him. No sound broke the silence, except occasionally the whispers of a few small boys behind him, who had not as yet caught all the inspiration of silent worship. Walter himself could hardly have answered truthfully that he had devoted all that time in communion with the Holy Spirit. But on the other hand, he could have truthfully answered, that while to him the scene was new, and he was acting rather the part of an observer than a worshiper, there was no feeling of levity passing through his mind. He wondered what High. Bowers would think if he were here, and saw these quiet people worshiping in this unostentatious way. He thought Tom Swave ought to be here; he would have appreciated it. He compared in his mind all he had read or understood about Quakerism with what he now beheld. He thought he understood now why an old great-aunt of his mother's had driven all alone to their place, the spring the war broke out, to admonish his mother to be careful about her boy enlisting. He even cast glances down over the women's side to see how the young Quaker girls compared with the more worldly ones about Shocktown. He read clearly the minds of these people. He thought of their principle of free seats and a free ministry, that the gospel would speak of itself through the proper medium and without compensation; that their seats should be equally

free of charge to any who wished to avail themselves of them; but he wondered what peculiar freak of conscience it was which led them to think they should be entirely without cushions or comfort. In due time the spirit began to move the elders. This was a very beautiful sentiment, Walter thought, yet he could not but wonder how it was that these Friends knew the spirit would always move them exactly at the stated times. Still he listened attentively to their gospel, the cardinal points of which he understood to be, "Mind the light," or "obey the Christ within." He discovered also that they were good diplomatists; that while they generally admonished their young men to stand firm by their peace principles, they acted upon a sound judicial maxim to "notice nothing that was not judicially brought before them." Thus it was, that while their younger members had gone to war, and actually sat before them in military garb, no official complaint had really been made, hence no necessity for official action. In the course of time there came a lull in the preaching, followed by a silence of about ten minutes, when an elderly looking Friend arose and said that "if Friends' minds were easy, perhaps they might close the partitions and proceed with the business of the meeting."

Walter now saw two gentlemen arise and draw down a temporary partition between the men and women. This was another new revelation to him, but he discovered that Friends thought the women and men had better hold their business meetings separately. He listened, however, with great interest to them going through their business meeting. Their answers to their queries in reference to both war and slavery;

their principles as to the latter, even precluding the use of merchandise produced by slave labor. One Friend arose and spoke somewhat earnestly about the paradoxical position they had been placed in, arguing, "The most of us indeed, who have participated in the affairs of civil government at all, have voted to place in his present position the present incumbent of the Presidential chair, and he is now prosecuting a war, which it is perfectly manifest must end in the annihilation of slavery, one of the things so greatly to be desired; and yet we were to bear our testimony faithfully against war. I am not sure indeed in this perplexing situation that we should assume to sit in judgment on others. It would seem as though each Friend should be governed by his own light."

When the meeting was over, Walter went out perfectly satisfied that it was entirely safe for the young Quakers to go to war (that is, to *this* war), without being placed in jeopardy of disownment. As he walked out among the folks now gathered in groups conversing, he was greeted with many a cordial "How does thee do? I guess thee is a stranger here; what is thy name?" To which he replied that his name was Graham; that he was somewhat of a stranger here, that he lived in Adams County, &c. He was astonished at how many times these Friends, entirely strange to him, replied, "Oh, yes, I know; thee is Jacob Graham's son; thy mother was a Walter. Are the folks all well? Are any of them with thee?" He could recall nine different invitations that these people had given to him to bring his mother home with them to dinner.

As he declined each of these politely, saying that

he believed they were going to Bolton's for dinner, he began to think seriously that if anything should happen that Boltons were not there, he had better accept one of these invitations, as he noticed none of them were extended the second time. His anxiety was in due time relieved on this point, as he saw his mother emerge from a group of women at their end of the building, signal for him to come to her, and said, "Cousin Hannah is here, and all the family. She says the young folks are in the big carriage by themselves; that she and her husband are in the buggy. She says we are to go right home with them, of course. They only live about a mile and a-half from here, and that it is not so very far off of our road home. Bring the team up here, and she will let us know when they start. We are to follow just behind."

Walter did as he was directed, and ten minutes later had his mother in the buggy with him, and was driving home behind the Boltons to their place for dinner.

When they arrived, they alighted in front of a substantial looking old farm house, which stood on the opposite side of the lane, parallel to a large double-decker barn, the space between being appropriately filled in with wagon sheds and other "outbuildings," as the farmers expressed it. He was heartily received by the elder Boltons, who turned now to give him and his mother a more formal introduction to the young folks who were just behind them in the carriage, being the same two young girls and orderly sergeant that Walter had seen drive into the churchyard.

"Hitch the horse and come here first," said Mrs. Bolton to her son, as they still tarried at the yard gate.

"Yes, yes, I'm coming, mother," responded the young sergeant, as he tied the knot and hastened toward them.

"Now, Wendell," said Mrs. Bolton, "this is cousin Martha Graham of whom thee has often heard, and seen at least once or twice. And this is her son, Walter, who I suppose has been another bad boy who went to the army, and is now home like thyself, on a short leave of absence."

The young man responded with a hearty grasp of the hand to each, saying, "Oh, yes, I remember Mrs. Graham (or Cousin Martha) quite well. I really don't suppose I would have known Walter though, had I met him elsewhere. We have practically known nothing of each other. I trust, however, that we will be better acquainted hereafter."

"Just so," responded Walter; "it is astonishing what an easy thing it was for mother to persuade me to come over here to-day."

Walter was next presented to the two young girls, Hannah and Alice, who both smiled and said, "Oh, yes, I guess you and Wendell will soon feel well acquainted." Walter, instead of going directly to the house, took Simon by the rein, led him towards the barn, helping his remote kinsman put away the horses.

He seized the opportunity to fathom him, and plunge into that mutual friendship which was sure to follow, if he found there was "anything in him," as he expressed it to himself. And here I may say that it is useless to prolong the account of this visit, as Walter Graham was not very long in discovering that Wendell Phillips Bolton had "something in him;" that he

was a young man of far more than ordinary intelligence, about eighteen months older than himself; had secured a liberal academic education, and had been one and a-half terms at a normal school when the war broke out; had read considerably and digested well. His regiment had been sent to the far South from the first; had been in skirmishes in the vicinity of Pensacola, at Warsaw and on the Edisto River; that it had lost heavily in the assault upon Fort Wagner, and their ranks been greatly reduced in the long siege of Charleston and capture of Morris Island; that he had left his brother Cyrus hehind, who was then convalescing in the hospital from fever and a slight wound that he had received in that long and fruitless attempt to batter down that citadel of treason. That he himself had been uninjured up to this time, and as a consequence, had veteranized, though his brother probably would not do so now under the circumstances. That he fully expected his regiment to be transferred to the Army of the James, on the Potomac, upon his return, but that like Walter himself, he had now made up his mind to see it to the end.

Walter listened to all this with great interest, saying to him, "Of course I understand your name furnishes the evidence of the deep convictions your parents have on the question of slavery; but how do you reconcile all this with your supposed peace principles, or do you pretend to make any reconciliation about it? Do you positively ignore them?"

"Oh, no," replied Wendell, "I don't ignore them entirely. It is only a question of degree. I believe in the power and efficacy of peace in the settlement of most affairs. But it just boils down in this case to the

question, whether a government that permits these people to enjoy their extreme non-resistant principles without let or hindrance and protects them in all their rights is not worth maintaining, even if it has to be fought for. That, to my mind is about the size of it. Peace may not be the most desirable thing on earth after all. Peace may be merely another name for slavery; whenever that is the case, resistance is preferable and, I think, justifiable."

The conversation of these two young warriors was here interrupted by the arrival for the second time of a special messenger from the house, calling them to dinner. The dinner being over, and two hours of sociability in the parlor with the whole family being over, Walter and his mother turned their faces once more toward Shocktown. Walter was thoroughly convinced that his trip had paid him ; that he had seen more of the inward doings and practices of a class of people with whom he was proud to say he was in some degree connected than he had ever understood before ; a class of people of whom he was satisfied High. Bowers was unworthy ; a people who did not consider the sword such a terrible thing after all, provided liberty followed in its trail.

CHAPTER XV.

ANXIETY RESUMES HER REIGN.

WALTER was even disposed to be a little hilarious when his father said to him after they had arrived home, "I suppose you know all about Quakerism now."

"Yes, indeed," he replied, "just discovered that one of their essential principles is a good dinner."

"Why, what did they have for dinner that was so remarkable?" asked Mary.

"Well, I might say," briefly responded Walter, "they had three chickens, a half-bushel of mashed potatoes, a peck of sweet ones, and other things in proportion."

"Oh, hush, Walter," said his mother. "They did not have a bit more than I would have had, if I had been expecting company."

"Yes, I know, mother, except you, but you are not like any other woman around here," replied Walter.

"I expect Walt. was so hungry," exclaimed Sue, "that he looked over the table first to see if there was enough on it."

"I don't suppose there was much left when he got through, either," said Joe.

"Well, was not that one of the things we went for?" replied Walter, seeing that he had to meet satire with satire.

"Well, then, you got what you went for," said his father, "but how about the young man? What kind of a person did you find him to be?"

"Oh, sharp as a steel trap and bright as a bayonet," replied Walter. "He is coming up to see us next Thursday, and then I am going to take him over with me to Will. Morton's party. I had full authority to invite him if I saw fit, and he accepted like a man. His Quakerism did not interfere with that a particle more than with his going to war."

"You had better not take him over there with you," interposed Sue, "if he is such a prepossessing young man as you describe him. He will cut you and Tom Swave both out of Blanch. You know you are both in love with her."

"My, but you are far-seeing, Sue," replied Walter. "And now without pursuing this conversation a single sentence further, I know I will be excused for turning directly to the Morton party or supper which Will. is giving in honor of some half-dozen veterans around about Mansdale, and the Shocktown boys who were home on furlough."

The day, on the evening of which it was to happen, brought with it to Graham's according to promise, Wendell P. Bolton. As he and Walter strolled out into the yard after dinner, they were admiringly watched through the window by a mother and her two daughters. The two young men did not look very unlike in their size and general appearance. Both stood erect at five feet ten and a-half inches, with dark hair and light complexion, except the more than ordinary color given to them by a Southern sun. Both would have tipped the beam probably within five pounds of the same

weight, Walter, perhaps, being a trifle the lighter of the two, being rather more of the spare mould. Some might have said his countenance indicated just a trifle more energy of the two, and, perhaps, the greater power of endurance, and the girls said, taking all together he was rather the best looking. While they still beheld them through the window, they were joined by Henry Kerr and Tom Swave, the former, decidedly of the spare mould and rather blonde complexion, stood an imposing figure of dignity and character, which he was at his full six feet. Tom brought up the rear an inch shorter than either Walter or Wendell, broad-shouldered and erect, however, notwithstanding the measured halt in his step, and the slight tap of the accompanying cane. Any person would have pronounced him good-looking, as they looked into his countenance which indicated high intelligence and great good nature. A little easy going in temperament it might have shown him to be, but underneath it were traces of certain latent force which none understood, perhaps, as well as Walter himself. At all events, it would have required no very great psychologist to have seen that it was possible, for those two to have been friends. Any element the one lacked could be well supplied by the other, and both being possessed of brains, would have made them quite a formidable combination. Tom had cast off his military suit for reasons already explained, and became once more a plain citizen ; but he was going to the party at Morton's that night, all the same.

They there arranged that Tom should take the girls and Beckie Miller over in the big carriage, while Henry, Wendell, Pat. McKnight and Walter, would go

in another conveyance. For, as this was a party in honor of the veterans and soldier boys, it was understood that Pat. was to go along, a proposition to which Will. Morton had readily consented. And, perhaps, it should be said right here, that none more thoroughly appreciated the compliment, or was more conscious of his own importance that night than was Pat. As the men were sometimes sitting around in small groups or airing themselves out in the porch, he was heard informing them of the services and valor of the old Seventy-fifth.

"Sure," he said, "what signifies a few regiments lying down South in front of Charleston or New Orleans, with nothing to do but a little fighting between forts and on vessels. Even the army of the Potomac, what had it been doing ever since the war broke out but getting licked. They were not a bit nearer Richmond now than they were three years ago, while the Army of the West had been steadily advancing." As he walked through the sitting-room, the library and parlor, and beheld for the first time in his life such grand furniture, while costly dressed ladies and gay young girls moved trippingly about, he grew oblivious to all earthly cares. As he sat down to the sumptuous supper in the large dining-room, he was as indifferent to all future dangers that lay in wait for him as Tam O'Shanter, though not drunk on the same kind of beverage; it could truthfully be said, "Kings may be blessed, but Pat. was glorious o'er all the ills of life victorious."

As Blanch moved about so graciously that evening, assisting Aunt Mary so unaffectedly as hostess, pouring on one occasion a glass of water for Pat., for which

she received his broad "thank you, Miss Morton," with just a slight tinge of her early coyness, but courtesied so naturally and responded so kindly, "You are welcome, Mr. McKnight; don't let the other boys underrate the services of the old Seventy-fifth," and then passing on, smiled her suppressed smile of humor at Walter. He was not sure but that he too was slightly intoxicated.

He saw her glide on, stop for a few moments and talk with Tom Swave in easy familiarity. He saw her whirl in the waltz with a young fellow from New York, with a flowing mustache and hair parted in the middle, who had succeeded in starting a report that his father was worth a couple of millions, and that he had an old aunt who was momentarily expected to die, from whom he was sure to inherit a half million more. He saw her glide like a nymph through the evolution of the lancers with Mr. Herr.

Maggie Bernard dancing in the same set, he was sure now had never transcended her in grace or beauty. Then think of contrasting their two smiles. The one still unable to entirely conceal her contempt and self-consciousness, the other so conspicuous for the absence of both, so kind in its expression, so forgetful of self. As he took her by the hand to lead her out himself for a plain quadrille, he felt the electric current pass through him which completed his intoxication. As he turned her on the corner the tips of his own fingers touched a heavy diamond ring on hers, the only jewelry she wore, except her neat gold watch and chain. He would have given two months of his pay to have known whose present it was, that of a fond father, or a zealous lover. He believed most likely

the former. He felt certain that it was not Tom Swave. It was too high in the figures for him. The snatches of conversation he had with her during the dance thrilled him with joys never felt before, especially when she said, "It is too bad, Mr. Graham, or Lieutenant Graham, I should say,"—

"No, no," interposed Walter quickly, "I prefer my simple name. You never heard Will. call me either Mr. or Lieutenant Graham."

"No," responded Blanch, with a smile, "he calls you Walt., and so do your sisters. But I was going to say, it is too bad that I have seen so little of you since you have been home. I was so sorry that I was away when you made us your first visit, and the second time your call was so short, and even then a previous engagement seemed to cut my time still shorter."

"You cannot be more sorry than I was," said Walter. "I take it, however, there are a great many demands upon your time. I expect, to have the benefit of it, one must engage an hour, as one has to with prosperous dentists."

"Oh, no, I am neither so busy nor formal as that comes to yet," replied Blanch. "But don't you think that there is another thing that is too bad; that little scamp of a brother of mine enlisting? The thought of it sets me almost frantic, and Harry is so young."

Walter was silent for a second, and then at the next pause said, "Harry is not so very little any more, though I suppose he is young to enlist. He is not eighteen yet, is he?"

"Oh, no; won't be eighteen for two months yet," replied Blanch. "As for his size, of course I never think of him as anything but our little brother,

although he is only nineteen months younger than myself."

They danced on to the end of their set without further conversation, except that Blanch remarked to him once, "Walter, I think your friend, Bolton, is very nice and quite handsome."

"You are quite right, he is," replied Walter, "or I should not have assumed the responsibility of bringing him here. I believe furthermore that he is half taken in with your Cousin Ida."

"He will have to be very nice if he makes much headway there," replied Blanch, smilingly.

In another minute the dancers were called to their seats. Walter turned to Blanch to take her leave, expecting, of course, to be politely courtesied away, when she gave a slight motion of her head, saying, "Come this way, if you are not going to dance in the the next set; I feel as though I must have some more time with you; perhaps I may not see you again," as she led him to a sofa at one end of the room.

Walter was quite right in his supposition that Blanch's time would be in demand, as they were barely seated when Tom Swave, who seemed to be master of ceremonies, came up and said, "Blanch, I wish to introduce you to Mr. Snavely, of Snavelyville, a member of my old regiment, the One Hundred and Seventeenth. You are not engaged for this set, are you?"

"Why, I am very glad to meet you," responded Blanch, "but won't you please excuse me this time, Mr. Snavely? I wished to talk a few minutes with Mr. Graham. I will dance with you the next time, if that will do?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Snavely, "and I'll consider myself favored at that."

"Why, Walter," said Blanch, now addressing herself to him, "I will tell you what I was going to say. Perhaps it is selfish, and useless besides, but I cannot help thinking about Harry night and day. He has an active, nervous temperament, and I think I may be allowed to say, is a generous boy; not more generous than Will., but more ambitious, and since he got his head so full of war, and enlisting, father concluded to let him try it for awhile, thinking perhaps he could get him to enlist in some garrison or into the commissary department, or something of that kind. But then, Harry; no, nothing of that kind for him. He was not going to play soldiering. Nothing would do but he must enlist in your old regiment. Then the next thing, of course, was to get him to go in your company. In that we succeeded, and so he is going back with you men as a recruit, as you already know. But what I had on my mind was, or what I know father half hoped for is that he will soon tire of it, and that perhaps he might stand some chance of being detailed for some clerical service, or some thing of that kind. At all events, I wondered if you would not take a little thought of him. Not that you can do anything to screen him from any duty, or that I should ask you to do anything, but then I know you understand the feeling. I am so anxious."

As Walter looked into those half-crossed eyes, and countenance so sincere, covered with the head of dark, brown hair, that complexion so fair, with cheeks flushed just a little from the exercise of dancing, and the excitement of her theme, he thought he had never

seen human form assume such perfection. But he grew instantly more self-poised than he could have believed possible, and said, "Blanch, anything that is in my power to do to bring Harry back safe to you and to his family shall be done, even if it costs me my own life. To be requested by you is to be commanded by a superior officer, to say nothing of the friendship I feel for Will. and Harry himself. Anything that can be *honorably* done. Of course, more than that I know you would not ask."

Blanch, half frightened at the warmth of his reply, flushed a trifle and replied, "No, Walter, more than that I could not ask; and more than that I would not have, for Harry's own sake. Much as I love him, I would sooner see him brought home dead than come home a deserter, or with any other dishonor upon him, and perhaps I have done wrong in saying anything about it. If I have, please excuse me."

"You have done nothing wrong, and have nothing to ask excuse for," replied Walter; "there are many positions to which soldiers may be detailed, which are no shirking of duty, or lowering of honor upon their part. Harry's superior advantages may give him special qualifications for something of the kind. It is just as necessary to have clerks, commissaries, quartermasters and engineer corps in the army as anything else. I will give this matter great thought, and speak to Major Kerr about it also in strict confidence."

"Walter," she said, "anxious as I am about this whole affair, I half feel as if I were doing something mean in invoking special favors for Harry, but it seems to me that is what the whole war is, a kind of terror to those at home as well as those in the field."

"I readily understand that," replied Walter, "and therefore you can be guilty of no meanness in doing what you have."

"Of course," said Blanch, "we were always anxious when Will. was away at first and afterwards in the commissary department, but it did not seem the reality then that it does now; my, I can just see the look of anxiety that would come on the cheeks of both poor Emma Reed and her mother every time there was a battle, and then the final result came as it did."

"Yes, we have long since discovered that it is war with all its horrors, and I am afraid will be for some time yet," replied Walter. "There goes Maj. Kerr now through the door," said Blanch, softly, "he looks dignified and upright."

"He is," said Walter, "the exemplification of character and honor; he, Will., Tom and I were all schoolmates one winter at Professor Baker's."

"Yes, I know," replied Blanch.

Their conversation was here interrupted by Will. coming up, followed by Miss Emma Reed, saying, "You are a great fellow, Walt., I thought you were going to dance this time. Here Miss Reed declined an invitation, because she was engaged with you, and you never came near her."

"Well, well, I do say," exclaimed Walter, "I— I—."

They all laughed merrily now except Walter, who looked a little confused as Miss Emma cut his further utterances off by saying, "Oh, you need not apologize at all. We all understand thoroughly that a young gentleman is always excusable for becoming entirely absorbed when he is being entertained by Blanch."

"My, I did not know that I was so— so—," said Blanch, blushing modestly.

"Well, no; she need not apologize either," said Walter interrupting her, "but then I utterly did forget Miss Blanch said she wanted to speak to me about—."

"That's just what I thought," exclaimed Miss Emma with a hearty laugh, again cutting him short with his explanation, "You had better not attempt to go on any further; the farther you go, the worse you will get entangled."

Will. and Emma again both laughed modestly, while Cousin Ida turned from her position near by and said, "Are they getting the better of you, Mr. Graham? Shall I help you out?"

"I wish you would, Miss Ida," answered Walter more sprightly, recovering a little from his confusion.

"I think we will have to tell your sisters on you," said Miss Emma.

"Oh, for mercy's sake, don't tell them," exclaimed Walter; "that would only make it worse."

"Why, do they twit you a little at home sometimes about things?" said Ida.

Walter shook his head a little, and Blanch said to Mary, who was passing by, "How is it Miss Mary? Do you tease Walter a little sometimes about his absent-mindedness at home?"

Mary answered with great sincerity, "Oh, Sue plagues him a good bit about many things. I do not know that he is particularly absent-minded though."

Again the little circle laughed, and Emma said, "That makes it all the worse. We naturally infer from that, that it takes some extraordinary event to make you forget yourself."

This remark struck the nail closer to the head than Walter had thought of, and he actually began to fear that it would yet be blurted out that Sue had charged him directly with being in love with Blanch. But as everything is made for some purpose, he was relieved of that fear by "young flowing mustache" advancing to the circle at this crisis and saying, "Ha! Ha! this seems to be a very comfortable circle here."

"We all seem to be very comfortable, Mr. Shaw. Will you draw up a chair and join us?" said Miss Ida, politely.

"Ha! thank you, Miss Ida, "said Mr. Shaw. "I see you have our young military friend pretty well absorbed. Not much wonder, indeed, with such a host of fine young ladies around him."

As Mr. Shaw joined the circle, stroking the two sides of his flowing mustache and his evenly divided hair, talking most of the time of himself, generally omitting his r's, alluding occasionally to his prospective large business fortunes in New York, occasionally disclosing his views of the party, that of course it was a generous act or kind condescension on the part of Mr. Morton to give the soldier boys this fine entertainment and grand feed before returning to the front, and addressing fully half of his conversation to Blanch. Walter wondered if he was not pretty well absorbed also, and he could not resist the thought that he would like to have had him in the swamps and trenches down before Vicksburg for a few days. He felt sure *he* would not have been very long absorbed in that case.

But the hour came when they left Morton's for home. Blanch had favored the company with a few pieces on the organ before they separated. Walter watched her

admiringly, while he heard the voices of his two sisters mingled with hers as they sang, "Rally round the flag, boys," and "All quiet along the Potomac to-night." At his special request they sang the song that had captivated him so much three years before, about "The Stars and the dewdrops are waiting for thee." He told her, as he bade her good-by, that he would keep her advised as to Harry's welfare in the army, to which she replied, "I wish you would; I will take it ever so kindly." He thought, "what a great acquisition I have obtained. Her request to do something for her; and consent that I may write to her." As he rode, he looked up through the dewdrops unto the stars, and wondered if in the face of all his eyes had seen that night, and what his judgmnt still told him, they dared to give him hope. He was now arriving at a man's estate; would be twenty-one in seven days; his affections were not fickle now. He could pass over the different pictures that had rested on his soul at different times, as follows: for Maggie Bernard he had sorrow; for Amelia Kerr, now Mrs. Cain, true friendship; for Emma Reed, honor; for Ida Reed, high admiration; for Annie Lesher, deep pity; but for Blanch Morton, *love*. Yes, it was her picture that still crossed his vision at Donaldson, at Shiloh, at Chaplain Hill, at Vicksburg, at Missionary Ridge, and in all other moments of peril, when all the others had vanished. Did the stars above give him any hope? That was the only question now. Would they, "in their courses, fight for him," or were they against him?

Five mornings later he arose from his bed, a little later than usual, came down stairs, sat for a moment on the chair, reached over for his big army boots, and

rested again, drew one of them on, and then made another pause. His mother came to him, touched him on the shoulder and said, "Do you feel depressed this morning, Walter? Do you feel any lingering regrets for re-enlisting? And was there no way for you to have honorably avoided it?"

Walter drew on his other boot, looked up, and said, "No mother, I have not for *myself* the slightest regrets in any way for the course I have taken. Of course, I could honorably have avoided it, for all the other boys who have not re-enlisted are honorable."

"I am glad to hear you answer as you have, Walter, I was afraid you were a little cast down. I would not have had you leave this morning that way. If it is the rest of us that you are thinking about, we will try to bear up."

"Ah, mother, you are a heroine," said Walter.

"Walter," said his mother, "answer me one more question. Have you any premonitions, any forebodings whatever, of any kind, that something might happen to you this time?"

"Mother, I have no premonitions about anything," replied Walter. "Three years ago, you know, I left home very wise; to-day I simply feel that I know nothing, except that I am in the hands of destiny, and to that destiny I must simply bow."

He walked out for a few minutes, then returned to breakfast with the family. They almost ate in silence. One hour later he started with his father and Joe to the depot, his mother not accompanying him this time. She, with the girls, had bade her last good-by at the front door, pressing a kiss first upon his lips, and then

upon the little scar above the brow, uttering to herself the same prayer that she had done before.

They arrived at the depot to find Henry Kerr and Pat. already there. Tom Swave came up and bade them an affectionate farewell. "Walt., I feel as though I am not doing my full duty. I have a mind to try and get back to the army myself."

"What to do?" asked Walter.

"Why, I believe I could go as quartermaster or something of that kind," was the reply.

"Are you going crazy?" asked Walter, looking at him earnestly.

"Not that I am aware of," replied Tom.

"Well, just abandon that idea," rejoined Walter. "But I will tell you what I do want you to do for me. Keep an eye on Joe."

"What! you don't mean your Joe, do you? Why, he is not fifteen, is he?"

"Yes; he is turned of fifteen now, and his head is full of all sorts of notions. You know there are bugler boys and others as young as he in the army. I could not bear to intimate my suspicions to mother, but keep an eye on him, won't you, please?"

Tom answered him sympathetically, saying that he would try to prevent the calamity to his mother, at which he had hinted. The train pulled up, the three men got on it. Walter stood on the rear platform of the rear car as it moved away, and saw once more the land of his childhood fade from his sight. At Mansdale, Harry Morton was at the depot, dressed in his new uniform, waiting to join them. Blanch and Will. stood by his side as the train moved up, and bade him an affectionate farewell as it moved away. Walter saw

the anxiety on Blanch's face, and watched it until it, too, was lost to his vision.

The four soldiers went inside and sat down not far apart, Henry Kerr remarking, "Once more we bid adieu to home and friends. And it is a doubtful question who is to bear the greater suffering, we or they? Notwithstanding, I cannot shake off a superstitious feeling that some one of us four will never see them again."

"I believe the greater suffering will be at home," replied Walter. "Even father seemed dejected this morning, and mother's face wore an expression that I never want to see there again. God knows whose turn is to come next. I only know the interregnum is over, and that anxiety has resumed her reign."

CHAPTER XVI.

A LITTLE GLOOM AT MANSDALE.

"Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire."—*Whittier.*

AS the train rolled on bearing these four men to the front, Walter bought a morning paper and began to look over the head-lines, but he soon laid it down and let his mind run back as was its desire to the scenes of home and thoughts of Blanch.

He looked across into Harry's face, full of hope and ambition, and dreams of the congratulations that would be showered upon him when he returned home an honored veteran of the war. He began to think seriously of what plan he could study out that might save him from danger and bring him home, unharmed, to the sister for whom he had promised to do all that was *honorable* to attain such a result.

As Walter turned this subject over in his mind, he was confronted more seriously with the thought than he had been before, as to how little there really was that he could do for him. Screen a private in the ranks in time of battle! Ask favors for a man who had just gone out as a recruit!

It seemed to him now the most chimerical of thoughts; yet, with what avidity he rushed into the obligation with Blanch to try to do something of the sort.

Well, try, he thought to himself, is a safe platform

to stand on; we can always try, and hope is eternal; so he would always keep the matter in his mind, watching for anything that was *honorable*, and hope that perhaps they would not be plunged into any very severe engagements too very soon.

Thus, dismissing for the time the matter from his mind, he arose, walked back to the platform of the rear car to enjoy the scenery and think about the new scenes they were to behold on their journey. Their regiment, now transferred to the army of the Potomac, would take them somewhat off the course they had pursued before, enough so to permit of their going through Philadelphia.

Walter began to think of the old historic scenes he should behold; of how to best employ his time in the short interval they might have there; to go and see old Independence Hall at least, as Mr. Williamson had suggested, would be the one thing he would do if nothing else.

He arrived in Philadelphia in due time, and began to walk through the broad thoroughfares of that most beautiful and *American* of American cities. No elevated railroad then, as now,—all unobserved by the populace below,—poured its interminable flood of passengers and traffic into the very heart of the city.

Even the great Pennsylvania Central was still dragging its long trains of freight and passengers across the Schuylkill and down Market street with horses and mules; but, notwithstanding this slight annoyance, Walter could then stand in front of the present great Broad street depot and look for miles up and down that most beautiful thoroughfare on earth, and watch the great moving masses of humanity walking across the

large open square, which bears the name of Penn, while no gigantic pile of marble obstructed the view or destroyed the grandeur of the scene. That monumental act of folly, placed there by the cupidity of man, and at a cost to the community which seemed more like spoliation than taxation, to which tax-payers however are expected to give cheerful consent, for the reason that it is to furnish justice more imposing quarters from which to issue forth her grave decrees by wise judges, whose weighty words at times can not be heard by half the attending lawyers on account of the noise and clatter of commercial transactions from without.

Of course, the dear people will make no complaint about this, even though their school marms go half paid and thousands of their children go unadmitted to the public schools for want of room.

But Walter passed over this space, on to Chestnut street, and down her crowded sidewalks in search of old Independence Hall.

As he beheld with admiration and astonishment the lofty edifices and magnificent fronts that raised themselves on the one and the other side,—as he walked on, he was a little disappointed when he was told: "Here is Independence Hall!" The advances of civilization had overshadowed it in grandeur more than he had expected to see; but he soon recovered from this shock and became fully impressed with the sacred memories that clustered around it. The city of Philadelphia had not then, as it has since—with such generosity, patriotism and good taste—made it a gift to the whole country, on account of the historic events which have made it memorable to the whole nation, and a priceless heritage to mankind. But Walter felt, even

then, that the ground on which he trod belonged in part to himself; not by virtue of any particular State from whence he hailed, but by reason of his being an American citizen.

He stepped across the corridor and read engraved on the walls the words:

"Any government is free to the people under it whatever be the form, where the laws rule, and the people are a party to those laws; and more than this is tyranny, oligarchy and confusion. Penn's frame of government."

He read them again, and said inwardly—"Yes! there is the sentiment; just as Mr. Williamson told me I would find it, and not very different from the thought contained in the Declaration of Independence itself; that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." But his eyes followed farther down the lines, only to catch those other words so familiar to his ear. "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Declaration of Independence."

It was not necessary for Walter's information to tell him from what these words were quoted; it was all sufficient for him to reflect that he was standing now within the sacred walls from which they had been promulgated.

As his eye led on a little farther down the column, he read the words, "Your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty. Washington's Farewell Address."

"There is the idea," thought Walter; "and yet the

state that gave birth to Washington is straining her loins to the very utmost to rend and destroy that union, while I, and a million more of us have gone forth to uphold that union, and, if necessary for its preservation, 'Give the last full measure of our devotion.' May the spirit of Washington look down upon us at this moment, and say which is right!"

He stepped across the hall to read on its other wall these words:

"The Union of the American Colonies, forged by Benjamin Franklin at the Congress in Albany 1754, was fostered by Massachusetts in 1765; developed at Carpenter's Hall in 1774 in this building; effected in 1776, and made more perfect September 17th, 1787."

"Made more perfect," thought Walter, "in 1787. Yes! it will be made still more perfect when this rebellion is suppressed with an annihilation of the institution which has been the only element that has ever threatened her existence; and which has made our liberties a burlesque, even to the monarchies of the old world." But he was anxious to see the particular room in which the Congress sat when they adopted the Declaration of Independence.

As he stepped into the room at the end of the hall, with large portraits of Revolutionary patriots hanging around it, and an iron railing running about six feet from the walls, behind which were sitting some old-fashioned, high-backed chairs, he asked the guide, "Where is the hall, the particular room I mean, in which the convention sat when they adopted the Declaration of Independence? Is it upstairs?"

"No! no!" said the guide, with a look of astonish-

ment and wisdom; "why this is the room; you are in it now."

"This small room here!" replied Walter, with surprise, partly real and partly affected, to counteract the astonishment of his informant.

"Yes! this room here," again uttered the official gentleman. "This is not such a very little room, when you look at it rightly. This railing around it makes it look a little smaller than it really is; but you measure it once, or step it as I have done, and you will find it not so very small."

"I see," said Walter, "the room is not so very small in the abstract, but then, we expected a room from which such a large document emanated to have been particularly large."

"Well, the document wasn't so very large either," replied the guide, a little confused.

"Pretty clever size though," replied Walter, "when all the monarchies of Europe could hear its rumbling. Let me see; 'John Hancock signed his name so large that George III could read it across the Atlantic.' Who was it said that? It was Wendell Phillips, was it not?"

"Yes; I believe it was," replied the guide, rather bewildered.

"And those old chairs, over yonder, what are they?" continued Walter. "Are they the chairs the delegates actually sat upon?"

"Yes, sir," said the guide, with more assurance, "those are the actual chairs. There is the one on that little platform that John Hancock actually sat in when he presided over the convention."

"See," he said, stepping up to one near by the

platform and raising up a piece of the leather that was torn in the seat, "see what good leather they made in those days; don't make any such leather now."

"No, indeed! no indeed!" said Walter, stooping under the railing to examine it, and making a quick step sidewise and squatting down in the old Hancock chair.

"So this is the chair in which John Hancock actually sat when he signed the Declaration of Independence. I wonder if it will desecrate it for me to occupy it?"

The official gentleman, now a little more disconcerted than ever, said, laying his hand on Walter's shoulder:

"Its against the rules for visitors to come inside the railing; I will have to ask you to step out; you see, if I let you in I would have to let all in; my orders are pretty strict, you see."

"Oh! beg your pardon; beg your pardon," said Walter, as he stepped down and out. "You see, I was so anxious to drink from the fountain of Liberty that I actually forgot myself. Let me see, where did old John Adams stand when he declared 'that if his country required the poor offering of his life, the victim should be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may.'"

The guide, now looking at Walter with some doubt as to whether he was entirely sane, stammered out:

"I believe he stood right there in the middle."

"About here, you think," said Walter. "Well, then, I will sanctify the *soles* of my feet for an instant, while there (pointing to the portrait on the wall), the shadow of wise old Ben. Franklin looks down upon my *soul* and blesses it. And Jefferson's all-inspiring genius teaches me how to say, 'All men are created equal.'"

Walter now looking at the time, saw that it admonished him to cut his visit short; he bowed himself out of the room, leaving the official gentleman fully convinced that "That fellow is a little off."

He took a brief peep into the other rooms and a hurried walk across the open square to the rear, saying to himself, "May modern architecture never lay her hands upon these historic walls; that the lesson taught by these solemn scenes may strengthen one's convictions that patriotism is not after all a mere hollow pageant but a living reality, and that I, too, may be ready to make the poor offering of my life at the appointed hour, for my country if required."

Thus, soliloquizing, he wended his way to the old Washington depot, and eight hours later was landed safely in the capital of the nation. As he and his three companions alighted from the car and passed through the depot, out into the street, they saw the dome of the Capitol towering conspicuously above the surrounding buildings. As none of them had never been in Washington before, it served them as a kind of objective point to steer for. Accordingly, they waved aside the obliging cabman and hackman with their importunate yells, "This way for Willard's!" "Will you have a carriage, sir?" and walked on to the middle of the street and hailed the conductor of a street car, that was in waiting, when they were answered, "Yes, this car takes you to the Capitol. Jump on."

Notwithstanding this invitation to "jump on," the men were not quite certain as to *where* they were to jump; the top of the car being a little too high to make it at one bound and the backs of the horses

presumably not being meant to be jumped upon on this occasion, they were convinced upon a casual observation that all other space that could be made available about that car, or its equipments, would be reached rather by a squeezing than a jumping process; and by squeezing, indeed, Henry Kerr succeeded in getting through the sweltering crowd that occupied the rear platform; and with one foot inside the door he managed to hold on to the door, with the remaining seven-eighths of his body on the outside. Harry climbed up the brake, got one leg over the railing, with his other foot resting on the head of a bolt, outside, and his body swinging at an angle of thirty-five degrees, with his hands clasped on the brakes; while Pat. and Walter had sought quarters on the front platform with the driver; where three others had already preceded them.

The car, finally, began to move, with great pain, however, to the horses, whose every muscle seemed to be exerted to the utmost in the effort; slipping and striking fire from the stones beneath their feet, and falling twice upon their knees, as Harry exclaimed, "Hurrah! for our first trip to Washington; here is the place to pay your fare and get the worth of your money."

Having arrived at the Capitol, they alighted for a short call. As Walter ascended those granite steps to the front, he wondered if the day ever would come when he would be ascending them as one of the nation's honored representatives.

They were shown into the gallery of the Senate, where they saw the vacant seats so lately occupied by the heads of the rebel government, by Davis, and

Toombs, and Wigfall, and Benjamin, and Mason and Slidell.

But ultra as he was in his views, Walter never dreamed how soon those seats, both there and in the House, would be reoccupied by colored men. He saw Vice-President Hamlin presiding over this august body; he had pointed out to him the illustrious radicals of the hour—Sumner, and Wade, and Wilson, and Trumbull and Zack Chandler; but none of these distinguished gentlemen made any utterance while he was in; except that Sumner rose once, merely to make a motion on some immaterial question; but it afforded him great satisfaction to see and hear even that much of the man whose injuries and whose eloquence had so touched his sympathies and his admiration eight years before.

They passed over to the House of Representatives, to make an equally brief call there. Speaker Colfax was in the chair himself. He asked eagerly to be shown the "Old Commoner," but he was not in his seat. "Just stepped out to the committee room." was the reply. He was shown, however, other ultra leaders of the House—such as Bingham, Lovejoy and Kelley.

He made inquiry of the messenger for Brown, the man whose eloquence at the Fremont meeting had so fired his ambition eight years before, to receive the reply—"Don't think he is a member of the House now; never heard of him."

His spirits rose instantly from this disappointment by his informant continuing "There comes old Stevens now."

Walter watched him with profound interest, as he

limped up the aisle to his seat, with step so feeble, with face so pale; but with brow like Mars, to threaten and command.

As they took their leave of the Capitol, Walter thought, "I have at least seen the inside of the halls within which I had such an early ambition to sit as a member." But he thought of Brown and the obscurity into which he had fallen, and said almost aloud, "Alas, is the fame of a Congressman so transient! surely, I have looked upon men in those halls to-day whose names will be familiar to their countrymen eighty years hence." And they all four proceeded directly to the White House, where they were determined to see Abraham Lincoln, if possible, in the hour that was left them.

Everywhere they beheld military men and soldiers on guard, or hurrying hither and thither. But they were not the gala-day soldiers on whom Congress and the press had commented so much the first winter of the war. The most of these men, it was evident, had come from the serried ranks of the front, withdrawn for a short time for garrison duty; or, like themselves, were going or coming on a short furlough.

Arrived at the White House, they were shown into the large reception room to be told by the door tender —"The President would positively not see any more visitors to-day unless they were after executive clemency, as it was now after five o'clock."

As they were unable to say they were there to ask the pardon of any one, they stood for a moment aside and debated what to do, and heard two very pompous looking gentlemen in fine clothes receive the same answer.

Walter said, "What stupidity we have shown; we should have had a few lines from our Congressman before we came."

"Yes;" replied Henry Kerr, and drawing a card from his jacket, wrote on it the following: "Three veterans, returning after their furlough to the front with one recruit, all anxious to simply shake you by the hand in this, the only half hour that is at their command," handed it to the door-keeper saying, imploringly, "Won't you please hand that to the President?"

In a few minutes the messenger returned, saying, "Just pass right in this way, gentlemen," leaving the two gentlemen in broadcloth looking rather disgusted.

As Major Kerr, standing at his full six feet, was presented to Abraham Lincoln, they all fully recognized how far above the crowd of his fellow-men was the great President, as the major had still to look up to see that homely face. Taking him by the hand, he said, "Mr. President, we beg your pardon for being so persistent, but we could not return to the front without, at least, seeing you."

"I am sure I am glad to afford you that pleasure, if it is one," replied Lincoln, as the major passed on.

Walter approaching next, took the offered hand, saying, "Mr. President, to shake your hand is to give us new strength."

"I assure you we all need all the strength that can be had," was the simple reply.

Pat., coming next in turn, said, as he took that hand, "Oh, we are still holding the fort, Mr. President.

"A very expensive one it has proven to be," replied Lincoln. "But I trust we shall hold it."

Harry brought up the rear, saying, "Mr. President, I cannot say returning to the front; I can only say 'we are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 more.'"

Lincoln clasped his hand firmly and warmly, and replied, "My family has become so large that it bothers one to give a very great parental care to each individual member of it, but I will do the best I can; God bless you all!" And they all passed out of the room, reserving their comments, principally, for the future, except that Henry Kerr remarked:

"Well, we have seen the old man anyhow, and while you never can be safe in saying what judgment history will pass upon a man until he is dead, I think I have seen enough to understand why this man is called 'Honest old Abe,' and 'Father Abraham.'"

"Very true," said Walter; "and yet what if it should turn out that we have just shaken hands with the greatest man on earth."

"You always were an enthusiast," replied Henry; "but still, your proposition is not beyond the possibility of belief; those things frequently depend so largely upon when a man dies."

Two days later the four men were with their regiment in the Army of the Potomac, where they were greeted by old comrades, anxious to have the last whisper of home.

Bewildering, indeed, was the whole scene now to Harry Morton.

Even Walter himself, with all that he had experienced, had never seen such an exhibition of the nation's strength. Not that the fighting could have been more severe than it had been in the West, but the illimitable rows of burnished steel that glittered in

the twilight air, as they were going in and out for dress parade, gave him a better comprehension of the magnitude of the contests that had been going on in the East, if this army had been fighing anything like the Army of the West had been, and of that he had no reason to doubt, as they were all Americans. It filled him with a deeper realization of the magnitude and power of the foe that was still before them, requiring such an army as this to conquer it. But we are obliged to leave Walter for the time being in this sea of bayonets, and give a brief account of some of the happenings at Mansdale.

It was the early May; the night was clear and mild. Blanch Morton was attending the Ladies' Aid Society; she pulled lint with the rest of the ladies; took a lively interest in the arrangements for the coming festival, and talked cheerfully to the other girls on general matters, many of whom, like herself, had a brother or some friend in the army.

Mrs. A., president of the society, said, "She noticed by the morning papers that the Army of the Potomac was fighting again, or likely to be; that it had crossed over the Rapidan." Mrs. B. said, "Yes, but she guessed it was only a light skirmish; not a general engagement."

Mrs. C. said, "O, no, this evening's paper said there had been pretty heavy fighting; might be it was the commencement of a regular campaign."

Mrs. D. said, "My! I hope the One Hundred and Seventeenth aren't in it. I think they have seen battles enough since they went out; they are entitled to a little rest."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. A., "as you have

a brother in that regiment, and I have a son; but here is Blanch, who now has a brother in the Seventy-fifth; I reckon she thinks they are entitled to a rest, too. In fact, my husband said to-day at the dinner table he couldn't tell which of those two regiments had been used the harder since they went out." "I think either of them could retire with credit," said Mrs. B., "but my husband said this evening, that he did not think the Seventy-fifth would be in this engagement; they had been too lately transferred to the Army of the Potomac; it would take a little while to get things organized and drill their new recruits, &c."

Blanch said, "O, I think so, too."

She walked home with Cousin Ida and Mr. Herr; or, rather, Mr. Herr walked home with her and Cousin Ida; they parted with Miss Emma and her mother at their door; as they strolled up through the yard, they passed Will. going down town.

Mr. Herr accepted their invitation to come in a few minutes. Aunt Mary was sitting by the light reading, eagerly, the evening paper that her brother had just laid down. Mr. Morton was walking the front porch, enjoying his segar, smoking it a little more vigorously than usual—a fact which Blanch noticed as he would pass the window.

She played a few pieces on the piano, after which Mr. Herr took his leave.

Ida arose and went out into the other room where her mother was still reading the paper intently.

Blanch passed upstairs to her own room; she raised the window and sat down by it. In a few minutes she heard Will.'s returning footsteps below; as he

approached the far end of the porch, she heard her father say, distinctly, "Did you hear any later news?"

Will.'s reply she did not distinctly hear; only the word "Seventy-fifth"; though she remained perfectly calm. She drew up a little closer to the window, rested her elbows upon it and her head between her hands; she sat, she could not have told how long in this position; she heard her father still walking below, though all conversation had ceased; she heard Will. walk into the room to Aunt Mary and Ida; she heard Ida going to bed; she heard Will.'s footsteps go down the walk, as if going down town again; she tried to follow the direction of the sound as she peered further into the night air. And such a night! not a star in the sky had its rays obstructed by a single cloud. The soft zephyrs were gently fanning her face; the trees were covered by the first greenness of spring; the large shrub bush below her was wafting up its first odors on the dew-laden air; the deep, trilling voice of the first bullfrog in the distant pond broke the silence with rhythmic tones, as he repeated his demand for "More-rum, More-rum."

There, in that position, as she drank from the great fountain of Nature, and listened to the croaking of the frog, she sent up a silent and fervent prayer for Harry. And surely, while she prayed, there was no Elijah mocking, for she prayed to the "one true God"; prayed from an humble and contrite heart, to the God who she knew was the Author of her being and the Protector of her soul; to the God who had made the stars and started them in their orbits; to the God who had scented the shrubs, and put the sounds in the throat of the frog; to the God whose attributes were love, and

whose mercy was boundless; to the God whose wisdom was infinite and whose judgments were just; to the God who would some day reveal to her why it was, that as she prayed, Harry was lying dead on the field of the Wilderness, with a musket ball lodged in his brain, with his heels uppermost in a deep ravine and the woods on fire all around him.

As she ceased praying at intervals and invoked her reason to give her comfort, she felt some room for hope. In the severest battles it was only the small number who were killed outright, she reasoned, and, surely, Walter would be able to do something for him. She remembered his ardent promises. She believed he was a true character; "But, I know what made him promise me so enthusiastically," she thought, "and it half frightens me." Could she accept his favors and refuse to reciprocate to the thought that was in his mind? That was the question that engaged her own thoughts a little, even now. It would be perfectly proper to pray for him at least, as it was proper to pray for all men at the front to-night.

Yes; pray on for him, Blanch, he may never need your prayers more than he does to night; for while you pray he is on his road to Andersonville a prisoner of war.

She lay back upon the bed and fell asleep; she awoke feeling a little cold saying, "Mercy! how long have I been sleeping?"

She looked at her watch; it was midnigt; she undressed and got into bed; she heard footsteps ascending the stairs; she was not frightened; she recognized

them as her father's. Again she thought, "Mercy! hasn't father retired yet?"

She resisted her impulse to speak to him; but she lay awake for another hour before she could go to sleep. When morning came she was sleeping heavily. Her father was up early and stirring around. Nine o'clock brought the morning paper; it blazed with large head-lines, giving an account of the great battle of the Wilderness. It gave the particular corps and divisions that were engaged. It was the foreclosure of hope to the Morton family that the Seventy-fifth would escape.

The evening paper brought the first hurried and frequently inaccurate list of the killed and wounded. In the first list it had Henry Morton, of Co. G, Seventy-fifth regiment.

Edward Morton did not go to bed that night; he walked the porch and smoked incessantly; rested at times on the large rocking chair and on the lounge. The morning paper contained a revised list of the killed and wounded; among the killed it still had Henry Morton; among those believed to be taken prisoners was Lieutenant Graham. This was the burial of hope for the Morton family. Nay, one faint ray left after dinner. These things often turn out in some unexpected way.

"Maybe he is not dead after all," said Will., "or possibly we could at least find his body and bring it home. What do you think, father, had we better make the effort?"

"I think so," replied Mr. Morton, "do anything that is possible."

"I will help you to get started at once," said Will.

"Is there anyone you would like to accompany you? I will attend to business while you are away."

"Oh, no. You will have to go, Will. I am prostrated," replied Mr. Morton.

Blanch saw how thoroughly her father was prostrated, and that Aunt Mary could not have been more deeply affected had it been her own son.

Ten days passed on. Will. returned with Tom Swave who had been with him. He reported the result of his trip about as follows:

"Take a pin, stick it down in a mud puddle; draw it out and then hunt for the hole it has left; that is about how much chance we had, or ever will have, of recovering Harry's body."

Mr. Morton replied, "That I supposed was about the size of it from the start, and yet we might have censured ourselves if we had not made the effort." He then got up, walked out in the yard, sat down on an old rustic seat under the maple tree, near the end of the porch and began smoking his segar. In a few minutes Blanch followed him to the spot. She sat down by him, took his hand in hers and said, "Father, this is a very deep affliction, but I suppose all there is left for us to do is to reconcile ourselves to it, just as hundreds of others all over the country less fortunate than ourselves have to bear it. Why this has been ordered as it has, we cannot understand, and yet I suppose it is our duty not to question."

"Ah, Blanch, Blanch," said Mr. Morton, impressing a kiss upon her forehead, "you talk like a philosopher and a true Christian. Would to God that was all there was of it; that dearly as I loved Harry, fondly as I dreamed of his future, for which alone I

consented to let him go into the army, and extended as were the opportunities I intended to give him, I could feel that it was simply God's will to withdraw him for his own sake without seeing in it some particular retribution meant for me. Would that I could feel just as you have said, Blanch, that my boy has gone like thousands of others, simply a victim of the war; then, I think, my simple duty to bear it with fortitude would sustain me, but there is another matter that rests heavily on me."

Blanch turned her penetrating eyes up to her father's and looked eagerly but tenderly for the interpretation of the words he had spoken. In an instant, she said softly, "Father, have you financial troubles?"

"Yes, Blanch," came quicker than she expected. "Father," replied Blanch, "if that is worrying you in the midst of our great loss, let it worry you no longer. I am strong enough, I know, to battle with the world, by reason of the very indulgences which you have showered upon me, the liberal education you have given me. I can teach school; can get a very good position at that, or I am willing to go into a hospital as a nurse and help to alleviate some of the great suffering that is going on in the land. Indeed I am strong enough now for any misfortune. Will and I will take care of you in your old days. Please do not let that distress you, Father."

Blanch had read in books of such disasters as these overtaking families in affluent circumstances, and she thought instantly, upon the first intimation of such a thing, that the worst would be to provide for. Mr. Morton seeing the wrong impression he had left upon her mind, clasped her to him, gave her a kiss, and said,

"Why, Blanch, Blanch, what a jewel you are. I am not in financial straits at all; I am better fixed financially than you or my neighbors suppose. The financial trouble that is on my mind is as to how I acquired some of my wealth."

Blanch, recovering, said, "Why, father, you have never done anything wrong, have you?"

"Blanch, my daughter," replied Mr. Morton, "do you know that your father was a slave-holder?"

"Why, no, father; when?"

"You know about our North Carolina enterprise," replied Mr. Morton. "It is not necessary to go into detail. Suffice it to say that I went into it. Of course, your Uncle Joseph, your mother's own brother, rather urged me to do it; he wanted to befriend his brother-in-law; of course, I thought I saw money in it. I did make, even then, some feeble protest about it involving the ownership of slaves; I was told I need not have any compunctions of conscience about their business, all I had to do was to furnish the money; it came out in the end just as I expected; that I was made joint owner in fee of everything, slaves and all, without even the privilege of protecting them from abuse; my conscience was not easy about it, but of course, forty thousand dollars profits was supposed to make conscience be still. But, do you know, since Harry's death, I have been haunted all the time. It seems like blood money on my conscience, and here is poor George Reed's widow and daughter beggared by what has helped to make me rich. Is it any wonder that I should think the hand of justice has overtaken me? Ah! Blanch, what the sin of slavery has

cost this nation anyhow! What are those lines of Whittier's that you have set to music—

'Hot burns the fire,
Where wrongs expire?'"

"Well, but, father, you were always anti-slavery, were you not? Why, you voted for Fremont in 1856, long before many others had become Republicans, did you not?" said Blanch.

"Yes," said her father, "I have been a Republican from the start, but a conservative one. I was an Old Line Whig before that, and had no place else to go except into the Democracy, which I had always been against more from education and policy than from principle, simply because I believed in tariff and such stuff as that. I had been raised indeed very conservative in all my ideas, descended from an old Federal family, the aristocrats of our county, and been taught how to make money. Why, away back in the beginning of parties, you know, it was the wealthy and aristocratic portion of the country that made up the Federal party. The Democrat or Anti-Federal party was comprised of the lowly, the humble, whose rights were always guarded by Jefferson. I deserve no credit for being a Republican; current events just drifted me there. But later on, when the Democratic party became completely prostituted to slavery, bowed in perfect subjection to the slave oligarchy of the South, then, when men, whose affiliations had always been with it, began to leave it from principle, they were the men who were entitled to some credit—men like Jacob Graham, who severed his life associations and voted for Fremont also from the beginning. Yes, yes, thirty years ago even John Williamson was a Demo-

crat. I am entitled to no more credit than these Democrats who have become Republicans since the war broke out. I am ashamed of myself when I reflect that even in the winter of 1861, I would still have patched things up for a short time with another compromise."

"But, father, I thought slavery was abolished in this country now. I thought we had repented for that sin."

"Yes, abolished, my child," said Mr. Morton, "so far as the war power of the government can abolish it in the States actually in rebellion, but do you know there are five entire States of this Union where it exists to-day, and under full protection of our government, and there is no way to be thoroughly rid of it except by constitutional amendment. Besides, our repentance has been eleventh hour repentance. It has been in sack cloth and ashes. Even Abraham Lincoln did not issue that proclamation from choice. He was driven to it. He is not a radical, honest as he is He is timid in action, conservative in his nature, like myself. I know when Horace Greeley came with that editorial, that Abraham Lincoln should issue the enmancipation proclamation before we went on "*murdering* any more men," I thought it was harsh. But now I see it was only calling things by their right names. Yes, Blanch, slavery has *murdered* our Harry. Slavery has *murdered* George Reed, and widowed his wife and orphaned his child. Slavery has taken young Graham down to a Southern prison-pen to starve him to death, in all probability. No, I am a *radical* Republican now, ready to follow Ben. Wade, Sumner, Thad. Stevens and Horace Greeley whither they may lead."

"Father, don't you think we could do something for Mrs. Reed and Emma," said Blanch plaintively.

"Yes, Blanch," replied Mr. Morton, "I am under the most solemn obligation to my conscience to see to it that they never suffer. They are self-respecting and do not wish to be made mendicants while they are able to work, and that is all right, but for fear that I should be taken off first, they are already provided for in my will. Come in, Blanch, and play me the 'Furnace Blast' on the melodeon."

They went into the house, where the room was soon filled with the melody of Blanch's voice, singing out the words:

"We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel?
What points the rebel cannon?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star-spangled pennon?
What breaks the oath
Of the men o' the South?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life?
Hark to the answer: *Slavery!*

Then waste no blows on lesser foes
In strife, unworthy freemen;
God lifts to-day the veil, and shows
The features of the demon!"

When she had proceeded thus far, he stopped her, and said, "Repeat it."

She sang it over again with more force than ever, while the whole family listened. At the conclusion, he sat for a few moments, then went out on the porch and was about lighting another segar, but he threw the match away, saying, "I must desist; I know I have been smoking too much these last ten days," and resumed his walk on the porch.

As Blanch went to the door, she heard him repeating,

"Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire."

He called her to him. They walked to the end of the porch together, where he said to her, "Blanch, to-morrow I am going to send ten thousand dollars to the Sanitary Commission, and ten thousand dollars to the Freedmen's Association. The other twenty thousand I have already given you a broad hint as to what has become of that. Am I doing right?"

"Yes, father, you are doing right," replied Blanch.

"I am glad you think so, Blanch," said Mr. Morton, "the fire seems to burn less hotly already".

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

"See how far the little candle throws its beam."
—*Merchant of Venice.*

AS Walter Graham sat at sundown on a log at the rear of the rebel army, with about forty other Union soldiers, guarded by a small platoon of rebel soldiers, he began to question seriously, almost regretfully, the wisdom of the act which had caused him to be in his present situation. Now that cooling time had elapsed, he began to suspect what others could see clearly, the utter madness of his attempt. He had rushed forward to secure Harry's body from as generous an impulse as ever filled human breast, not a single thought of self, only the thought of Blanch.

He almost regretted having been weak enough to yield at the instant to that inborn instinct to cling to life. "Oh!" he thought, "if after we had been temporarily repulsed, and I had succeeded in getting Harry's body back as far as the ravine, when that second volley passed just over my head, and below the feet of the other men, if instead of throwing up my hands at the third fire and crying surrender, I had rushed headlong into it, how much better off I would have been at this moment in Heaven with Harry than where I am. His anguish was unspeakable, when he reflected upon the failure of his effort; that it had done Blanch no earthly good; that he himself would probably never look upon her face again; that she

would bestow most likely very little thought upon him; the chances indeed that she would entirely forget him, and go down to her grave ignorant of the love that was in his breast. He could see so clearly the gloom that would fall upon his brothers and sisters when the news of his fate reached home; that it would crush his father and break the heart of his mother.

It may be, there were Union soldiers who desired to be taken prisoners to avoid the further dangers of war; it may be, there were men upholding the flag of the Union so mean as that. All that I will say now is, Walter Graham was not one of these. He had already heard enough of the horrors of Andersonville and Libby prisons to cause him to say, "*Death*, *death* any time in preference to months of that;" so deep was the despair and desperation that sank down in his mind, that he began contemplating some means of escape, however hazardous. As he looked into the countenances of his fellow prisoners, he saw some that seemed stolid and indifferent. But he saw others whose faces showed plainly enough that they were conscious of their situation. One exceptionally well-informed man of about thirty years of age, to whom he had suggested that they get up and walk right past the guards, replied, "That is simply to be shot down in cold blood; let us at least wait until dark."

Night came on, and so did a double supply of sentinels. They were marched off two miles further south, to an open field. As he saw the avenues of escape closing around him, the prospect of such a thing growing darker and darker, he was touched on the shoulder by the same man, who whispered to him,

"I wonder if any of these fellows can be bribed? How much money have you about you?"

Walter shook his head dissentingly, and made no further reply, though for one brief moment he thought of the fifty dollars concealed in his boot lining, while his friend continued, "I will cheerfully give all I have about me, and pledge my father for a thousand more if it will secure me my liberty at this moment." As he looked into the man's face, he saw that he was thoroughly in earnest. No, there was no device that could have been conceived, no lie that human ingenuity could have invented, to which he would not have resorted, and considered himself perfectly justifiable, if it would have placed him safely back in the Union army. He would have done anything short of promising to enlist in the rebel army, and it must be said for every prisoner in that group, that not one of them, ignorant or intelligent, would have consented, under any circumstances, to do that. Outside of that, it is doubtful to what extent many of them would have gone. "Uncle Tom," with all his ignorance, and all his faith, may have been Christian enough to go, like Christ himself, to the stake for conscience sake, but I am compelled to write it down, though the pen may falter and the conscience regret, that there were among those prisoners, men who had been raised in Christian homes whose minds were enlightened with knowledge and endowed with intelligence, who would no more have hesitated that night about moral theories or questions of abstract right and wrong which stood in the way of their liberties than they would have hesitated to shoot down a wild beast that was about to tear them to pieces.

Walter, after a moment's reflection, even now in the throes of his agony, resolved that he would resort to nothing less than honorable means to save himself from the torture that awaited him, since he had told Blanch in the fever heat of his love, that he would not go beyond that line, even to save Harry for her sake. He would, however, at the slightest prospect of hope use his limbs and muscles, the means with which God and nature had endowed him, to secure his liberty, the desire for which God had certainly not planted erroneously in every human breast, and he felt surely he was under no moral obligation to conscience, to country or to God, to go down to a southern prison-pen to be uselessly starved to death. Meanwhile he would encourage some faint hope that some unforeseen turn in the fortunes of war might come to his rescue during the night; that they might possibly be recaptured before morning or the next day; that they might be paroled, exchanged, or something of the kind, before they were finally started for Andersonville.

Morning came and he was still a prisoner. At seven o'clock there was passed around to the men, not one of whom Walter had ever seen before (though they were all brothers now), three hard tacks and two bites of meat apiece. Though he had not tasted food since noon of the day before, he could not say that he was hungry. He minced it down with a kind of feeling of self-preservation, as he surveyed the situation around him, listened to some occasional firing which he could still hear to the north, and nursed his hope that the unforeseen might soon occur, bringing to him his deliverance. But twenty minutes later they were

out on the public road, marching under heavy guard for Andersonville. Then it was that he felt the full force of the words, "Now leave hope behind." He had not read those words then, but his soul uttered them all the same. Dante can no more claim their origin than can Walter Graham, who felt them with all their pungency that morning. All morning, as they marched along, he was silent and gloomy; more so than the rest of the men. And yet that vital spark which seems after all to be unquenchable, was still alive, though deeply buried.

Whatever unseen angel it is that still drops down once in a while through all this molten mass of darkness to keep the soul alive, it would return occasionally to Walter and make him conscious of its presence. Whether it could be that it whispered to him the fact that Blanch had actually prayed for him, not exactly in the capacity of a lover, as he had for her, but even as one who knew the thought that was in his mind when he expressed himself so warmly to her, and was "half frightened," I cannot say. I only know that knowledge of even that much would have sustained him wonderfully on his weary journey.

At all events, an hour's marching had settled his mind sufficiently to remember what he had not thought of before, that since his captivity none of these men had offered him any indignity. For a moment, hope revived. He wondered if it could be that the reports of their cruel treatment of prisoners were exaggerated. But no, he felt that the charges were too well fortified to admit of doubt. And yet how could they be true. These men have been brave, and the brave never strike a fallen foe Could it be that the people of the South

sanctioned any such treatment of defenceless men as was reported to the people of the North? Was it possible that General Lee would lend his name to any such course? He could not bring himself to believe it, and yet he could not doubt the well authenticated reports that had come to his ears. It must be, he thought, that irresponsible subordinates had been transcending their powers, and that the authorities at Richmond had probably preferred to remain in ignorance of what they would not have openly sustained.

Be that as it may, he would strike for his liberty, if the remotest possibility of success should arise.

A half hour later they halted for a short rest. The officer in command wore the epaulettes of a lieutenant colonel. As he rode back to the rear of the column to give some order to the guards, Walter looked up into his face, taking a full view of him. As he gave the order to march, he noticed that he raised his hand with a peculiar emphasis, pointing with his index finger, and gave his command in a clear, rasping voice. Both the countenance and the manner attracted his attention but he expressed nothing.

At the second halt, he walked up toward the front of the column to catch another glimpse of that countenance, as he would turn in his saddle and look back. It was bronzed and weather-beaten. It was eliciting, however, his greatest interest, especially as he watched his manner of addressing his companions and giving his commands, but still he kept his own counsel.

At noon, when they stopped for a longer rest, Walter walked up to the front, within speaking distance of where the Colonel was sitting, and saluted him,

saying, "Colonel, can I have the pleasure of speaking with you a few minutes?"

"You can speak to me right now and here, if you wish," was the reply.

"I would like to have, if you please, Colonel, the privilege of speaking with you for a few minutes privately," replied Walter.

"I have no special privileges to grant to anyone," replied the Colonel. "What is it that you wish to say? You can proceed right here."

"I merely wanted to say," said Walter, with great composure, "that I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before. I have no special privileges to ask, in violation of your very just rule to serve all prisoners alike. I merely thought it would be pleasant for old acquaintances, which I am now satisfied you and I are, to talk over things by ourselves."

The Colonel peered into his countenance for a full minute, then said to the guard, "Have you examined this man thoroughly? Are you sure he is entirely unarmed?"

The guard replied, "I am, Colonel."

"Let him come up. You may retire," said the Colonel.

Walter advanced, took the Colonel's extended hand, as he asked him the question, "Where do you think you ever saw me before?"

"In my father's house," replied Walter.

"I see now that you are right," replied the Colonel, "though I don't suppose I should have recognized you, if you had not made yourself known. Though, of course, he continued, with a grim smile, "I was not looking for you on this occasion, as you may

well suppose. I did, however, begin to recognize you when you spoke the second time. How are you anyhow? I am really glad to meet you, and have an opportunity to talk with you. Come this way," and he stepped a few paces to one side, Walter following him, when both sat down on the bank.

After they had learned all about each other's experiences since they had first met, Walter learning that Clinton had been severely wounded at Chancellorsville a year before, from which he was only now fairly recovered, Clinton said to Walter, "Well, what has become of Reed, who it appears has already given you some account of me."

"He enlisted in a three years' regiment, that was made up partly in Jefferson county, and was killed last fall in some small but severe engagement in Virginia. I think it was Kelley's Ford."

"What has become of his wife and daughters."

"They are keeping a little store in Mansdale."

"Emma was a bright, intelligent young girl," replied Clinton. "Remember me kindly to her and her mother when next you see them. Some of you northern braves ought to marry her. You might do worse."

Walter replied, "Yes, she is a very bright, entertaining girl, and she will not be allowed to suffer. As for the marrying business, you had better come up North after the war is over, and do that yourself. Make a romance worth while."

"Why, you would not expect me to marry a Yankee girl, would you?"

"Don't know what you may do yet. The only

difficulty I see about it is, I don't believe she would marry a rebel."

"Pretty bitter, is she?" asked Clinton.

"Yes, she is," replied Walter. "She has occasion to be. But at the same time, I believe both she and her mother have rather a kindly feeling toward you."

"Yes, the family have been handled pretty rough," said Clinton. "I can imagine her being pretty strong in her feelings, especially if it is with you as it is with us. The women are far more bitter than the men."

"There may be something in that," said Walter.

"How is your young lady friend coming on," continued Clinton, "who thought the Southern people were nothing but a set of blowhorns?"

"I think I may say that she has changed her opinion somewhat as to that," replied Walter, "since you caused her to stand by the graves of a betrothed husband and a brother. I gave her your compliments that winter, as you requested me, for her opinion of the Southern people. She laughed."

Clinton looked at Walter and said, "Poor girl, give her my compliments again, if ever you see her, though I have no doubt that she would rather have the *blood* of Southern men now than their compliments; but, still I send my compliments to her as 'a foeman worthy of his steel,' and tell her that her friends have long since dispelled the idea with our people, that one Southerner can thrash five Yankees"

"When am I to tell her all this?"

"When you get back home."

"Yes, if I ever get back home."

"Oh, you will live to get back all right."

"Not unless you give me a chance right now and here, Colonel," said Walter.

"What do you mean?" asked Clinton, looking at him half savagely.

Walter locked him straight in the eye, and replied with perfect composure, "Just what I say, Colonel; I know as well as I know that I am here, that I am simply going down to my grave if I have to languish any length of time in prison. Some temperaments may stand it, but I know mine will not. Colonel Clinton, I address you as my friend; I tell you, you now have it in your power to do me a great personal favor, which will put me under obligation to you for the rest of my life and do no injury to yourself; I mean, simply give me some opportunity to escape. I know I shall die if I go to Andersonville, and the news of such a thing will kill my mother, and I know you do not wish to do that I have told truthfully my history since you last saw me; I believe that you believe me. I am no mercenary spy, pleading simply for life; I am a square, open foe, and respect you as such. Shoot me down in battle and I will respect you, and so will my parents and all my friends in the North, but don't torture me to death in a prison. Colonel Clinton, I repeat it, you and I are friends, not enemies, and I believe you have it in your power to grant a friend a personal favor without doing yourself an injury, and all in conformity with your noble conduct to Reed. God knows that I shall appreciate the favor, and no man can tell how soon I may have an opportunity to return it. We never know what changes may take place in the fortunes of war."

Clinton looked at him steadily as he spoke these words. His eyes changed from their savage glare, first to astonishment and then to sympathy, and he

replied, "Why, you seem to have a poor opinion of the Southern people; don't you think we will treat you properly as a prisoner of war?"

"I have no doubt you would, Colonel, but I greatly prefer the hardships of liberty or the dangers of battle to prison life, and besides, mother would not know whether I was dead or alive."

Clinton was silent for a moment, and then said, "How old are you, young man?"

"I was twenty-one on the twenty-third of last April," replied Walter, "just two days after I started for the front from my veteran furlough." "Do you think you could find the way back if I was to let you go?" said Clinton meditatively.

"Yes sir, I am sure I could; I shall not hold you responsible for that, Colonel, if you will only give me the chance."

"Yes, but don't you understand," replied Clinton, "that you run great risk of being recaptured by scouting parties or shysters in the rear, who might torture you wonderfully, or even put you to death, on any pretext, as that you were a prisoner, violating your parole, a spy, or something of that sort; don't you see that you are much safer here with us?"

"I will take my chances on that, Colonel," replied Walter, confidently, as he perceived that he was gaining his warm side; "give me my liberty now by your magnanimity, Colonel, and I assure you I will only censure myself for consequences. I will guarantee, further, that I will see the Union lines or death. I will never ask favors of any other man holding me as captive."

The Colonel seemed buried in thought for a few

moments, and then looking up at Walter, said, "Well, then go; start."

Walter looked at the Colonel as though he could scarcely believe his own ears. He began stepping across the road, looking over the opposite field, when Clinton's voice arrested him, as follows: "Hold on a minute; come back here."

Walter looked at him earnestly for a moment with his loaded revolvers by his side, then back at the guards with their loaded rifles, then across the fields, then paused for another moment, the Colonel repeating in an undertone, not intending the men to hear, "Come here; I am not through with you yet. Besides, I must have more time to reflect over this." Walter advanced toward him, saying, "Why, Colonel, you certainly were in earnest when you spoke."

"Yes, I was, and am yet. I want to do something for you, but I must have a little time to consider. Give me a little time. Besides, I have something more to say to you. How are all my cousins, the Bernards, anyhow? I believe you said Mart. never enlisted."

"No, he never did."

"Why didn't he."

"I suppose his father could not well spare him," replied Walter.

"I suppose it did not suit your father to spare you, either,' did it?" asked Clinton, half sarcastically.

"Of course, he could have made use of me if I had been at home."

"How about Morton," continued Clinton, "Is he a strong Union man? Did his son enlist!"

"Yes; both of them."

"What! that little young fellow? He didn't enlist, did he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are they both now?"

"Well, the older one is at home now. There is part of Harry's brains," replied Walter, pointing to the stain upon his pantaloons.

"What! what! explain yourself," cried Clinton.

"I mean that he was shot through the brain ten minutes before you captured me, and that I tarried a little too long trying to drag his body back to our lines, when you forced me all alone to surrender in a ravine, and there is part of the brains that oozed out on my pantaloons while I was making the effort of rescuing his body."

The Colonel looked steadily at him for another minute, and then asked, "And is that how you came to be captured?"

"It is."

Clinton rested his head upon his hand, his elbow upon his knee, for a full minute, then looking up, said, "Well, there are some things that can be done best in the dark. You had better have night close at hand, at least, when you start. Now go back to the ranks and keep your mouth shut until your dying day, if this war should last that long, and don't blame me if you should have occasion to regret your course.

"Colonel, if I interpret your words aright, you have my unutterable thanks," said Walter. "I shall obey your instructions implicitly," and he took him by the hand, bade him good-by and turned to go back to the ranks.

"Hold, one word more," said Clinton. "Do you

think Miss Reed has any special admirer up with you?"

"Not that I am aware of," was the reply.

"Have you some opportunity of knowing? Or are you in love with her yourself?" asked the Colonel, in all seriousness.

"I have some opportunity of knowing whereof I speak," replied Walter. "As for myself, I assure you, I am not in love with her, though I half thought I was one afternoon, long ago. I honor her, however."

"Well, here are two extra hard tacks out of my own supply," said Clinton. "Now go, and don't speak to me or look at me again. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Walter, and he walked back to the other prisoners.

All afternoon, as they marched along, it would have been difficult to describe the conflicting emotions of hope and apprehension that passed through Walter's mind. But he obeyed his instructions to the letter, neither speaking nor looking towards the Colonel. He felt certain the Colonel had some friendly purpose in his mind, but what his plan of action was, he could not divine. About half an hour before sunset, they were marching by a heavy piece of timber to their right. They had just ascended a little knoll and were descending on the other side when a corporal of the guard addressed him, "Hallo! there, you young Lieutenant, what was that you found back there in the road?"

Walter replied, "Nothing, sir."

"None of your lying, now, nor none of your impertinence," said the corporal.

Walter looked at him with mingled looks of conjecture and doubt, replying, "I have found nothing

and have given no impertinence that I am aware of."

"Well, hold on a minute, I'll settle this matter," said the Corporal, as he walked toward the Colonel, saluted him, and held some conversation with him. The Colonel called the column to a halt, the corporal walked back to Walter: "Now, you come with me, young man, I will let you know what you have done."

The Colonel, adding his word, "Lieutenant, go back with the Corporal, and be a little careful how you conduct yourself if you don't want to get into trouble." The rest of the prisoners and even the guards looked a little bewildered, the former having mingled expressions of fear and wonder in their countenances, as Walter and the corporal walked back together, the latter assuming to look for something.

After they had gotten over the hill, about fifty yards, leaving a distance of probably four hundred yards between them and the other men, and thoroughly out of each other's sight, the corporal stopped, saying, "Now, haven't we gone far enough? The Colonel gave me my instructions; but look here, have you any money about you?"

Walter, though he felt morally certain, as they walked back together, that the Corporal and Colonel understood each other, was now perfectly astonished at this question, and managed to simply answer, "Not much." "None of your lying, now," said the corporal. "You Yanks all have money about you; out with it, whatever you have, or I won't let you go." "Did Colonel Clinton tell you to do this?"

"None of your business," exclaimed the corporal, "Colonel has put this business in my hands. He allows me to make the best deal out of it that I can.

Come, don't be too long," cocking his musket and pointing it directly at Walter's breast.

"Well, it is in my boot lining," said Walter, as he began to draw off his boot, saying, "you won't leave me penniless, will you?"

"I will let you keep one dollar."

"It is all in five-dollar bills," said Walter, as he began to hand it over; "you will certainly let me keep one bill?"

"Can't afford to let you off with that much," replied the corporal. "Here's two dollars in Confederate money you can have. That will buy you two quarts of corn meal. Come, I say be quick or I will put this bullet into you as quick as I would shoot a dog."

Walter handed over the ten five-dollar greenbacks, drew on his boots, and took from the corporal his two-dollar Confederate note.

The corporal gave him another scrutinizing look, saying, "Now, are you acting square with me? Is that all the money you have got?"

"I assure you, upon the honor of a man and a soldier, that is all the money I have. Now, will you act with the same honor to me. I infer the Colonel has intrusted a very delicate matter to you now Will you carry it out without breaking faith with me?"

"Yes. Now get over in the woods. I will give you fifty yards start, and then fire so as to hit a tree sufficiently to your left. You take your general direction to the northwest. That will keep you most out of the way of our army, and bring you within reach of the nigger huts at the same time; they will feed you. Good-by."

Walter leaped over the fence with a bound, struck

down through the woods like a deer, heard the report of the musket when he was about fifty yards away, and the bullet whizz to his left, thought a thousand things in the next ten seconds as he grasped his hat in his hand to keep from losing it in the underbrush, increased his speed, if such a thing was possible; heard the loud exclamations of the corporal behind him, as he was loading for a second fire, felt the palpitation of his heart against his side as, he said, "Now, corporal, be true to your trust; now, Clinton, be my friend and I shall never forget you Now for freedom; now for a sight of the dear old flag; now for the hope of home once more; now for Blanch; now for the realization of hopes so lately buried; now for my faithful legs, oh, serve me now! Now, oh God, be on my side for a few brief minutes while I strike for liberty or for death." And now goes the second report of a rifle, but the bullet whizzed safely over the top of his head, while the distance between them is too far for a third one to do much damage. And now you go back corporal, raise the alarm, assume your indignation with Walter's money in your pocket, and get your reprimand from the Colonel.

Colonel, read more rigid orders to the prisoners; declare that no such thing shall occur again; while you, Walter, press on, straight on with your own strong legs and resolute heart, toward the "flag of the free, heart's hope and home."

And he did press on through woods and over fields, through streams and across roads, keeping around mansion houses, looking eagerly for negro huts, but keeping his general direction northwest, as near as he could determine, until he thought he must be far

enough west to escape the enemy's lines. He could bear due north now. He stopped long enough to eat the two hard tacks the Colonel had given him and single out the north star. Yes, that little shining star should be the "fire" that should guide him on his way for the balance of the night. He was sure that he had his bearings and that his head was clear. He could get safely through the woods immediately before him. He enters in, an hour has passed, the other side not reached; 'tis after midnight. The stars are hid in the clouds. His brain is confused; he is hopelessly lost; he hears the baying of dogs; he is seized with terror; he clasps tighter his club, and utters the words, "It is life or death now, let come what will." He gropes a little further; he hears a running brook; he goes toward it, steps into it, puts down his hand to ascertain which way the current is flowing. These are all tributaries of the Rapidan. He reasoned that their natural course would be northeast. He would follow it for awhile; it would at least cause the dogs to lose the scent, if it was he whom they were after. He rejoiced that that much reason was left; he waded along the run for what he thought at least a mile. It was, however, about five hundred yards. He was not certain, at times, which way the current was flowing. He got out on the bank, stood still for a moment, and was seized with a feeling that gave him such a fright, such a desolate feeling, as he had never felt before. "What if I should loose my reason here in the solitude?" he thought. He had read of such things. He reached around with his stick and struck the trunk of a tree. He went to it, sat down by it, rested his body against it and welcomed it as a friend.

What a glorious thing that nature solves her own problems; what a fortunate thing that she cannot be cheated! No excitement, however great, no danger, however imminent, could have kept Walter Graham from falling asleep as he reclined against that tree. Exhaustion had overtaken him. No booming of cannon, no explosion of mines, no baying of dogs, no pealing of thunder, no falling of rain, could have roused him from that slumber, so thoroughly did sleep take him in her embrace, "knit up his raveled sleeve of care," and nourish him at her great feast. When he awoke the sun was shining brightly in his face. He really felt comparatively refreshed, except that the pangs of hunger began to torture him, and no chance to obtain food. He looked around, saw some sassafras bushes growing in a thicket. He went to them and began eating the leaves and sprigs. He pulled some up by the roots, took them to the run, washed them off and commenced eating them. "If Indians have subsisted on roots, why not I?" he thought. He started on his journey, but which way was he to proceed? The sun was near his meridian. He was not sure which direction was north, he would walk out to the edge of the woods which he now saw in the distance, and wait until he would sink sufficiently to give him his bearings. When at the edge of the woods he saw smoke ascending from a distant hollow. It curled as if coming from a chimney. He would take his club in his hand, march straight up to it and demand food. "Beware of despair. Beware of the man driven to the last ditch," are old proverbs; but above all, beware of the man suffering the pangs of hunger.

As he walked across the cleared field, along the side of a small piece of underbrush, he spied a colored man in United States uniform darting back. He called on him to stop. The man looked considerably frightened, stopped, peeped through the woods, and said, "Are you a Union soldier?"

"Yes," cried Walter; "are you one?"

"How did you get here?"

"Lost from my regiment, sah, jist tryin' to get back widout bein' tooken by be rebs."

"Do you know the way back?"

"Yes, I's 'quainted wid dis country heah; I's seen dis place befoh."

"How did you get lost then, if you know the country?"

"Didn't come dis way; got lost 'nother direction; come out through heah, den I knows whar I was."

"Have you got anything to eat?"

"No, sah; mighty hungry though; like to hab sumfin."

"Come with me, I will get you something."

"Hadn't we better wait till night?" replied the negro; I know dat place down dah. I's kind o'feard to go now. When night comes I kin git some grub."

"Come on now," said Walter.

The colored man followed him. They went straight to the cabin from whence the smoke had ascended, knocked at the door to have it opened by an old negro woman, with a handkerchief tied over her head, who exclaimed, "Sakes alive, didn't I tell you to stay away till dark, den I bring you grub. Heah you back right in broad daylight wid a white Linkum sodjer wid you.

Go 'way, go 'way! massa catch you bofe and frash me in de bargain; go 'way, go 'way!"

"We want something to eat immediately," replied Walter. "We care no more for your master than we do for a mosquito. I will strike him dead the minute he crosses this door to interfere with us or you either."

"Heah, take dis quick and go," she exclaimed, handing them a piece of corn bread about the size of her hand, with a small piece of bacon.

Walter sat down with perfect composure, broke it in two, handed half of it to the negro, and ate the other half with the avidity of a wolf, saying, "Now, prepare us some more," the woman still exclaiming, "For sakes alive! go, 'less you're armed and able to take massa, else he takes you, sartain. He carries his 'wolvers by him all de time, now."

"Give us some more food," said Walter, in an unmoved tone, "and a glass of water."

The old woman handed them out, from as mall box, a piece of bran bread about the size of one's fist, saying, "Dat is every blessed ting dere is in dis house to eat dis minute. Hain't got no glass; heah's de best I kin do foh you," handing them a gourd full of water, that she had dipped from a bucket, "but, for sakes alive, go!"

"Would you like to go with us?" asked Walter, with perfect serenity, as he took a drink out of the gourd, passed it on to the negro, and ate composedly at his half of the bread.

"No, no; not necessary for me to go now at my age," cried the old woman. "De men have pretty much all gone; I kin wait till its all ober; I sees now de Linkum sogers bound to win de day."

The two Union soldiers of two distinct races finished their crust, arose, left their blessings with the old negro, and walked unconcernedly over the hill, and down a path that led out to the public road, at which place, as they turned by a little grove, the negro exclaimed, "Good Hebens! dah is de old massa got rebel clo'es on, and dead armed at dat."

As quick as thought Walter turned upon him, saying, "When he comes up, you do whatever I tell you, and let me do the talking."

They met face to face at the junction of the road. Walter's first thought was that the man would be as much frightened at them as they were at him. But as they approached each other, he looked into his burly face, at his two revolvers, and concluded that he was not the kind of a fellow who scared at trifles, and he wisely changed his plan of action. In answer to the man's salutation, "Halt! where are you going?" Walter replied, "Hunting our way back to the Union army, sir."

"How come you to be here?"

"I was temporarily taken prisoner, and am now trying to find my way back to my regiment. This man has got lost from his, and is doing the same thing. We are both regular Union soldiers."

"Well, I believe you are both a couple of northern spies, been up interfering with my niggers. I wouldn't stop much to shoot you both."

"I assure you, sir, we are a couple of defenceless, unarmed men, and I know that you are too brave a man to shoot us down in that condition," said Walter, with a steady look at the man, that seemed to make an impression on him. After a moment's pause, the man

replied, "Well, I will hold you both prisoners, and send you back to our army as such anyhow, and I want to be sure first that neither of you is armed. I don't trust a Yankee on his word, mind that."

"You certainly have it in your power to do with us what you please," replied Walter. "You can satisfy yourself by any means that you desire, that we are without arms. All we do ask is, that we shall be treated with the respect due to prisoners of war."

"We don't consider that spies and nigger soldiers are entitled to very much consideration at our hands, but I will try to examine about your arms. Now, Yank, you drop that stick. Now, nigger, you lie down on the ground, face downward."

The colored man, trembling from head to foot, did as he was told, Walter having dropped the stick and telling the colored man to do as he was commanded.

The white man, then keeping a steady eye on Walter, and his hand on one of his revolvers, dismounted, advanced, searched him until he was thoroughly convinced that he had no weapon of any kind about him, then stepped towards the negro for the same purpose. But quick as he turned his eye, Walter struck him an almost superhuman blow on the side of the head with his fist, which felled him senseless to the ground; springing upon his head, he cried to the colored man, "Take his arms, take his arms!"

The colored soldier, recovering from his fright, succeeded in getting both of his revolvers from him. Meanwhile the white man sufficiently recovered to let out some unearthly yells, and kick and struggle ferociously, but Walter held him to the ground as if in a

vice, the colored man exclaiming, "Shall I shoot him? Shall I shoot him?"

"No, no, no!" shouted Walter, then choking him almost into silence, said, "Now stop your halloing, or I will shoot you."

The man became perfectly quiet. Walter ordered the negro to hand him one of the revolvers; then pointing it directly in the man's face, said, "Now get up; but don't move a muscle or speak a word without my consent, or you shall die that instant."

The man arose, stood perfectly mute, Walter still holding the revolver steadily before him, said to the colored man, "Catch that horse; bring the hitching strap here; tie those hands thoroughly. Now bring him down here into the woods."

This being done, they tied him to a sapling, asked him if he was in a comfortable position, to which he replied that his left wrist was hurting him. Walter adjusted it with his handkerchief in the operation, tying him thoroughly enough, however, to hold him for a half hour, turned away, leading the horse toward the road, and said to the negro, "Are you sure that you know the roads in this country?"

"Yes, sah,"

"Does this one go toward the Rapidan river?"

"Yes, sah; I know it does."

"Jump on this horse then behind me. We shall not stop until we see the Rapidan or the Union army."

They galloped along as fast as the strength of their horse would admit for an hour and a-half, when he began to show signs of exhaustion.

"We'd better get off dis old crowbait and take to

our legs," said the colored man, who was pretty well shaken up by this time.

"I believe you are more than half right," replied Walter, jumping off, saying, "No, you get in the saddle and go on ahead slowly; maybe he can carry us, one at a time, for awhile."

They proceeded about a mile, Walter following close upon his heels, when the colored man stopped and said, "Dast if I knows 'zactly which road to take heah; let me study a bit."

"Be sure you are right now," said Walter; "I have been depending on you. How did you come to know the roads down here, anyhow?"

"Oh! dis my olé country down heah. I knowed dat ole wood soon as I seed it."

"Did you live down here? Were you a slave?"

"Yes, sah; good long while, ago doh; my old massa lib not berry far from where we were fust."

"I do not exactly understand your case. How did you come to be here, anyhow?"

"I tells you nothin' mo' boss; I knows my own business; I be friend of you, though; I git you to de ribber."

Walter looked at him as if he saw some hidden secret in his crude mind, not heretofore noticed, and replied, "Well, if you can get me safe to the Rapidan river, or better still, inside of our own lines, I will consider you my benefactor and ask no questions."

"I will git you safe 'round the Johnnies. I show you de road; I know what it is to be lost and hunt de right road when a fellow is strikin' foh liberty."

"Did you just escape from your master before you enlisted?"

"No, no; I's been up in Canada long time, long time."

"How came you to come down here to enlist?"

"Oh, I come down soon as I heard you was goin' to give our people free; I said I was comin' back to help fight for de old starry banner now."

"How did you ever find the road away up to Canada from here?"

"On de underground railroad, but I tells you nothin'. I used to get lost though."

"How would you get on the right track again?"

"Oh, jes' do de best I could; jest like you hab to now. I was almos' afraid to ax anybody; only once I axed two small boys. I thought dey was too little to 'spect much, 'sides they both putty good lookin' boys in de face, so I risked it."

"Did they tell you the road?"

"Yes, dey put me on de right track."

"What were the boys doing?"

"Oh, dat my business, boss; 'scuse me, but dat my business."

"Were they in the road or in the field?"

The negro looked suspicious, and said, "I git you your freedom; dat all you need know."

"The boys were walking up a meadow bottom by a creek, near the side of a wood, were they not?"

The colored soldier looked both frightened and astonished, as he shook his head, and said, "Nothin' moh to say; nothin' moh to say."

"Why, what are you afraid of?" said Walter; "don't you know you are a free man now? and that the government is bound to defend you as one of her

own soldiers, and bring you back if you should be captured?"

"Yes; but, den I rather not——I—I—."

"It was about dusk in the evening when you inquired the road of the boys, was it not?" interrupted Walter. "The boys were out setting traps, were they not?"

"Hard to tell what time it might been," was the reply.

"I think, if you will try to remember," continued Walter, "it was about dusk in the evening. There was a little snow on the ground, and you asked the way to Martin's cross roads, and then to John Williamson's, after you had handed them a note to read."

The colored man, opening his eyes like moons, said, "Looky here! somebody has been tellin' you something."

"I assure you the boys never told me."

"Is dat so?"

"Did you ever tell it"

"No; sah, no, sah.

"How, then, do you suppose I could have gotten the information?"

"Don't know, don't know, 'less de boys told somebody, an' dat fellow told you."

"No, sir; I never got the information in that way."

"Well, sah, dat gits me, dat gits me."

"Well, suppose I was one of the boys myself; don't you suppose I would know it?"

The negro's eyes sparkled, his mouth opened to space running well into the inches, jumped off the horse, and exclaimed, "Lord, Heavens above, and great glory! are you one ob de boys? Well, sah, you

nebber know how things turn up. You git 'stride o' dis hoss. I walk de balance of de way from dis out. What has become ob de tother boy?"

"The other boy also enlisted in our army. He was wounded at Gettysburg so badly last summer that he is unable to soldier any more. He is lamed for life."

"Lord, bless my soul alive! 'member me to him when you see him. How queer things do turn out. You git on dat hoss, boss; I walk all de balance ob de way. I show you de far side of de river or de Union army before mornin'. You see one good turn deserves another."

Walter got into the saddle, thinking to himself, "Yes, it is a little strange how things turn out, but then—

See how far the little candle throws its beams."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOMETHING DROPS.

"What is so rare as a day in June?"—*Lowell.*

"The night has been unruly; * * *
* * * * * And, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events,
New hatch'd to the woful time."—*Shakespeare.*

IT would be useless to follow Walter and his colored guide through all their evolutions and windings in reaching the Union army, so I say briefly that in course of time they reached it. Not, however, as soon as they anticipated, for they were like the man who was opening his first furrow across the prairie and took a calf grazing on the opposite side for his mark, and found when he had reached his objective point that his furrow was very zigzag, and, taken altogether, quite circuitous, as his stopping place was very near the place from whence he had started.* As this remarkable feat in ploughmanship can be naturally accounted for, the fact that the object for which he was steering was endowed with the qualities of mobility, constantly changed its position; so on this occasion the object of these two men's search and of their hearts' desire, was far from being stationary. With remarkable perplexity, wherever they went the Army of the

*One of Abraham Lincoln's anecdotes.

Potomac, and especially their particular regiments, had just gone some place else.

And thus it was, that fully twelve days had elapsed from the time he was captured until Walter was actually back with his own company and regiment. The boys welcomed him as one they had given up for lost. They had witnessed his steady hand at the head of his company all through the conflict, and his brave attempt to save the body of a friend. It was unanimously agreed that he deserved to be promoted to a captaincy, which was soon done. The bringing of the horse back into camp, which Walter and the negro had concluded after all they had better hold on to, told in its own language that some exploit had been performed, but all the explanation Walter gave about it was simply that he had made his escape, and they had captured the horse.

The news that greeted him upon this return was not all, however, an unbroken stream of joy. Dave Miller had just left on a short permit in search of the One Hundred and Seventeenth, to learn what truth there was in the report that his brother Joe had just been killed at Spottsylvania. Used as he had now become to scenes of death and carnage, he was affected more than would have been supposed, by the news that he had merely exchanged places with Henry Kerr. That his friend now, instead of himself, was most likely securely lodged in some Southern prison. Yes, he was in Libby, afterwards removed to Andersonville. Not so fortunate as yourself, Walter. He is destined never to see the flag of his country again, or hear the tramp of the Union army; doomed to languish away, to suffer with hunger, to burn with fever, to die

unattended, to be buried unknown to either mother or father, sister or brother.

Yes, the thought of this shed considerable gloom over all the boys who had come to honor the Major for his sterling qualities. But to Walter, who valued him as a dear friend, whose honor, integrity, patriotism, courage and exemplary character he believed had been transcended by no man who had enlisted in defense of the Union, it fell like a heavy blow. He felt half mean at times when he thought of his own better fortunes; and, although he knew that his own capture and escape had naught to do with Henry's fate, he would think to himself, "How disappointed he will be when he gets to Andersonville and finds that I am not there. Maybe, I should have staid; we might have been some comfort to each other. I am sure, if I was there now, and Clinton was to lay my liberty at my feet, I would not accept it without his being included with it."

But I am digressing. Tired and weary, as Walter was that afternoon when he reached his camp, much as he longed to stretch out surrounded by his old comrades and take a long refreshing sleep, he first provided paper, envelopes and lead pencil, and wrote two letters: one to his mother, the other to Blanch Morton. The one penned for Blanch was as follows:

IN CAMP, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA, June 16, 1864.

MISS BLANCH MORTON:

My Dear Friend:—I embrace this, the earliest possible opportunity I have had to write you a single line in reference to Harry. I can say only what you already know, that I made out very poorly in doing much for him. Take to yourself, however, Blanch, the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that the

quality of which your own noble virtue spoke as being more precious than life was untarnished. Yes, Harry's military career was short, and his death a stunning blow to you, but his honor is quite safe. It is useless to go into detail. Further on I may have the satisfaction of writing or teling it all to you more fully. You may, perhaps, have heard the cause of my delay in writing. It is only necessary now to say that I am again in camp with my regiment, safe and all right. Remember me to all the family. Yours very truly,

WALTER GRAHAM.

He sealed these letters, endorsed them, gave them to Jack Matson, who promised him to start them by the first mail that left camp, if that should be before he awoke, and then stretched himself out for a long sleep. He aroused about sunset to come and partake of a good supper of fried hard tack, bacon and coffee, before they broke camp, as their orders were to be ready to march with three days' rations in half an hour. At ten o'clock they halted again and slept on their arms until morning, when Walter was aroused by Dave Miller, who came to speak to him and tell him that the news about Joe were only too true.

"Did he suffer much?" asked Walter.

"Severe enough for the time, I understood," replied Dave, "though, fortunately, not long. He died in half an hour from the time he was shot."

"Dave, what is becoming of us, anyhow? and the boys and young men that were around Shocktown when we were boys there? I remember when I used to sit and listen to men of fifty or upwards tell about their experiences of boyhood and the companions of their youth; now they were scattered or dead. What old men it seemed to me they were. And now it seems to me I have lived a hundred years myself, though I am

confronted by the fact that I am only twenty-one. And you, whom I used to look upon as one of the 'big' boys at school, are after all only twenty-four."

"Yes, yes, Walt., it is astonishing. What a glorious thing, however, that we did not know the future. Let us see how many of them have been actually killed or died by reason of the war. Of course, there were several other people around the neighborhood that we knew more or less remotely, but I am speaking of the boys who either went to the old public school or to the academy; they are Frank Swave, Bill Boyle, Bob Long, and now, poor Joe."

The last word he uttered with a sob, to which Walter responded in a sympathetic tone, saying, "And do you know, Dave, I have a painful feeling that we will yet add to that list Henry Kerr."

"Yes," said Dave, "and then, think, the end is not yet."

"Yes, I almost censured myself for saying that very thing to your mother," replied Walter, "when I was home, when she spoke of how fortunate her three boys had been up to that time."

"Walter, do you know, before I woke you I was just thinking of another thing. Do you remember when we first lay down in camp that night in old Kentucky how Mr. Wagner and Mr. Flora, your two old school teachers, Henry Kerr and I, all took you in the tent with us to take a kind of fatherly care of you, and now if I live a little longer I will be home by expiration of my term; Henry Kerr in prison; Wagner and Flora already at home on honorable discharges. It looks indeed as though the boy we were to care for will be the last man of the five on the rolls."

Walter looked at him thoughtfully, nodded his head assentingly, but uttered no word, while Dave continued, "Walt., do you know you have a right to feel proud of yourself? The place you have reached at your age exceeds almost any other case we know of except your old friend Tom Swave, who has been compelled to stop while you still go on. I can tell by the letters from home how you were honored by the whole neighborhood when you were there."

"Here is a letter I have from Beckie, written before they heard of Joe's death. She says that all the neighbors around felt so sorry when they heard that you had been taken prisoner. Your sister Mary, it appears, was over at our place the day she wrote it. She has added a few lines, thanking me for the interest we took in you."

"Well, Dave, I thank you all for all the kindness you have shown me. I do not know to what particular things Mary alludes, but I know one thing, from her honest, unsophisticated and unsuspecting nature, there comes no hypocrisy. I will endorse everything she says."

"Just so," replied Dave; "she is one of the most sincere girls, with a good streak of humor in her after all. Oh! the things she alludes to here in the letter are simply nothing," handing the letter over to Walter. "You see, Jack, Tom, Jake and myself, all joined in a letter to your parents after you were captured. We extolled your gallant conduct, and presented a bright side to the case, saying, that we had every reason to think you would live to come back all right. I also wrote a letter to Will. Morton in the same strain, in which I explained to him all about your rash but

heroic effort to save his brother's body." *Hark!* the bugle sounds, the drum beats. "*Fall in, men, lively,*" are the next words that ring along the ranks. Dave Miller, who has now himself become second lieutenant, springs to his feet and is busied in the movements.

This was the abrupt ending of their conversation. All is now activity, but the movements are orderly. In five minutes the regiment is on the march, the men taking snatches of breakfast, as best they can, from their haversacks. Such was the unceasing vigilance, the untiring energy, with which the Army of the Potomac was kept attacking and assaulting, besieging and battering away at their enemy during the summer of 1864. No word painter could describe it better than the simple utterance of an old soldier who passed through, it when he said, "I can declare truthfully before God and man that for thirty days I didn't have time to cook myself a cup of coffee."

Young folks, who may chance read these pages, do not get your heads bemuddled or your imaginations wrought too high about the enormous campaigns or the gigantic feats that have been performed in ancient times as exceeding anything in history, simply because it is so written in a few text books and believed by some teachers and professors, who see them through the magnifying medium of distance, but stop and examine whether there is a military campaign in the whole list, from Marathon to Waterloo, that cost a greater per cent. of life or was more stubbornly contested on the one or the other side than the one fought out by the two American armies on the soil of old Virginia, in the summer of 1864. Well may the sententious utterance, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," have

emanated from the commander of the invading forces. Why should we have any difficulty in comprehending the magnitude of the sacrifice of life on both sides of that campaign, after General Grant had made up his mind that he would suppress the rebellion if he had to do it by mere attrition? The whole series of drawn battles in such rapid and quick succession, from Wilderness to Cold Harbor, and indeed from thence on to Appomattox, was but the execution of that purpose. That any other man could have conquered by the same method is easily asserted. The admirers of General Grant are content, perhaps, to answer that he, however, was the only man that did do it. The wisdom of his plan may be the subject of criticism for a long time, but here again his friends are not without argument, for certainly the annual retreats of the Army of the Potomac the preceding summers, the invasions of the North which the Confederates were enabled to make by reason of their stratagems and the temporary relaxing of the efforts of the Unionists, the fresh starts that it was constantly requiring on the part of the North, the great battles that were being fought only at longer intervals, all gave plausibility to the theory that it was really less sacrifice of life in the end to just pounce down upon your enemy and hammer away at him until he is exhausted, than to encourage him by dragging the contest out so long, especially if you have discovered that you have a foe that will yield by no other method. For certain it is, from the morning General Grant crossed the Rapidan and opened his campaign in the Wilderness, General Lee was thoroughly engaged. He never again saw the time when he had leisure to take his army on an

excursion north of the Potomac. There is, indeed, reason to believe that from that moment on he knew he was crushed. But it may be asked, on the other hand, why should I argue this question now for General Grant since he, with characteristic modesty and honesty admits in his own memoirs that the attack upon Cold Harbor and one of the assaults upon the ramparts at Vicksburg he always regretted, as they were attended with no loss to the enemy adequate to the sacrifices in his own ranks.

But behold again I have been digressing. Indeed, if some good friend will give me a thousand dollars for every digression I have made, I will give him the copyright to my book. But thus it is you can easily see how, through all this confusion of the army, Walter's letters did not get started for several days. It is not beyond the bounds of imagination to understand that even after they did start they met with other aggravating detentions. In fact, it is not impossible to believe that a letter written by Jake Boyle to his folks a few days later reached Shocktown first. It contained the brief news, written in great haste, that "Walter Graham had been back in camp for over a week; that he was captain now; that he had made his escape from the rebels, had captured an officer's horse, rescued a nigger, and came riding into camp as large as life."

This news caused great rejoicing at Graham's, though Mrs. Graham was almost afraid to place confidence in anything, especially as Walter had not written a line himself. She knew he would not keep them in suspense a moment longer than was necessary. But Jacob and Tom Swave both explained to her that

there were a thousand and one ways in which a letter written subsequently to Walter's might reach home first, and certainly Jake could not have imagined this. "True, all true," said Mrs. Graham, "and yet I will not be entirely at ease until I hear from Walter himself. In fact, not even then, for even since Jake's letter was dated there has been time for the whole army to be annihilated three times."

And thus she lived on for two more days, between hope and fear, until Joe came home from the office, laying before her two letters endorsed in Walter's own hand. The one she opened first was dated two days later than Jake's, and confirmed what he had written, and made allusions to what he had said in the one he wrote her the day he got back to his regiment. She then opened the other to find that she had only the fulfillment of the prophecy that "the first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

Tom Swave, who was helping his father at times about the store, noticed these two letters as he changed the mail, and followed Joe in ten minutes over to the Graham home. They were scarcely done reading them when he came limping in. He was informed of their contents and there was a general rejoicing. The Grahams proceeded cheerfully to their dinner, and Tom, the same moment, went back to the store to tell his father and the villagers whom he met of the glad tidings.

After dinner Tom conceived the idea of driving over to Mansdale. He knew that Will. Morton would be especially interested in the news, that the whole family would be interested in it in a general way, and he knew that he was interested in Blanch in a kind of indefinable way. He debated in his mind as to

whether he should stop at Graham's and ask Mrs. Graham if Mary and Sue might go with him, if they wished. Although the girls were still young, he felt sure now that Mrs. Graham would not deny him this request, and he felt more sure that the girls would accept. But still he hesitated considerably about the propriety of it. Although, of course, it was fitting that they should be there on the occasion of the veteran party, or that this fellow and that fellow might call on the Morton's in a semi-business capacity about things pertaining to the war, or as condoling committees over Harry; yet who was authorized to say exactly how they might receive a purely uninvited social call from the Grahams? Perhaps he had better leave it alone. His own relation with Will. would warrant him of course in going himself, and any social freezing that he might experience from the lady members of the family he could keep entirely to himself. Still it seemed selfish to drive over alone on that lovely June day. "May be," he thought, "I had better ask Maggie Barnard to go with me. She would jump at the chance of course, and of course the Mortons could not discount her social standing, their own cousin, the belle of Shocktown, and the queen of the ball.

After proving so conclusively to himself that it would be perfectly proper to take Maggie Bernard with him, what reason do you suppose he ultimately found for going by himself? It is my province not to answer, only to state the fact, only to say that as he jogged along that lovely day in the early June enjoying his segar and engaged alone with his own thoughts, his mind went back over very much the same things that his old friends Walter and Dave Miller had been

talking about when the drum called them to action. He thought of the latest bereavement in the village, and the expression that was on Mrs. Miller's face the day the paper came saying Joe had been killed at Spottsylvania, another victim out of his old company. He thought of his mother and his own brother Frank, both lying in the little church-yard grave. He remembered that Frank and Dave Miller were like Walter and himself, about of an age and almost as intimate. He reflected on how many of his childhood companions had already been sacrificed, and thought how much he had to be thankful for himself. He hoped, he truly hoped that Walter would live to get back all right. He trembled when he thought of the terrific manner in which the contest was still raging; of the strong probability that Walter would yet be killed.

A vague premonition, a faint foreshadowing of something in connection with that thought, seemed to tell him that Walter's death might not be to his disadvantage in the consummation of the half undefined purpose that was taking him to Mansdale that afternoon. He was startled for the instant like a guilty culprit at the *thought* of such a *thought*. Why had it entered his mind? It was the brain in its cogitations simply that had spoken. He knew that it was not the soul. He bade the thought forever down. He called upon God to witness that he was not guilty of so mean a thing. He made no pretense of being as high in moral attributes as Walter Graham. He knew that his mind was less stable and perhaps more subtle than his friend's, but he could bow here under the shadows of these trees and swear before high Heaven that the thought which had pierced his brain for a single moment was the

thought of the devil, that it should find entering room in his mind never again. Nay, if it came to that, he could stand up and officiate at the wedding of Walter Graham and Blanch Morton as best man without an envious pang. He would put himself to the test, by always speaking of him to Blanch in the most complimentary terms.

When he arrived at Mansdale he drove directly to the Morton mansion. Heretofore he had always gone first to the warehouse to see Will. and then be governed by developments. Somehow he forgot all about that circumlocution to-day and took a shorter cut to the object of his heart. He hitched his horse under the shade of the trees, walked up through the spacious yard and was met on the porch by Blanch herself, whose frank manner instantly dispelled any fear he may have had of being frozen out.

"Why, Mr. Swave, we are glad to see you," she said. "How come you to be so thoughtful as to drive over this afternoon, just as we were all talking about you?"

"Oh, the good angels always tell a person what to do. I just came over to bring you the news and hear what you have here."

"That's right, come in. Miss Deaver is here, whom you met at the party. Her brother has been badly injured, lost a limb only a few days ago at North Anna."

"Yes, I know her brother Charlie. He was a member of my old company."

They went into the house where Aunt Mary, Cousin Ida and Miss Deaver all received him kindly, Tom inquiring of Miss Deaver the particulars about her brother, who told him that his leg had been amputated

above the knee, but the advices now were that he was in a favorable condition, and the doctors saw no reason why he should not recover all right.

Tom remarked dryly, "Yes, yes, if they keep on there will not be much of the old One Hundredth and Seventeenth left."

Miss Deaver replied, "No, I think not."

Blanch remarked, half humorously, "Why, they don't amount to anything compared with the Seventy-fifth, do they? Don't you remember your friend, McKnight's version of matters?"

"Yes indeed," replied Tom, smiling the smile of reciprocity, "when the war is over we will have to give Pat. a gold medal, with the inscription, "The country saved by the gallant Seventy-fifth."

Ida smiled and said, "Perhaps you could not give it to anyone who would appreciate it more."

Miss Deaver looked half inquiringly as Blanch remarked to her, "Oh, this is a little fun Mr. Swave and I have. Well, what is the news up at Shocktown, anyhow, Mr. Swave, you said you came to tell us. We have told you ours already."

"Oh, both good and bad," said Tom. "Joe Miller, an old schoolmate of mine and Will.'s, too, has been killed, and Walt. Graham is all right, back with his regiment, and captian now."

"Oh, say, tell us about it," they all exclaimed at once; "was he exchanged? What is the latest news you have?"

"Well, his mother received two letters from him this morning, one dated considerably in advance of the other. They say he escaped."

"Oh, I guess we got a letter from him this morn-

ing, too," said Aunt Mary, with a twinkle in her eye, and turning towards Blanch.

"Is that so?" exclaimed Tom. "Perhaps your information is later than ours. Let me see that letter, Miss Blanch."

"Listen at the man, won't you," said Ida; "wants to read your letter, Blanch."

"Why, certainly," said Blanch, turning to her drawer to get it, "but I do not think it has anything later. In fact, it makes no allusion to himself except to say that he is back all right."

"Well, yes," said Tom, smiling, "you see I merely wished to learn the date."

"Yes, yes, I understand," replied Ida, "you have a very ingenious way of stealing into Blanch's letters. You would not like to promise to look no further than the date, would you?"

"Oh, now, you see, Miss Ida, you have made me out a sinner; I will have to be one," replied Tom, as he took the letter from Blanch, and at her request, of course, read it carefully all through.

"Now, you see," said Blanch, "he does not say anything about himself except the bare fact."

"Heroes never do talk about themselves," replied Tom. "Walt. is a hero, if ever there was one."

"And I wonder what *Walt.* calls *Tom*," said Ida.

"Oh, well, that is what he calls me; that is the *Tom* part of it. I am glad to hear you commencing to do the same. I think I have heard you girls even say Walt. I think you ought to extend the same courtesy to me by saying Tom."

"Oh, no; it is Will. that says Walt.," replied Blanch "I always spoke of him as Walter.

"Then she will have to call you Thomas," said Aunt Mary.

"Oh, that kills me," said Tom. "I would not know whom you were speaking to."

"I always thought Tom was a nice name," interposed Miss Deaver; "it is nice and easily said. You need not think of it as a nickname."

The company all seemed to endorse what Miss Deaver had said, upon reflection, but there were some names; there was no sense in nicknaming, such, for instance, as Walter that was short and easy enough in itself. Thus they discussed this important topic for several minutes, Blanch closing it with that thoughtful expression of merriment in her eye, saying, "Walter Graham and Tom Swave; I suppose those are a couple of pretty good names. Two great boys undertook to go to war, one got wounded and had to come home, and the other was taken prisoner."

"Yes, indeed, that is the way to put the rebellion down, is it not?" replied Tom.

"Oh, girls, let us go outside," said Ida, as she led the way out on the porch, "it is so pleasant."

The company all got up, went out on the porch, strolled about the yard, and had such a lively time, that it would be vain to attempt to describe it. Tom forgot to even inquire for Will. until nearly supper time. Certain it was, he no longer needed him as a medium through which to see the girls. The Christian resignation with which the family had accepted Harry's death was beautiful. Blanch had ignored all mourning, remarking simply to her father, "If my love for Harry is not inside of my breast, I cannot con-

vince the world that it is there by wearing it on the outside."

Her very presence seemed restful to Tom Swave that afternoon. She was almost gay. She was happy in the thought that she had read and re-read several times in Walter's letter, "His military career was short, and his death a stunning blow to you. But his honor is quite safe."

"Harry dead and his honor quite safe. Better far than at home with us this lovely afternoon in disgrace," she thought. Young Graham, she believed, must be something of a hero; Dave Miller's letter indicated it; his own letter indicates it; and here is his life-long friend calling him such.

Thus they basked in the shade and the sunshine of the old yard and porches that afternoon. On one occasion Tom slipped up behind Blanch, with a large maple leaf curled down in the centre of his left hand, struck it with that peculiar scientific blow with his right hand which he had done so often when a youngster, making it crack like a pistol in her ear. Blanch jumped, turned around and said, "Oh! Tom Swave, you mean fellow, what shall I do with you?"

Tom shook with laughter while Blanch smiled in great amusement at his hearty laugh. Tom saying, "Come sympathise with her, girls. She is awfully injured." "Well, you are mean. Don't you think so yourself?" said Blanch, smiling complacently at him. "What made you drive over here this afternoon by yourself? Why did you not bring cousin Maggie or Rachie with you?"

"Oh! bless me," said Tom. "How could I bring

other girls with me, when I came to take you out riding?"

"Oh! mercy, you are a long time asking a person. I never took you for such a backward young man."

"Better late than not at all," replied Tom. "Come, I will take you around the town and show you the places of interest."

"Oh, no," said Blanch, still smiling benignantly at him, and making an effort to fix a leaf in her hand in that peculiar cracking position so well understood by the boys. It is too near supper time now, I must go in and help Aunt Mary prepare it. Harriet went away. O, I will tell you what we will do, girls, after supper. We will all take a drive over to White Hill; some one said the honeysuckles are in bloom."

"That would be nice," said Ida.

"Yes, Tom, you will have to stay and be our escort. You can go with us, can you not, Miss Deaver? I am going to call John, and have him put your horse away, Tom, and hitch ours to the big carriage after supper."

"Well, hold on," said Tom, "you did'nt ask your father yet if you might go sporting around with his team."

"Well, I will send you down to the office to ask him if you may have them," replied Blanch.

"Pretty good suggestion," replied Tom, "inasmuch as I would have to ask and you don't.

The pleasant afternoon thus passed away. John having come, told Blanch that the horses were all at work or away except old Charlie, Will. having gone away with the best driver.

"Oh he will do for us, John. We only want to go to

White Hill,'' said Blanch, with a kindness of voice and manner that captivated Tom almost more than anything that had occurred during the afternoon.

At supper time Mr. Morton presented himself and was quite pleasant and greatly interested in the news that Tom brought from Walter. His letter to Blanch, he said, was so very short.

After supper the three girls and Tom were seated in the big carriage behind "Old Charlie" on their way to White Hill. "Old Charlie" was a large, snow-white horse, with coat as clean as hands could make it, and gave evidence of the fact that the years were not so very long since he had been a beautiful dapple gray. White Hill was the little summer retreat of the neighborhood where all the wild flowers from the Jonnie-jnmp-up to the rich pink roses mingled their perfumes with each other in their respective seasons; where the rocks lay over one another in stratified and unstratified masses, along whose sides at proper intervals giant oaks reared their heads and babbling springs came rippling down, whose water sprayed the broad-leaved ferns along its way; where scientists went to botanize, poets to dream, city visitors to rusticate, old people to recuperate, and young people to amuse themselves.

As they drove along that evening they saw the honest yeomen working in their corn-fields, cattle grazing in rich pastures, wheat-fields standing level with the fences in deepest green, clover blooms of various hues, welcome shade trees here and there by the road side, and White Hill peering in the distance, all of which seemed to say, "We perform our mission just the same, whether the country is at war or peace"—all of which seemed to say, "We are entirely oblivious of

the fact that there is such a thing as distress in the land."

This little company seemed to imbibe the spirit of restfulness, and for awhile forgot there was a war; Cousin Ida saying, "Oh! what is so rare as a day in June?"

Blanch said, "I guess an evening in June is about all that could be nicer."

"A party of young girls driving along, and admiring it, is still nicer," said Tom.

"Well, that is only an incident of June," said Ida. "I suppose it does not mar the beauty any if the young girls have a young gentleman to drive for them," said Miss Deaver.

"Especially if the young gentleman is right agreeable," added Blanch, who was sitting in front with Tom, and looked into his face with that penetrating but tender glance mingled with its smile of latent humor, so peculiar to those half-crossed eyes. Tom was not more completely disabled at Gettysburg than he was now; only this time the sensation was more pleasing.

"My, I did not know you were so sarcastic," he replied, seizing the whip in his hand, and making believe to strike "Old Charlie." "Don't you strike him," said Blanch, jumping at him sportively and catching his hand. "Father don't allow Old Charlie to be whipped." "I guess Blanch don't allow it," said the girls from behind. Tom was completely meshed, none the less so because the net was artlessly thrown. By the time they reached White Hill he could not have told whether the honeysuckles were in bloom or not, nor the difference between a dandelion and a thistle.

He did remember that they met Will. Morton and the little heroine from the South, Emma Reed, riding in a buggy; that they stopped and talked for a few minutes and seemed to be very happy; that they had also passed High. Bowers and Maggie Bernard, taking an evening drive; that they stopped for a few minutes; that High. was wonderfully deferential and asked with great interest after Walter.

He remembered that as he went limping over the hill with the girls he held out his hand on one occasion to help Blanch across a little rill. His cane slipped and he let her fall in, but she escaped, simply wetting one foot. The girls all laughed heartily, Blanch herself seeming to enjoy it best of all, as she said, smiling, "Captain Tom Swave, what an escort you are for the ladies, anyhow. Stop, and let us escort you. Girls, get behind the poor old Gettysburger, and push him up the hill." He knew, of course, that he got back to Morton's all right, and in due time started for home. As he walked out to the gate to get in his buggy Blanch said to him, "Tom, I want you to tell me something."

"What is that?" said Tom.

"What kind of a man is this High. Bowers, who seems to be rather intimate with Cousin Maggie?"

"Oh, he is a right plausible young fellow. He is the nabob of our neighborhood, and his father is rich and influential."

"But is he a man of character? that is what I want to know."

"I do not hold those intimate relations with him, which warrant one in answering that question."

"Your answers are evasive. Tell me, Tom, in confidence, what you know about him."

Astute as Tom Swave was, the honest countenance that looked at him now was hard to evade; but he answered, "My impressions have always been against taking him into my extreme confidence."

"Well, excuse me," said Blanch, "I will press you no farther."

He got into his buggy and started home, and be it remembered, though, as previously stated his head was always a little steadier on matters of love than Walter's, it swam considerably that night as he drove towards Shocktown. Blanch turned, went to her room and commenced to answer Walter's letter. The family had all told her she should acknowledge it soon. Of course she would attend to it soon. She sat down and commenced it three times. Schooled as she was in etiquette and the forms of letter writing, and aided still more by her natural good sense, she never had been so perplexed in deciding how to commence a letter. *Dear Walter* seemed a little too warm; *Dear Sir* decidedly too cold. The circumstances of the case justified more than that. *Esteemed Friend* too formal. "What shall I say," she thought; "I ought to have kept Tom to help me write," unconsciously smiling and talking still in silence to herself. "He is such a good-natured fellow; I kind of half like him. I wonder if I was too free with him to-day." But her thoughts soon went back to Walter and the letter. After she got it started, what was she to say in it? It must be submitted to father; of course, it must. She would not think of sending it without his seeing it. She would show it to all the family at the breakfast

table in the morning. She wondered what Aunt Mary would think of it, and she did want father to approve of it; so after tearing it up for the fourth time, she completed it once more from beginning to end without an erasure or interlineation, and said involuntarily, "This is the time I have got it perfect, and this is the way it shall go." It was as follows:

MANSDALE, June 2d, 1864.

My Friend, Walter Graham:

Your letter of the 16th of last month was only received to-day. Therefore, you will understand the cause of the delay in this answer. We were all rejoiced to learn the good news in reference to yourself, though you made such a slight reference to it.

Be assured that we all do thank you beyond the power of words to express for your noble efforts in Harry's behalf. You have no apology to make for not doing more. It is we that owe every apology to you, and certainly no words could express the thought better than your own, "Though his career was short, and his death a stunning blow to us all, his honor is quite safe."

We do take comfort in that thought, Walter, and I know that your friends are all proud of the fact that your honor is equally secure. Your friend Tom was here this afternoon; he drove a lot of us girls over to White Hill, and we all had a lovely time. He always speaks of you in the most kindly manner. All the family join in wishing to be remembered to you. With hopes that we may hear from you again at your convenience, I remain, Yours Very Respectfully,

BLANCH MORTON.

At breakfast she handed the letter to her father, saying, "Father, here is the letter I have written to Walter Graham, see if it will do." "Oh, I do not care to inspect your letters, child," said Mr. Morton.

"Well, I will just read it for the benefit of all," said Blanch, which she did, and they all thought it would

do. She sealed it, and after breakfast started with it to the office herself. She held it in her hand all the way; but she kept the indorsed side in as she walked down the street; somehow she never felt such a strange sensation in mailing a letter before. It was a lovely June morning. The mist was still hanging over the borough. It was going to be another lovely June day, the very counterpart of yesterday, *aye, an historic June day*. She stepped into the office and looked up at the clock. It was just twenty minutes past seven. There was no person about except the clerk inside. She slipped the letter in the hole. She heard it drop. Oh! the strange law of coincidence. That same moment something else dropped, though Blanche Morton heard it not. It was far away in old Virginia. It was Walter Graham. He is lying now on the field of Cold Harbor, where a musket ball has burrowed a hole clear through his left breast, and the life blood is flowing profusely therefrom.

CHAPTER XIX.

RETROSPECT.

"Grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front."
—*Richard III.*

IT is June, 1867. It is the second of June, 1867. It is a Sunday evening in June, 1867. It is just three years since Tom Swave took his carriage load of girls over to White Hill and had such a delightful time. To-morrow morning will be the third of June, 1867.

It will just be three years since we left Walter Graham lying prostrate and bleeding on the field of "Cold Harbor;" but where is he now? That is the question! Of course, you know the clash of resounding arms has ceased through the land; but where is Walter? We will tell you without a moment's suspense: he is sitting on a log down by the tail-race, in the shadow of his father's saw mill, listening to the water plashing down on the old head gate, and water wheel—just as he had done many a Sunday afternoon before in the days of his boyhood. He is not flashing sword or bayonet at the head of "burnished rows of steel" to fright the souls of fearful adversaries; but he is complacently punching with a lap-wood stick the ground, and at a pile of scantling before him, while his thoughts are deeply busied in contemplation of the happy event which awaits him on the morrow. He is whispering to no friend, with bated breath, between groans of pain and jets of life-blood,—"Tell my parents not

to grieve for me if this should be the end,"—but he is enjoying, apparently, the best of health, and he is in reality the happiest man on earth. He is going to Sharwood to-morrow morning to be admitted to the Bar. He could define now, in technical language, the word *law*, but he no more understood than did the great author of that definition himself, all the rules of action that were prescribed by that superior power; but he smiled complacently when he thought how he had knocked the examining committee out the evening before, each time, as they fired the questions at him about natural law and divine law; international law and municipal law; common law and statute law. How he explained to them the necessity of invoking the aid of equity when they all failed, "by reason of their universality." How he let them know the objects of all laws were *rights; wrongs.*

What was the use of his opening the lids of Blackstone to learn that, he thought. Why that is what my mother taught me at her knee twenty years ago.

Still, he had a right to feel well satisfied with the manner in which he grappled with the committee for two and a half hours as they listened to his definitions of natural persons and artificial persons; of their absolute rights, and their relative rights; of their public relations, and their private relations; of things real, and things personal; of the feudal system, and the different feuds; of the estates of freehold, and less than freehold; of those of inheritance, and not of inheritance; of those in possesion, and those in expectancy; of tenants in severalty or tenants in common; of title by descent, or title by purchase. How he made his way safely through all these and various other top-

ics, with all their subdivisons and fine distinctions, it is useless to relate, even plunging into the rule in Shelly's Case with a confidence which caused old Judge Upham to smile. He felt he had acquitted himself equally well as they led him over the subjects of practice and pleading; of evidence and equity; and that his journey through criminal law had been only a pleasure excursion. But the thing which provoked the broadest smile on the old Judge's face was when the committee touched him up a little on the constitutional powers of his own government; about the relative rights of the general government and the states thereof; about the powers expressed and the powers withheld, in their different constitutions, until they led up to the direct question:

"Well, what do you say, has the United States the right, or constitutional power, to issue paper money at any time? as for instance the greenbacks, as we called them during the war."

"Why certainly," replied Walter with great promptness, "the government had as much right to do that for its own preservation, if it was necessary during the war, as anything else. There must always be, somewhere, an inherent, latent power in every government to maintain its own existence, or it is no government."

The committee all smiled except Mr. Fate, who looked a little sour, as the old Judge remarked, half way between satire and humor, "That is what we always like—young men who can answer the gravest constitutional questions off-hand."

Walter looked around, slightly in ignorance as to whether he had been satirized or complimented; though it is doubtful if in greater ignorance than was

the committee itself as to how nearly correct his answer had been in giving the very basis on which grave judicial decrees should yet technically defend the action of the government. But the point on which no one was probably in doubt, was to which of the two schools of political faith the student belonged.

Naturally enough, as Walter sat that Sunday evening in such a tranquil state of mind, feeling so kindly towards all the world, and looking with such high expectancy into the great future that lay before him —he remembered that to-morrow was the third of June; involuntary his thoughts turned backward, and he felt almost happier than he had been before. He was seized with an inexpressible feeling of gratitude. Nay, he would not stand to-morrow in that forum of justice and assume his solmn obligation to act with fidelity in his high office as attorney, and receive the congratulations of friends on that third anniversary of Cold Harbor, without returning thanks to Almighty God by whose overruling providence he was thus permitted to stand; nor fail to pray that he might never grow unmindful of the comforts of her by whose noble sacrifices; whose unceasing devotion and undying love, he knew he was this day breathing; by whose untiring watchfulness and tender nursing he knew he had been dragged back from the very threshold of the grave.

The retrospect which he took of the three fleeting years, since that historic June day when he lay upon that field with ten thousand others, while the dry earth was drinking in their life's blood, had brought him almost to a melting mood. Now that this was such a soft June evening, and no one about to see him play the woman, he would just let the few tears that had started steal down his cheeks.

When he thought of it, he could almost feel yet the shock of that ball as it pierced his lung, as he fell back, exclaiming, "Great God! at last, at last!"

He lay for a few minutes entirely unconscious of the slaughter that was going on around him. He remembered raising up, hearing the groans of dying men on every side; getting upon his feet and walking, with a kind of supernatural effort, some fifty yards to the rear, when he sank down again, vomiting and fainting, but not to rise again until the October frosts laid open the chestnut burs at his dear old home. He remembered returning to consciousness again; all firing had ceased, but the death groans had increased. The dead and dying numbered ten thousand; the time measured twenty minutes.

He felt the hand and recognized the voice of Dave Miller, as he administered some stimulants and bathed his forehead with the same. He heard Dave say, "I'm all right, Walter; so is Pat; so is Jack; Sam and Jake are both slightly injured; we will take care of you." He understood they got him on a stretcher and carried him to the rear, while still vomiting and fainting. He motioned Dave close to him, and tried to whisper something (they were the words already given —"Tell my parents not to grieve for me; if this should prove the end, I am content"). I cannot say that at any time he bade them lay him down to attend to themselves, or to others, whose necessities were greater than his own. The opportunity past, he left no such immortal sentiment escape his lips to go softly down the ages.

But, hold! Perhaps there were none around him whose necessities were greater than his own. You

might have thought so, at least, as you listened to the comments of the surgeons around the field hospital, where his comrades finally laid him.

"No time to waste on men that are done for," said one.

"Oh, Lord! Poor man; his suffering will soon be over," said a second.

"Why, good heavens!" said a third; "put your ear here yourself; you can tell the ball has gone straight into his lung. What's the use in us fooling?"

Used as these men had become to scenes of suffering, and plying their vocation of mercy, while oaths and jests fell from their lips, Walter Graham, even in his condition, could distinguish between those which were the result of mere thoughtlessness and familiarity with such scenes and those which emanated from hardness of heart and mere wanton cruelty; as was the case, be it said for the credit of humanity, with only one drunken fellow who stumbled over his legs, giving him a kick and exclaiming with a curse, "Take this man away!" He received the reprimand of his associates, and Walter afterwards learned his name and saw to it that his commission was taken away.

But, our blessings sometimes come in disguise. This very act of barbarity called the attention of two of the doctors, who had already left Walter as dying, to him a second time, as they said, "merely for the purpose of changing his position and giving him a glass of water, and making him as comfortable as possible while he lasted," when, one of them, taking a second look into his eyes and placing his hand upon his pulse, said, "Look here, let us examine this man more closely after all; get his clothes off and let us see

where this ball is anyhow." This being done, the other exclaimed, "Why, good Heavens! the ball has gone clear through him, that is in his favor."

"Yes! Yes!" was the reply, "we were correct in our first diagnosis, as far as we went; the lung has been pierced but the ball is not lodged there, it has gone clear through."

"That is in his favor, as you say; that gives him a fighting chance."

"Ha, ha, young man, you have a fighting chance left yet. Here, lay him over on this side, give him close attention and good supportive treatment; just let nature have a fair show and he may live yet."

By this time Dr. Cain, whose eyes had first seen Walter over twenty-one years ago, and who was still in the service, arrived. He examined him, confirmed the statement of the other two surgeons and told him, in response to his request to conceal nothing, that while he had a *chance* for life it was a *fighting* one, indeed; that from this moment on he would have to fight as he had never done in the tempest of battle, if he meant to conquer.

And Walter Graham turned his face over on his blood-stained coat and did commence from that moment the stubborn conflict with Death, and fought for six long months as he had never fought in the tempest of battle before it could be safely said that Death was vanquished.

Four days later, as he lay in a hospital at Washington, awakening from a brief nap induced by opiates and exhaustion, burning with fever and half delirious, he thought he saw entering the door a female figure. As it advanced toward his bed-side he thought

it was familiar; he opened his eyes again to gather his senses, and heard the gentle words, "Walter, do you know me?"

Feebly enough he replied, "Yes, mother, I know you."

Nine-tenths of all that happened from this time on in the long struggle, you can imagine just as correctly as I can tell you; with the exception of one thing not always understood. Mrs. Graham experienced more difficulty in being admitted to see Walter at all times than she had anticipated. It was against the rules for her to remain constantly, unless as a regular nurse.

She applied at once to the Sanitary Commission to be commissioned as one. She had gone to Washington to nurse her son until he got well or died, and she was not to be baffled in her purpose. But, meanwhile, she took a shorter and more effective cut; she went straight to Abraham Lincoln She went away with his signature to a polite note to the proper official, which read, "Please let Mrs Graham have constant access to the hospital, as she is willing to help generally with all the sick. A. LINCOLN."

So the contest between life and death went on for four weeks with no apparent gain for Walter, at which time he motioned to his mother to place her ear close to him, and he said: "Mother, why prolong this conflict? Why not let death claim the victory now? Life is not worth the struggle. I can go so happy if you are willing."

Mrs. Graham laid her cheek down upon his hollow one as the tears trickled down over it and said: "Oh! Walter, my dear boy, I do not like to be selfish, for I know how ready you are to go, but don't you think

you can hold on a little longer? The doctor said this afternoon your wound had commenced again to discharge healthy puss at both openings. Don't you think, my dear son, you can try once more on our account? We all do love you so, and something told me when I started from home that you were not to be taken from us in this way."

Walter made an effort to kiss his mother, and said in a whisper: "Mother, I will try once more for your sake." And he summoned up all the resolution and vitality that were left and renewed the battle just where he began it more than four weeks before.

At the end of three more weeks there seemed to be some visible gain on Walter's side. A week later he called his mother to him once again and said: "Mother, dear, won't you go home now to father and the rest? I have passed the Rubicon now—I feel it. What is the use in sacrificing one life to save another? Won't you go home and take a rest?"

His mother took his hand in hers, pressed her lips upon his forehead and said: "Walter, do you think I would leave you in this condition? Yes, you have passed the Rubicon and are safe, but only by my staying and constantly watching and dressing your wounds regularly, are you entirely safe."

Four weeks later he could sit up a little in bed, propped up with the pillows; but Mrs. Graham said: "Let those sores once heal before nature has succeeded in throwing off all she wants and there is great danger yet."

The doctor had to admit that her view of the matter was really the correct one, and she still staid.

Two weeks later he could sit up for ten minutes at a

time on a rocking chair, look out of the window and see the autumn leaves putting on their various hues.

He would say, "How beautiful it must be now out in our old woods at home and up the meadow and along the hill-side by the dam. The chestnuts must be ripe. I expect Joe is gathering them."

Two weeks later he could walk about the hospital for five minutes at a time. He became impatient to go home. He said, "Why don't the furlough come? I think, mother, we had better take your plan, since you will not *leave* me; if you had me home, you could get some rest and take care of me at the same time."

"My dear boy," said his mother, "the furlough has been ready for a week, but I have not felt it safe as yet for you to start. I think, perhaps, in a few days now, we can start; then father will come down and help us on our journey."

"Oh! for mercy sake, don't bring the whole family down," replied Walter. "The people will think I am a poor stick if I can't get home now by myself."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the surgeon, who had overheard their conversation.

"You need not be afraid of any one calling you a poor stick, Major, for, understand, you are to be made a major before you return home."

"No, nor you need not be ashamed to go home with your father, if he is in any way worthy of the mother you possess."

"I am not ashamed to go home with him," replied Walter demurely.

"I am ashamed of *myself;* besides, we will delay here until after the election. I *must* be home in time to vote for Lincoln."

Mrs. Graham and the doctor both smiled, Walter's mother saying, "Well, I think, if by next week you still have been gaining strength, and the weather is favorable, we will try it."

Next week they did try it; and although Jacob Graham was there to help, provided with cot and blankets and pillows that he had brought all the way from home, to make a temporary bed for his son to rest on in the car, as his strength would fail him, and to pay all attentions and render all assistance in his power, that the journey might not be too fatiguing, Walter found, as the cars rolled up to the station at Shocktown, amid a drizzling autumn rain, that once again his mother's judgment had been better than his own, and that, glad as he was to get home, they had undertaken the journey quite soon enough. He was far from being as strong as he expected, and his wounds were needing immediate attention.

Is it any wonder that as Walter Graham sat that evening taking this retrospect to himself and of himself, and contrasting it with his present happy condition, that he should pause to think of how much he had for which to be thankful; that he should feel like shedding a few tears of gratitude? In short, as he looked about, with one glance over the whole ground he had traveled, the experiences he had undergone, the sights that had come to his youthful eyes since the night, when a boy of eighteen, he told his mother of his intention to enlist, until the day he was brought home in the cars by his parents, scarred and wounded, and exhausted, a man of twenty-one, he asked himself whether the whole thing was not a dream, when he had awoke from his slumber, until reason reassured him that it was all a living reality.

Was it not natural for him, since we of this generation who have lived through it can scarcely realize it, how can we expect those who succeed us to understand it? And was it not sound philosophy in him to reach the conclusion, that to be constantly rehearsing it was but to call one's veracity in question, and that to dwell as little as possible upon his own part in the great drama was but true modesty. Of course the war was far from being over, the day he arrived home in the the rain; for six long months of stubborn resistance still remained, in which the sacrifices of eighty thousand more lives attested the desperation of the Southern cause. But it was the end with Walter; so far as he individually was concerned you could write *finis*. Of course, he was far from being well, and his mother far from being relieved of her anxiety. Indeed, it ran well into the winter before the physician said officially, "The wound seems to be healed in a natural way; all danger of internal gathering is apparently over. Of course, that lung may be a little sensitive for a long time, but I should say now we are out of the woods."

But he saw, so far as concerned himself in his retrospect that evening, a grand ovation rather than a career of suffering during the fall and winter that followed his return home. In fact, the train had scarcely stopped at Shocktown until it was boarded by four of his original comrades who had enlisted with him in Company G of the Seventy-fifth, namely, Dave Miller, Jack Matson, Sam. Long and Jake Boyle, all of whom were home now by reason of the expiration of their term of service, and all of whom had been with him on the field of Cold Harbor. They gathered around him

with a stretcher they had prepared, and proceeded to carry him out, Walter waving his hand and exclaiming with more force than was beneficial for his strength, "Oh! no, no, my dear old comrades and friends, don't do this. I can walk; I can walk."

His mother, breaking down for the first time, said, "Walter, you will have to submit," and leaned upon her husband, who added, "Yes, Walter, you may as well surrender to the boys; let them have their way." His comrades all saying to Mr. and Mrs. Graham, "You are to go directly home in the carriage that is in waiting for you; we will take charge of Walter."

They carried him out, laid him on a bed of straw in a covered spring wagon, in the front of which sat his brother Joe and Tom Swave, holding the horses. The boys all got in and the team started slowly towards his home. He remembered that as they turned the corner by Swave's store a group of school boys gave three cheers for Major Graham; and he was sure he heard a couple of adult voices mingle in the cry.

He remembered that they carried him into the house, sat him down in the old arm chair, bade him farewell for the present and left him to the privacy of the family, while he almost choked as he attempted to thank them.

The stream of callers, the daily inquiries and friendly messages that poured in on him for the first few days, were quite enough for his strength.

A week later he, muffled up in a great coat, got in the back seat of the carriage with his father, while Joe drove them carefully over to the village to the election. And the villagers said, "What a sight," as

he walked up to the window on the arm of his father; with a government bond in his pocket, with unhealed wounds upon his body, with feeble step, and hands as white as the ticket between his fingers, to deposit his maiden vote for Abraham Lincoln.

He heard some by-standers say as he was returning to the carriage, "That looks mighty different from Jake Boyle's conduct. I think if I had been like him, out in the war and been wounded at that, and had a brother killed in it besides, I would have the credit of it now; I would vote the way I shot."

"Hush! hush!" said Walter, softly, and shaking his head, "Jake has been a good soldier, and a true patriot. I am sorry he sees things as he does, but that is his privilege."

Perhaps it should be stated right here that the other Democratic boys who enlisted with Walter—Sam. Long, Jack Matson, and his old teacher, Mr. Wagner—they were all casting their ballots that day in happy unison with himself; they belonged to that great army whose conversion had been wrought in fire and battle. Though Jake was the only one who adhered through it all to his Democratic moorings, the gentleman who made the remark about him belonged to the army that was known as the "Stay-at-Homes." Thus even Mr. Williamson was heard to say on one occasion, "The 'Copperheads' and 'Stay-at-Homes' do the commenting in the rear, while the 'Black Republicans' and 'War Democrats' fight the battles in the front."

But Walter's fall and winter at home need not be further described.

I need not stop to tell how the reaction that followed

both for him and his mother after their journey, began to pass safely over; how they would take long recuperating sleeps every morning; how they even supplemented them with an additional nap after dinner; how his mother would say to him, "Walter, I do think we will have to run a race to see who can sleep the longer."

How Sue would say, "I think the judges would have a hard time to decide which was the winner."

How the doctor would say, "Let them sleep on; it's the best medicine they can take."

How he soon began to take great interest in public affairs, reading the paper through every day; how he finally got to walking out as far as the mill every day and have a half hour's chat with Mr. Jones, the miller, and the neighbors as they dropped in.

How he was summoned back one day before his visit to the mill was finished by the announcement that there was a young gentleman with a two horse carriage load of ladies at the house to see him; how he hurried back to meet Will Morton and Blanch, Cousin Ida and her Cousin Emma; how he thought their visit after all was a little formal; that Blanch betrayed just a little of her early coyness, though he could see she was the same natural born lady. He was at a loss to know exactly where to place the slight embarrassment, upon his mother, his sisters, himself, or upon the other visitors, or upon Blanch alone.

But, oh! the long happy winter nights! How he would sit and play euchre with Tom Swave and Dave Miller, and the rest of the family, even inducing mother to take a hand sometimes. How he would play checkers through the day with his father and old Mr. Williamson when he dropped in. How it was about the first of February when his final discharge came, all unsolicited on his

part. Yes, mustered out, with the rank of major, for "physical disability, by reason of being shot through the left breast and lung at the battle of Cold Harbor," and not yet twenty-two years old. Certainly he remembered how Mr. Williamson remarked, though he could not believe it, "Lay it away safely, it is worth more to you than any farm in Jefferson county." And he remembered Tom Swave saying, "Didn't I tell you, Walt., you would get above me before we were through." How he began to read the histories of the civil war that were already beginning to appear; how he spent an hour each day over at the school with Prof. Baker, who so kindly allowed him to recite with the Latin and German classes, that he might refresh himself in all that he had gone over.

How the professor would come over twice a week and spend an evening with him reading the magazines and studying Shakespeare. How he smiled and said, "I suppose I shall have to do something to keep up;" when the professor told him, "Tom has been reading Gibbon's Rome and Dr. Johnson since he has been home, and he reads well, too; the only thing is it is a little difficult to get him at it."

How the early longings and ambitions of his youth began to revive in his breast.

How he had hoped to have had a thorough education and been a full-fledged lawyer at the bar by that time, when the unforeseen event of the war switched him from his purpose.

How the professor told him he was yet young; that he could be admitted to the bar just in the path he was now pursuing, by close application, if he would take the time; or that if the meagerness of his purse

would not permit of his going through the older and more expensive colleges of the East, as Yale or Harvard, he could have a preceptor here, and take the law course at Ann Arbor.

How delighted he was when his father came in one evening, and said to him: "I have been to Sharwood to-day. Ex-Judge Latham says the professor's plan is feasible. He will take you as a student."

I know it is useless to tarry longer to tell how Walter started to Sharwood the next week himself, taking his two sisters with him for the trip, where they all called upon Miss Lesher; and he upon the old judge, with whom he had a long and satisfactory interview, and whom he left, feeling satisfied that he fully deserved his high reputation for probity and uprightness. How, as he counted over his fortune that day, the accumulation of his pay in the army, he found he was pretty rich for a young man of his age, after all; he found he would have enough to pay off the last five hundred dollars of his father's mortgage; put himself through two years at Ann Arbor, and still enough left to buy his mother a gold watch, a sofa for the parlor, a little present for Mary and Joe, and pay Sue's tuition one term at the normal school.

Surely, he never felt happier, not even *this* Sunday evening, than he did that night when he returned from Sharwood after having done all those things.

A unique picture, indeed, he presented two weeks later among the students of the university. Boys who were already veteran soldiers, returning to school, after the war, to finish their education. Lieutenants and captains, majors and colonels, knocking at the doors

of our institutions of learning, asking for a little time to finish up what they had unavoidably postponed, presented a novel as well as a sublime scene, equalled only by the cordial welcome with which those institutions received them, as they opened their doors, saying, "Pass right in, gentlemen; make yourselves perfectly at home; plenty of room for all such."

And Walter *was* perfectly at home, as he found lots of similar company, not the least notable among whom the succeeding term was his remote kinsman, Wendell P. Bolton, who was one of the few early enlistments who participated in the grand review of 1865, and was now entitled to be called captain.

But this is a digression from his thoughts as he sat that Sunday evening on the log at the saw-mill, while the soft and mellow sunlight rested on the hillside, on the placid waters of Silver creek and the little valley, while the twilight was stealing silently on. When he was a lawyer; not at twenty-one, but at twenty-four; when he was not as flush in cash as he was at twenty-one; when he went to make arrangements for his studentship and pay his parents the debt he felt he owed them for the services of which he had deprived them before he was of age; he found that his calculation as to expenses, though close, had been correct, for he could still look into his purse at his last ten dollars, two of which his preceptor had so very thoughtfully told him to have ready to hand to the court crier to-morrow when he was admitted, while an allowance of three more for contingent expenses on his trip, would still leave him five dollars and his profession and the happiest man on earth. Five dollars and a good profession! He almost exclaimed aloud, as he

looked up to see Tom Swave approaching with two gentlemen by his side. One was Sam. Blair, the old engineer; and the other was little Jake Hoover, as they called him, in the years gone by. Jake was one of Walter's and Tom's more intimate chums when they were boys, and he had not seen him since 1861, when he first enlisted; he was delighted to see him.

Jake had enlisted, it will be remembered, the next summer, with Tom, while Walter was out, had gone through the whole service with the One Hundred and Seventeenth, with no greater misfortune than the loss of his great toe, and been discharged at the close of the war while Walter was at college; then, having tarried a short time in Shocktown, had gone West, where he now had a position as second freight dispatcher on one of the trunk lines west of the Mississippi.

Sam. Blair, who it appeared was his uncle, had now slipped off with him while Jake paid a short visit to his home.

They gave such favorable accounts of the openings of the great country beyond the Mississippi and the Missouri, that Walter began to think about it, but the thought of his five dollars only in connection with his profession made him think still more.

But by reason of that singular law which often gives several people the same notion, they were joined by several more of Walter's old schoolmates, both of those who had been, and those who had not been in the army, whose evening strolls had led them towards the Grahams; and the subject of the West was soon supplanted by the great question of reconstruction.

Jake Boyle said he had enlisted for the Union, and fought for it, and was willing to save it even if it had

to abolish slavery in the states, which he was perfectly frank to say now he was glad had been done, but he could not see that there was any necessity for negro suffrage in this country as yet.

Sam. Blair and Jake Hoover, who were both Republicans now, said they did not exactly understand all that was meant by the war when they first enlisted, but still Jake said he had come to the conclusion that he was ready for negro suffrage, since he saw how those old ex-rebels talked out in Missouri.

"Well, I am free to say that I didn't understand it all when I enlisted," said Sam. Long; "but I cared nothing for that. I would have suppressed the rebellion let it cost what it would; but I don't know that I would have voted for Lincoln, even the second time, if I had thought the Republican party meant to let the niggers vote. I don't exactly believe it will carry yet."

"Well, sir," when I turned Republican," said Jack Matson, "I meant to go the whole length; if there is no other loyal element in the South to reconstruct on, I say let us take the niggers."

Mart. Bernard and Wilse Long, neither of whom had been engaged in the service, each said, "they didn't suppose anybody exactly foresaw all the results of the war when it commenced, and that they must say that if it had been known that it was the intention of the Republican party, or generally believed even now that it was the intention of that party, to adopt negro suffrage, they would never elect another President."

"Well, don't you know what Wendell Phillips says about that?" said Tom Swave. "He says, 'When I

see a man half way down Niagara Falls, I don't ask him his intentions.'"

"Yes, and besides, don't you be too sure that Ben. Wade and Thad. Stevens, and those men did not foresee negro suffrage all the time and mean it, too," said George Miller.

"Why, certainly," said Walter, "and I tell you I am in favor of it, squarely, and it will come to that just as surely as revolutions never go backward. Of course old Stevens understood it all the time; why, he never minced words about it; he commenced advocating it to his constituents before the war was over. No, he had no other thought than negro suffrage in his head when he had that special reconstruction committee of fifteen formed with plenary powers."

"Oh! we all knew you would be in favor of it, Walt.," said Jake Boyle, "and I think you are entirely right; Old Stevens and the other radicals meant it from the start, and that was what he was after when he had his committee of fifteen created, with *despotic* powers, and himself at the head of it; that is the kind of a committee it is, or rather when he had himself made despot for a while; and I am only afraid you are right in thinking it's going to pass. The only hope I see, is that maybe old Stevens will die; he was nearly dead last month, when Jack and I were at Washington; there were four big niggers carrying him up the steps to the Capitol; then he couldn't walk."

"Well, 'four big niggers' had need to convey him up the steps," replied Walter, "besides that very fact in itself was the strongest speech he can make in advocacy of it. It's like poor Cæsar's wounds—it's dumb eloquence. No, sir, I am in favor of forgiving

the South, but I am on Greeley's platform—'universal amnesty, impartial suffrage.'"

"Oh, well, if the niggers had a vote they would all vote the Democratic ticket," said Bob Long, "it wouldn't benefit us any."

"No, nor I don't believe that," said Walter. "Oh, well, who lives the longest will see the most," said Tom Swave.

"Where did Dave Miller go?" said Jack Matson, "I thought he was here with us."

"I guess he went on to a more attractive place," said Tom.

The boys smiled modestly, while Jake Hoover asked seriously, "Where did he go? I wanted to see him."

"Oh, I expect you could find him up at our house," said Walter, with a slight smile. "There he goes now," said Bob, "he and Mary, walking out in the orchard. Wait till I fire this green apple up among the trees; it will kind of surprise them."

"Oh, yes, I heard something of that," said Jake Hoover. "How is it, Walt., are she and Dave going to be married?"

"Oh, I wouldn't wonder," said Walter; "you had better ask them, I expect. They can answer best."

"Well, Mary seems to be very frank about it," said Mart. Bernard; "she said it at our place the other day she expected to be married this fall."

"Shows she is a sensible girl," said Sam. Blair. "Why, certainly," said Jack, "you just tell her, Walt.; and you can tell Dave, George, that if they don't invite all the old Shocktown veterans to their wedding we will serenade them."

"I have nothing to do with it; they can arrange for themselves," said Walter.

"If we had Wagner and Flora and Pat. here now we would have about all the Shocktown veterans, would we not?" said Wilse Long.

"Where is Pat. keeping himself"? said Jake Hoover, "I haven't seen him yet."

"I guess he is out electioneering for his office," said Tom.

Pat., by the way, it must be understood, had escaped uninjured through all his long service up until the battle of Five Forks, when he lost his right arm above the elbow, and the index finger of his left hand, both at one shot. This phenomenon was explained by the fact that he was shot while in the act of firing, as his left hand was raised supporting his musket, the ball struck the finger on the left hand, passed on and took his right arm off about half way between the elbow and shoulder. That he was in a very helpless condition with no means of support, with aged parents unable to help him, was beyond question, and elicited considerable sympathy for him in the neighborhood.

This conversation awakened the further fact that old Mr. Williamson had said to him only the week before, over at Swave's store, in all seriousness, that he should come out for a county office this fall: Register of Wills, he told him.

The subject was new to most of the boys, including Walter. It was discussed by them in its various phases; Tom telling them further that Mr. Williamson said his qualifications were as good as those of the average man that was elected to those positions; that they

were men with only common school education, which he possessed.

"I do not know how far that sentiment could be depended upon in the county. Of course, I would be very glad to see Pat. benefitted in some way," said Walter.

Mart. Bernard said, "Pat.'s case is a pretty hard one, and I understand Williamson said that every country yet had paid homage to her wounded soldiery, and that if that sentiment was rightly managed in this case he looked upon Pat.'s candidacy as feasible, but, somehow, I am not so sure of it. And then another thing,—how about 'Squire Bowers? He is a candidate for the State Senate this fall, and will want the delegates from the township. It will not do to have two candidates from this township at the same time; so you see there is a difficulty right at the start."

"Well, I thought the government did claim to provide for a man in Pat.'s condition. Don't he get a pension?" asked Wilse Long.

"Yes, he gets a pension," said Jake Boyle. "But that is not looked upon in the light of any favor on the part of the government; that is a debt in his case. So far as the feeling of gratitude is concerned on the part of the people, I think old man Williamson is entirely right; these men are always supposed to have the preference. I think you Republicans who claim to be so patriotic owe it to yourselves to push Pat.'s claims, since he professes to be a Republican now, I believe."

The conversation here drifted off on the subject of pensions, in which it was incidentally developed that Tom Swave had never been receiving any; to which Jake Hoover exclaimed, "Well, why don't you apply

for one? I supposed, of course, you had been getting a pension all this time."

Tom replied, "Somehow, I never liked the idea of asking for it. In fact, I have not thought much about it."

"And then, another thing," he continued, "I don't know but you may even carry that sentiment too far; already you hear a lot of these substitutes and big bounty fellows that enlisted just at the last, and who imagine they have some rheumatism or headache they contracted in the army, talking more about pensions than anybody else."

Thus this little band of veterans, all of whom had enlisted in the early stages of the war, and all of whom held honorable discharges, and most of whom had scars upon their bodies, discussed that evening the propriety of pensions, and of Pat. McKnight's candidacy for a county office; reaching practically this conclusion, that a man as badly disabled as Tom Swave might ask the government for a pension without lowering his self-respect, and that if a grateful people wished to elect a man in Pat. McKnight's condition to a lucrative office, it certainly did not behoove them to throw cold water on it.

Of course, as they hadnot been able to foresee all the results of the war at first, so they had not powers of penetration that evening to see that twenty-five years later both sentiments would be stronger than ever; that the most difficult man to defeat for a public office, on general principles, would be a disabled soldier; that an annual appropriation of $150,000,000 would be required to pay our pensions. Neither did they see that grave philosophers, wise statesmen and astute politicians, would all

be saying, "Well, what is the difference; both sentiments are right, by nature;" and that while shysters, and substitutes and big bounty men who enlisted at the last, were the most clamorous for pensions, it would be said for even them, "You must remember they enlisted at a period when all men understood the war meant danger, and that the capitalists and millionaires of the country were quite glad to have them go at any price; and, therefore, what is the use in a government of sixty-five millions of people to haggle about paying $150,000,000 a year to the men who saved it, when the same country, with not half the population nor half the wealth, was paying $3,000,000 per day, before the war was over, to suppress the rebellion?"

Thus this little band dispersed that evening.

As Walter wended his way to the house he thought of the subjects they had discussed and the conclusions that had been reached at that informal meeting. He recapitulated substantially as follows: "Dave and Mary are to be married this fall; his old comrades would like to attend the wedding; Pat. McKnight is to have a county office, and Tom Swave a pension."

But the thought that still filled his mind with greatest satisfaction was, that he had five dollars and a good profession.

CHAPTER XX.

WAITING FOR CLIENTS.

AS Walter walked through the principal streets of Sharwood the next morning after his admission to the bar, looking in at the business fronts, he wondered if these firms were ever involved in litigation, and if so, could he ever expect to represent them in any material matter? In short, how was he to get clients, was already engaging his attention. He had always understood, of course, that he had to commence in the Quarter Sessions, on cases which afforded no very astounding fees, and there do something that would arrest the attention of the crowd, either by his aptness in knowledge of the law or by forensic eloquence. He was wise enough now to know that the great world around him, including Sharwood, with her five and twenty thousand inhabitants, and Jefferson county with her hundred thousand, knew very little about him and cared still less. Knowledge of this fact helped him wonderfully in this, his fresh start in life. It was a capital that would serve him long after his five dollars were exhausted, and the three hundred more which he was obliged to borrow, before he was self-sustaining. Though his ambition was none the less fervid, his enthusiasm none the less sanguine, than the night on which he addressed the citizens of Shocktown on the political questions of the day, he felt certainly he was wiser. Born and raised, as he had been, in Jefferson

county, coming as he did from a good family, having had had as many opportunities as most boys of his age to extend his acquaintance, and with his old army associates thrown in, he could not help noticing how few people he recognized that morning as he walked the streets. If this is the case in a small county town like this, he thought, what must it be like in a great metropolis. How was he going to make his personality felt in Jefferson county? How was he to reach that coveted top where the crowd was not? In all his happiness, what a fine thing that he was made conscious of the insignificant space he filled in the community. It was not for him to be walking up the streets of Sharwood knowing scarcely any of her citizens. It was for her citizens to be saying, "there goes Graham, our distinguished attorney," or "Hon. Walter Graham, our member of Congress." It was not for him to sit down and ask Jefferson county to come to him. It was for him to go to work and *make* Jefferson county come to him. He need not expect Jefferson county to come all dressed in her Sunday attire, begging for an introduction. She was probably like fortune, a little stolid and indifferent. He would have to take her by the throat and introduce himself, and in such a manner as would impress her. If he stood now too long upon etiquette, or waited for all the conventionalities of polished society to say when, he would wait forever. He believed as the boys expressed it, that he "would be left."

Of course, he knew that to make either the public or Jefferson county come to him he must convince them that he could do something for them, show them that he had something to sell that they could purchase nowhere else for the money, and now what he wanted

was an opportunity to exhibit his goods. In other words, how was he to get clients? How was he to get a start even in the criminal courts? If he could only get some friendless prisoner, charged with some high crime that had attracted considerable public attention; that would be his opportunity. He would give the public a stunner from the start, cause a local to be in the papers that might catch the eye of Blanch and make her pause even yet before she threw away such a promising young attorney, penniless though he be, for the wealth and position of young Herr or for the agreeable ways and genial companionship of Tom Swave, or the high reputation and literary tastes of Dr. Sherman. As for young Flowing Mustache, from New York, he had no apprehensions. He felt that Blanch Morton never seriously entertained his attentions for a moment. Still when he thought of Blanch it was then that the slightest shade would come over his spirits. Surrounded as he saw himself by all these dangerous rivals for her hand, when he saw her friendly bearing, her kindly manner to all of these, a manner which he knew had no similarity to flirtation, and was only natural to the unselfish nature, he was at a loss to know what conclusion to reach.

He knew he had nothing, as yet, on which to maintain her, and that while he had read in books of noble rich girls who had married for true love poor young men, even against the opposition of parents, where are the cases, he thought, exactly like this in real life? Then, again, he said, even if she does love me, (of which I am not sure,) I have no right, no moral right, to ask her to be mine until I can show her that I can make a lving, at least for myself. Even

if she were to accept me, and I were to marry her before I had made myself self-supporting or able to keep her anywhere near in consonance with her present station and ease of life, who can say that she would remain happy under it forever? Of course, she would suppress every emotion and try to be so for my sake, but would I be doing right to her to lead her through that path? To sit down and live a life of ease and energy-sapping indolence off of her (even if Morton is as rich as some people estimate him), would be despicable, not to say, immoral. To become a kind of tail to the firm of Morton & Co. would only disgrace the firm and humiliate me. I would have no taste for that kind of life, would only chafe and fret under it and be in the way of some competent man. With Tom Swave, even, it would be different. He has a talent for pleasing the public, and would really be useful in such a capacity. No, I love Blanch Morton too truly to ask her to make any such sacrifice for me. True, I know, sentiment and the novels say engage yourself to her now, and she will cheerfully wait until you make your reputation at the bar. Yes, and so thought I, when I was a boy of eighteen, but I am a man now of twenty-four, and supposed to have a man's judgment, yes, a man's resolution and fortitude; therefore, if it is not for me to ever call Blanch my own, I must try and bear it. It is only in books that we read of hearts fading away and going to premature graves under such disappointments.

It is not for men in real life to be crushed by such a defeat. I can go on through life without her as best I may, loving her all the same, but hiding it securely from her. Yes, both she and her father have a right

to see that I make something of myself; that I do something worthy of such a jewel before I ask for it. Of course, all this must stimulate me to try the harder to succeed before she is irretrievably lost, for I know that delay is dangerous. It is not in the reason of things for one of her strong sympathetic nature to go on forever without bestowing her affections somewhere, especially with all the opportunities that will be constantly offering. Oh, if I were only sure, absolutely sure, that I would succeed in any reasonable time, how soon would I test the question of her affections. Though failure has not been a part of my programme in any shape or form, what if after all that unseen and subtle influence which sometimes sends one young man to distinction and another to obscurity in his profession without any apparent cause, should be against me, then where would I have placed poor Blanch, especially if Morton should lose his fortune, through any unforeseen contingency, such as—as—as—for instance, Will. getting a little too fast. No, no, I must fight for a year at least, at the end of which time I can have some little conception of what I may expect, and whether Blanch is actually engaged to any of her other plausible suitors.

Oh, Walter! you reason well, yet so poorly—poorly, because blindly—too blind to see that all through those weary months of suffering and untold anxiety that she, for whose comfort and happiness you have this day so devoutly prayed and who bears the hallowed and sacred name of mother, was not the only one who sent you a woman's sympathy and a woman's love through every pulse-beat and every moment of your pain, but who unlike her, was obliged to bury it all in her own

breast, because of the conventionalities of the world and that, too, at a time when she felt surer of your love than she does this minute. Poorly have you reasoned, because she knew as unerringly as a woman's instinct could tell her that she had your heart at that time. It was too recently that you nearly frightened her out of her senses by your profuseness and warmth, which made her fear you were going to propose to her in the presence of her friends at an evening party, not to know what your feelings were toward her then. Your own reticent conduct toward her had not raised doubts in her mind then as it has since. Perhaps you are excusable to some extent for the way your reasoning misses its mark, because it was impossible for you to know that though her mind was not ready to give you an affirmative answer the night of your zeal at the party, there has never been a moment since she dropped the letter to you three years ago to-day, but that you had but to open your mouth and she would have been yours. But why were you too stupid to note, the day she came to see you after you came home, that she was straining every nerve to its utmost tension to suppress her emotions; that she was evidently afraid to trust herself, while you, by your own embarrassment, made the visit heavy and formal. How erroneously you have reasoned, (though nobly, it is true), in not wishing to bind her down under circumstances for which she might suffer mental reservation. She should be the judge of that herself; she would prefer to go along with you through all the journey of life, without the slightest regard for any adversity that could come to either you or her father, if you would but treat her kindly. What a great satisfaction it would

be to her to know your mind, that she might wait cheerfully. She regards you as having already done those things which make you worthy of the love of any girl on earth; she thinks it is judges and jurists that should stand and uncover before you, as you enter their presence, not you before them; she would love to share your toils and support you with her sympathy, as you strive on to achieve that success which you so modestly think you have to win before you are deserving.

There is one truth you did utter, however, Walter, in your mental soliloquy that morning, namely, "Delay is dangerous. It is not in the reason of things, for one of her sympathetic nature, to go on forever without bestowing her affections somewhere." Beware, oh, Walter, lest amid your philosophizing you lose forever what flaming youth has won for you long ago! Remember the over-ripe fruit which hangs ungathered by its rightful owner always invites the hands of strangers. But his cogitations could not last forever; for now as he had already walked three squares to his left and four to his right, well nigh to the outskirts of the city, they were broken by a voice on the opposite side of the street, which exclaimed, "Halloa, Graham, is that you?"

"Halloa, to you," responded Walter, as he crossed over to the gentleman who had saluted him, "why this is not Dan Potts, is it? Our old commissary sergeant?"

"That's who it is, if you look right."

"Well, I do say! How are you coming on, anyhow?" replied Walter.

"O, first-rate," said Potts. "I am living here in

town now; I am clerk at the prison. I heard that you were reading law, about ready to be admitted. Well, in fact, I saw you the other evening walking up the street. You were past a considerable distance, when Sam. Lukens said to me, 'Do you know that young man there, going along by the hotel?' I said, 'No, I can't see his face rightly.' Then he told me it was you, and all about you. In fact, I had heard about what became of you, after I was discharged. I don't think I ever saw you after the battle of Missionary Ridge. Let me see, you were badly wounded after that, believe. I saw old Colonel Dodge the other day. He told me that Captain Painter, of Company A, was getting up a correct history of our old regiment. He seemed to know all about you, and everybody else. Well, how are you coming on, anyhow! Are you almost ready to be admitted to practice?"

Walter smiling on his old comrade with all the cordiality that he could have desired, answered his questions cheerfully, saying, "Oh, I am getting along first-rate too; I was admitted to the bar this morning. Just waiting for clients now."

"Is that so," replied his friend; "allow me to shake," taking Walter by the hand. "Let us walk back toward the hotel. There may be some of our old fellows down from Campton to-day; they often come in on Monday." "Yes, if I remember rightly, that was your old section, Campton," replied Walter.

"Yes, sir, that is my old home."

"You and I are from pretty nearly opposite extremes of the county then," replied Walter.

"Yes, I guess so," replied Potts; "you were from out about Shocktown, were you not? Do you know I

had the address at one time of pretty nearly every fellow in our company. Oh, by the way, do you know that just makes me think of something. I know where you can get a client right away. There is a darkey from out in your section, by the name of Maybourn, in jail now. He has no attorney. He was only brought in last week for stealing a coat, I think. There was a man in from that section to see him this morning, by the name of Wood; one of your solid men out there, is'nt he?"

"I know an old colored man by the name of Maybourn," replied Walter, "over in Hampton township. He owns a little property, and so does his son Joe, the fiddler. But that is three or four miles from our place, and I have always understood they were very worthy people. I do not know why it should be any of that family. But that is where Daniel Wood comes from. He is a very solid man, as you say." "Well, sir, that is the family anyhow; that's it, sir," replied Potts. "He told me about his grandfather owning a property, and his uncle, too, the fiddler. Yes, he said the old man raised him; that he had money and would give a nice fee to a lawyer. You come out after dinner and I will get you that case."

Walter replied that he did not know exactly what to say about it. He was anxious to get a start, that was certain, but he had always understood it was not professional to solicit business.

"Well, that is all right," replied his friend; "Ain't I getting you into this job, and besides don't I see other young lawyers out there drumming up clients, having the underkeepers working for them, and everything else?"

"Well, I am much obliged to you," replied Walter. "I will think about it, and likely I will come out to the jail after dinner."

After Walter had parted with his friend, he walked rapidly to the office of his preceptor, where he found the old judge buried among a lot of books and making some annotations occasionally on a sheet of legal cap. As he approached, smiling, the old judge, without raising his head, but merely turning his eye, spoke first, saying blandly, "Well, how does it go being a lawyer by this time?"

"Oh! grand, grand," replied Walter, who then related the whole circumstance of his prospective client to the judge and asked him if it would be right for him to go to the jail to secure him under such circumstances.

The judge replied, "Yes, you are not supposed to run along the corridor from cell to cell hunting up clients. But, if your friend introduces you to this man, and he has no other attorney, and suggests no other one, it is perfectly proper for you to undertake his case."

Walter's mind was greatly relieved by the judge's remarks, and accordingly after dinner he moved with alacrity towards the jail. He had never been inside of one before. As the great iron gates opened to receive him, and he was introduced to the jailer by his friend in his official capacity, as he moved along the corridor, looking through the bars and peep holes of the cells at the prisoners behind them, a strange sensation came over him. He thought, "What a dismal place this would be to have to spend one's time. Verily 'the way of the transgressor is hard,' and yet, just think of it, innocent men have had to undergo

this. What chance would they ever have for escape from behind such bars and bolts!" For a moment he almost forgot the capacity in which he was there himself, though perhaps he never felt the power and importance of his office as attorney more than when the keeper finally stopped before one of the cells and, rattling his great bunch of keys, proceeded to unlock one of the heavy iron doors, saying, "Can you talk to him all you want through the hole, or shall I let you inside? Halloa! Maybourn, here is a lawyer for you. Let me see, your name is Graham, I believe," turning again to Walter, as he introduced him to the prisoner.

The prisoner advanced toward the door, sticking his head pretty well through the aperture which it about filled, and said, "Sir, you are young Graham, ain't you? Mr. Potts told me about you. Yes, I would like to have a little private conversation with you."

Walter said, "Yes, my name is Graham," and then stepping up a little, more confused than the prisoner, and looking around at the keeper, who had stepped a few paces to one side, dangling his keys, and who replied to his unuttered inquiry, "Well, here, I guess I had better let you inside. Now, you can go in and talk to him all you wish," opening the inside door.

Walter walked into the cell, heard the great spring lock click shut behind him, and the keeper's words: "When you are ready to come out, just tap on the bars here with your knife." He then listened to his receding footsteps dying away in the distance, and again a peculiar sensation came over him, not one in any way connected with fear, but, somehow, such a queer feeling, and he remarked to his client, "Well, now, I sup-

pose, I am about as thoroughly caged as you." "Yes," said the prisoner, "with a great difference between us, however. The tap of a pen-knife lets you out, but God knows what kind of taps it will take to let me see the sunlight."

At this remark Walter looked into the eyes of his first client, for a second survey of him, and thought, "Halloa! you are a man of considerable intelligence. I doubt if you are here through your own stupidity, at least."

The prisoner then went on to tell him how it was that he was suspected of stealing this coat, giving a very plausible story of how it happened one night, as he went across the river with some friends, at Swinton.

He prctested his innocence, told Walter what could be proven by different witnesses, and that it was true he was a grandson of the very respectable old colored man, whom he knew, and a nephew of Joe Maybourn; that they would take great interest in his case; that he should go to the old man and he would give him five dollars as a retainer, and that he should have fifteen more if he succeeded in clearing him.

Walter noted down carefully the strong points in his story, tapped in due time with his knife on the bars, heard the advancing footsteps of the keeper, bade his client goodbye, walked out of the cell as the door opened, and a moment later was out on the street, in the highest state of ecstasy. "What great good luck is this that has come to me so soon," he thought. He could get that fellow off, beyond a doubt. True, he remembered, that while the old judge had told him it was perfectly proper to go to see this man, that he should not put too much confidence in his story;

but the judge knew nothing about the merits of this case. Look what a respectable family he comes from, how I can prove good character in addition to the other strong points of his case, and then just think of the financial feature of the case, a five dollar retainer, certain, and fifteen more if I clear him; they are as good as certain, too. This looks as though I would be self-sustaining from the start. Father will be agreeably surprised, won't he? Yes, I will see old man Maybourn early in the morning, get my five dollars retainer, and have him help me work up the case.

Thus ran Walter's second mental soliloquy, as he took another long walk around the town, stopping to see the old judge long enough to tell him his hopeful story, to which he smiled pleasantly and said, *inter alia*, "You have not examined these witnesses as yet; I suppose you do not know of your own knowledge that they will testify exactly as he says."

"No, no, I have not," replied Walter; "but then I have not much doubt in the case, in fact, if half he says is true he has a strong defence." And thus he started off for another walk which took him in the direction of the depot, when he was seized by another happy thought, namely, that he was just in time to take the three o'clock train for Mansdale, which would give him two hours at Morton's, before the next train for Shocktown arrived. To this impulse you know, of course, he yielded.

He had not been at Morton's for some time. His greeting was cordial, almost warm. Cousin Ida received him with such a hospitable smile and pleasant,—"Why, Walter Graham, is this you? We had almost forgotten what you looked like." Aunt Mary

seemed as young and vivacious as one of thirty-five. Blanch came tripping in from the dining-room with searching gaze and benignant smile, as she said, "Well, is this our young lawyer come to present himself at last? You *are* a lawyer now, are'nt you, Walter?" she continued, still holding his hand. "We heard you were to be admitted to-day."

"Yes, yes," was his cheerful reply, with a dozen other matters thrown in, as they all ensconced themselves in rocking chairs on the old front porch looking out over the great green world. How unfeigned their congratulations seemed to be; how he told them of his experiences with his client. Aunt Mary said, "So you are just out of jail, are you?" Ida said, "Well, is not that highly encouraging for the time you have been admitted to the bar?" Blanch said, with her inimitable latent humor and kindness, "Indeed, has not your career as a lawyer thus far been a phenomenal success?"

"I am inclined to think it has," replied Walter. "Of course, one can judge better after the trial of my first client. But indeed, I am sure it will be a success, when I reflect that I am certain to do better with him than my distinguished preceptor, Judge Latham, did with his first client. His first client, he tells me, was hung, and his second one went to jail for life. Now the worst that can come to mine will be imprisonment for a few years."

"And I see now, myself, that you are destined to be a distinguished lawyer, by the way your wit sparkles and your humor flashes out," replied Blanch. "It is almost equal to Ida's."

"Or to her own, she should say," exclaimed Ida.

"Or to Aunt Mary's," said Blanch.

"Yes, indeed," said Walter, "among such a brilliant company it would be hard to say whose wit did excel."

"Just so," replied Blanch, "I believe the easiest thing we could do would be to turn this into a mutual admiration society."

And a mutual admiration society it certainly was, Walter and Blanch both struggling to hold it within those bounds, Walter, if anything, a little harder of the two. The time flew pleasantly and he was so at ease in Blanch's presence. There was no doubting the sincerity of her friendship; rather now to keep it from ripening into something stronger, before he was able to protect her, was the great struggle of will against inclination. And yet, what a perceptible change came over him in that respect when she told him she was talking of going to Europe this summer, to start in two weeks.

He made haste to say, with an effort which he knew she observed, "Why, that will be nice, I am sure. It is now my turn to congratulate you. Who is going with you, and what is your route?"

"O, I don't know for certain that I will go yet. It is one of those one hundred day excursions that take their professional guide and instructor with them. Ida and I are invited along. The company will be composed of a dozen or twenty. Several of our old Vassar schoolmates talk of going; Professor Lightner, Dr. Sherman and others; I cannot recall them all just now."

"Then you are going, too, Ida?" asked Walter.

"No, I do not think I need be counted in the number," replied Ida. "The capacity of my purse will hardly warrant it."

"Don't you think she ought to waive that objection if a friend offers to pay her bills for her?" said Blanch, "and especially if I want her to accompany me."

"I think if you wish her to go with you, she ought to give the matter great consideration."

"It is very kind of you all, I am sure," said Ida, "but I should feel all the time as if I were imposing on good nature, and further, that it would not be right for us both to go and leave mother. I suppose you could guess within two guesses who the good friend is who offers to pay all bills, and I am sure I appreciate it, but I do not feel that I ought to go as yet."

Blanch blushed a little at the suggestion of who the good friend might be, and said, "Ida cannot leave her mother that long, and father cannot spare me that long, so I reckon neither of us will go. We will have to send Aunt Mary, I guess. You will have to decide for us, Walter. What shall we do?"

"O, I suggest that you all go," said Walter, at which their conversation ran into a general colloquy about the trip in detail, the pleasures to be derived from it, the scenery and historic interest of Europe as compared with America, all of which it is useless to give. Nor is it necessary to dwell on the considerate attention bestowed upon Walter by Will. and Mr. Morton at the supper hour; how he was about to leave abruptly to take his train when Mr. Morton insisted that he should stay and take tea with them, saying, "There will be ways to get home; I will go your

security for that. Will. will want a drive this evening." He did stay and enjoy the meal with the family; and, after supper, Will. declared to the girls that he had an imperative engagement elsewhere that evening and that they would have to take Walter home. The girls said, "That is right. We were just wanting a ride at any rate;" and they started with Abe and the carriage about sundown to give Walter a lift on his way. They all enjoyed that drive. They talked so confidingly and easily to each other; and Walter told them all about Mary's going to be married; that she was marrying a worthy, intelligent, honest man, a good mechanic with a good business; that he was building a pretty little cottage for themselves this summer. Blanch told him she thought it was very nice, and he must be sure to give Mary her congratulations; Ida adding, "And please don't forget mine." They never stopped until they had crossed the bridge over Silver creek and halted in the little grove within a-half mile of his home; then Blanch, as if loth to end their sociable, said, "Well now, come Walter, you did not tell us seriously; shall I go on and take this trip to Europe?"

Walter, guiding Abe up to a tree at the side of the road where he could rub his nose in a friendly manner against its trunk, turned himself in a reclining position on the front seat, toward the girls, and said, "Yes, Blanch, it is right for you to go to Europe and have all the pleasure out of it in a legitimate way (we know you will seek no other) that is possible, without any feeling or mental reservation that you are bound to deny yourself such pleasures, simply because all of your friends are not so favorably situated

as yourself. Kindness and consideration for those not as fortunate as ourselves are always virtues, Christian duties of which we all know you do not need to be admonished. But those poor who are jealous of the rich, and rail at them simply because they are rich, would make tyrants themselves if they were in affluent circumstances. They are not themselves always the best element of our citizenship. They are frequently secretly ashamed of their own occupations and too lazy to work. Whereas, there is no honorable occupation in this country to-day, however humble, that can disgrace any honest man or woman. All that society needs, all that true equality requires, is that they have the same unrestricted chance to rise from the bottom to the top, provided they have the merit to pass from the vocation of rail-splitting to that of governing a nation, if the quality is there. But what I might suggest, on the other hand, is this. There is coming to be too much of a tendency on the part of our many wealthy Americans, especially the women, those who term themselves society women, to hob-nob to English aristocracy—silly girls who will trade their fortunes for a barren title, an old played-out nobleman who marries them for the sake of having his debts paid and being supported in his licentious extravagance; marriages of barter entirely. Such American girls deserve the fate that usually follows such marriages; and, besides, it is all un-American, unpatriotic. Our fathers founded a government on this continent, where all classification of society was abolished, all titles of nobility prohibited, where merit alone should be a man's title to distinction. No, I am an American, and while it is right

for you to go to Europe and learn all you can, I know, Blanch, you will come back an American girl."

Blanch replied, "Walter, your views are so entirely my own, that I need say nothing but Amen. But, do you not think it is possible for even Americans to be too strong sometimes in their prejudices; that, perhaps, we sometimes judge our English cousins too severely; that it would be even possible for such a thing as a true marriage to sometimes occur between an American girl and an English nobleman? Not that I have any prospect of becoming a baroness, or anything of that kind," she said, smiling, "but, sometimes the English criticise us even in a friendly spirit, that we really forget good manners in our insatiable appetite for wealth and scramble for power. In other words, as you have already said, we should go to those places to learn. England is a government that can boast that while she is an aristocracy, she never tolerated chattel slavery as we did in our boasted republic. England, on the other hand, claims that she taught the world what constitutional liberty was."

"Yes, and without a written constitution at that," replied Walter. "In fact, Blanch, I agree to everything you have said. We should always endeavor to conquer our prejudices, to keep an open mind at all times for the truth and have the courage to speak it when we see it. I agree further, that the civilization of England has done more for mankind than any other in the history of the world, but it is not the American branch of it only that has been rapacious, greedy for wealth. The mother country has been a pirate from her infancy. She always wants to own everything newly discovered. True, she has grown up to constitutional

liberty through centuries of experience; indeed she is a republic to-day in almost everything but name. She may cling to her old prejudices for a century longer, and then yield, as she always has been doing, in slow gradation to the march of events. But ours is the first great government that laid down a written constitution on the broad principle that we were willing to trust the people with their own government. Therefore, with all our inconsistencies, notwithstanding the brazen lie we were living to the world, I think, on the whole, we were started on the best foundation, and have been left to work out our own purification through the ages as England has done. I think sometimes that idea was never better expressed than by our worthy Confederate opponent, A. H. Stephens, when he asked the assembled delegates of the Georgia convention (this, remember, was while he was still protesting against secession), 'Where will you go, following the sun in her circuit around the globe, to find a government that better protects the liberties of her people than ours?' Mr. Toombs, interrupting him, cried out, 'England's.' Stephens, continuing, said, 'England's is the next best, I admit, but ours is better than theirs. Statesmen tried apprentice hands on the government of England. Then ours was made. Ours sprang from theirs, adopting the most of its good, rejecting the most of its bad, and on the whole, building up and constructing this mighty republic of ours, the best which the sun of heaven ever shone upon.'"

"A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, is a remarkable man," said Ida. "What a great pity he had not strength to stand by his convictions." "Yes, but it had to be otherwise," said Walter; "no helping it."

"I think those words are beautiful," said Blanch. "Repeat them again, please, from where Toombs interrupted him."

Walter repeated them for the girls, Ida remarking, "I suppose that does about express the idea we entertain in reference to England and ourselves. *But, my*, did we not have to be scourged ourselves before we were willing to step up to that higher plane to which God commanded us?"

"Yes, indeed," said Walter. "We talk sometimes as if the South alone had been responsible for slavery. If we had not all been responsible as a nation, why were we all punished?"

"Yes, we all had to see this fiery gospel written in burnished rows of steel," said Blanch. "Say, do you know, Walter," she continued, "that father is in favor of negro suffrage?"

"I hoped so," replied Walter, "and am glad to hear it. In fact, I knew Will. was."

"Yes, and I knew you would be, without hearing you speak on the subject; and I am not so much surprised at Will. even; but, indeed, it amuses me sometimes how ultra father has become in his views. He used to be such a conservative man about such things."

"It amuses you, but does not grieve you, does it?" said Walter.

"No, it does not grieve me," said Blanch, shaking her head and smiling; "that is what you want to hear me say, is it not? Give the poor darkeys a vote. If they helped to put down the rebellion, let them have a vote. Ida thinks the same."

"So it appears this company is remarkably in unison on all questions," said Ida.

"Especially on the one, that our country is the best one for man to live in," said Walter.

Blanch here started off in a low chant:

"Our country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,"

In which Ida joined, as they raised it to a higher key, and sang it all through, while Walter listened. At the close Blanch said, cheerily, "Well, now turn us around and let us be off. It is time we were going home;" to which Walter replied, in the same cheerful voice, "Yes, well, now I will have to go back with you to see that you girls get safely home. You will be afraid to drive after night."

"Oh, mercy; we drive Abe everywhere. He would not know how to do anything naughty, if he were to try. Give me the lines and I will show you how Abraham and I can manage things." Walter turned them around, bade them good-night, Blanch's last words being, "Be sure to write to me, now; let me know how you made out with your client, and I will try and come back an American girl."

Walter walked home, under the shadows of the trees, listening to the chirping of the katydids, and the song of the tree frogs, but saying to himself, "She is going to Europe with Dr. Sherman." He arrived at home, where he found his father sitting in the room reading the paper, by the open door of the new end that had been built to the house, the rest of the family sitting out on the porch, listening to the hum of the insects, and enjoying the evening zephyrs that stirred the leaves of the old trees about the house. He felt that a stranger would have to admit that the

scene looked quite as congenial and homelike as it did at Morton's.

He related all his experiences of the day to the family and said to his mother the last thing before retiring, "Can I have an early breakfast in the morning, mother? I want to go over to old Maybourn's before he gets away." His father told him to take Lucy and drive over in the buggy. He said, "No, father, I will start early in the morning and walk." He felt as though he would appreciate the money better if he walked. By half past six the next morning, he was at the old man's house. He saw him across the road at the barn, turning out the cow and watering his horse. As he approached him at the bars that led into his lot, he addressed him with a polite, "Good morning, Mr. Maybourn; it is a lovely morning."

"Good mornin', Mr. Graham," replied the old man. "Yes, nice mornin'. I was jest goin' out to dress my cane up a little."

"Yes, sir, that is right, therefore I will not detain you but a minute. I was at Sharwood yesterday, and I learned some unfortunate news about your grandson, Pete. Perhaps I should have explained first that I am an attorney now, a lawyer, and am—an—"

"Yes, I heard you had some notion of going into dat business."

"Well, what I was going to say, was in reference to this little misfortune to your grandson (which I suppose you, of course, know all about). I was out at the jail yesterday to see him. He was simply charged with stealing a coat under circumstances for which he should not even have been arrested, and he requested

me to come to see you and make some arrangements about his defense."

Whereupon old Moses Maybourn, whom Walter had correctly reported as a very worthy old colored man, who owned his home, but who was bent considerably under his eighty winters, lowered the bar upon which he had been resting, straightened himself up as best he could, with his old stove-pipe hat set back upon his head at an angle of about forty-five degrees, looked him full in the face, and with that comical expression, so peculiar to his race, said, "Ah! he's in jail, is he? Very good place for him to be. Very good place for him to be. Jes' leave him stay dah; don't go to any bother 'bout him, Mr. Graham."

"Well, but I take it of course, that it is our duty to try to do something for him. He is presumed innocent until he is found guilty, you know. He told me he had money here with you; that I should call on you and get five dollars from you; and that you would give fifteen more if I cleared him. I suppose you knew all about it."

"No, no, Mr. Graham, he got no five dollars here wid me, nor I wouldn't gib no fifteen cents to save him. No, I did not know what become ob him. He left here early in de spring, after eatin' off me all winter. In fact, Mr. Graham, dat boy orn'ry from de cradle, and gib me more trouble dan all de oder children I eber riz or had to do with. I got all my other children riz up 'spectable men and women, but dat boy wouldn't nebber take no bidden, never take no bidden from de start. I declare I don't know where he got it. No, he has got into a very good place; don't go to any trouble 'bout him, Mr. Graham."

"Well, admitting all you say to be true, Mr. Maybourn, which I do not doubt in the least, he is still entitled to be tried for this offence, upon its own particular merits. That is his right, and he certainly did tell me a very plausible story about this coat."

"No doubt ob dat, Mr. Graham. No doubt he tells you a very likely story; he's smart enough for a man ob eighty; fact, he's smart enough for Fred. Douglas; but dat's not de pint. You're no wiser after you heer'd his story dan you was before. You don't know him as well as I does, Mr. Graham. No, he's in a very good place, Mr. Graham; jes' leave him be dah; don't go to any trouble 'bout him."

At nine o'clock Walter was back at home chopping wood at the wood-pile with a not too sharp ax, with his thoughts alternating between Blanch Morton's trip to Europe and his experiences with his first client, about neither of which he was entirely happy. But in spite of all, there would occasionally rise before his vision the ludicrous figure of an old darkey, and if you had been standing close by him, you might have heard him whispering, as he smiled, "Ah! he's in jail is he? Very good place for him to be; very good place to be; jes' leave him stay dah; don't go to any trouble 'bout him, Mr. Graham."

CHAPTER XXI.

PRACTICAL VS. SENTIMENTAL POLITICS.

THE family is the unit of society, the small municipality is the unit of the great Republic. Families vary in size and, they, like society itself, are made up of separate units. Townships vary in size and are composed of separate units. The size of the unit by which we measure any quantity is simply arbitrary; a teaspoonful of water is a small unit by which to measure the ocean. But the importance of that unit depends solely on the position it occupies. Dip a teaspoonful of water from the ocean and you cannot notice that you have lowered its depth; get the same quantity in your mouth when you are bathing in the surf, and your inconvenience is great; you emit it with a vigorous effort. A single grain of sand is a small unit by which to measure the earth, but let it light in your eye on a dusty day as you walk down the street, and you at once feel its importance. The largest circle is but the innumerable number of infinitesimal straight lines, but a piece of hardened steel no thicker than your knife blade can sever it, though it be made of iron. Break one link of the great endless chain that winds you to the top of Washington monument and the elevator will fall to the ground.

Thus it was that Adams Township was one of the units in the great republic of the United States. It might have been composed in turn of twenty-five hun-

dred units who made up its population, but all these units were not supposed to be of equal importance. Any person counts one when the census enumerator comes along, but it was only the five hundred male units, *white* male units who at that time had ballots in their hands, that could be relied on to settle all questions of public policy in Adams township, to preserve its good name at the polls, and keep pure the great body politic. Indeed, in the matter which it seems necessary now to relate, the importance is confined chiefly to three hundred Republican male units of Adams township. The two hundred Democrat units who exercised the high prerogative of voting were highly entertained spectators on this occasion, except a few who were of sufficient insignificance to escape attention and were graciously led by their Republican friends to the polls to enjoy the exquisite pleasure of counting one.

Of these three hundred Republican units, who are conceded to have a divine right to participate in their own primary election in Adams township and settle their own disputes in their own good way, it must not be supposed that even they were all of equal importance. Some men will fill a larger space in the community than others, notwithstanding they were all born with equal rights. The son of a poor old Irishman, who thought he had the qualities of honesty and audacity to commend him, with nothing but a common school education, without a trade, without means of support other than manual labor, and the title to a small house in the outskirts of a country village, assessed at six hundred dollars, occupied by two aged parents, with whom he lived, as dependent as himself on their labor

for support, would not, ordinarily speaking, be considered a great weight in the community. But shoot him down on the field of battle, in the defence of a common country ; send him back to his home with his right arm severed above the elbow, with his index finger torn from his other hand, with the commission of a second lieutenant, though it be only in his pocket, obtained as all his neighbors instinctively understood, not from any outside influences that were ever exerted on his behalf, but from merit alone, in the cause for which he offered himself a sacrifice, and you at once have another being.

Throw him in this condition on the scale against 'Squire Bowers, who stands in the same community for wealth, social position, ex-member of the Legislature and astute polititian, and he will almost kick the beam.

Let him ask for the delegates of his district to a county convention, before which he is an aspirant for a purely clerical office, in opposition to the Hon. Horting Bowers, who desires them before the same convention to promote his ambitions for the State Senate, and you at once throw the little municipality into convulsions; the whole political fabric will tremble from centre to circumference.

Such was the status of things in Adams township in the early part of August, 1867, two months after Walter Graham and his companions had heard the question mooted that Pat. McKnight was to be a candidate for Register in Jefferson county. The proposition was new, you will remember, to most of the boys that Sunday evening, including Walter; but, you will remember, also, that he was informed the suggestion had

come from Mr. Williamson. The reader may have perceived by this time, that that alone would naturally have entitled it to some consideration in Walter Graham's mind. Add to this the fact that he, naturally, had a strong desire to do something for Pat., a feeling in which most of the old army boys about the neighborhood naturally shared, and it will require no great stretch of the imagination to see Walter an enthusiastic advocate of Patrick's cause.

Indeed, there is always a kind of implied understanding, that a young lawyer is to plunge into politics for a few years at first, until he gathers in clients. To be sure, it was from the rostrum that Walter would have preferred to make his first plunge. That would have been far more in harmony with his tastes, not to say, ability. In fact, he had never devoted much time to the the management of local politics. In short, he had never been at a primary election, though he had managed to attend all the general elections since his return from the army, even while he was at college. But, it must be remembered, this is what they term an off-year in politics ; there was no Presidential election. How was he to mount the rostrum, when there was no rostrum to mount? It would be fully twelve months before he could hope to see his name on the advertisement of a large Republican mass meeting, as one of the speakers. He must, therefore, have something on which to vent the surplus energy that was being pent up during the long, monotonous hours in which he was waiting for clients to crowd around him with liberal retainers in their hands.

What better was there at hand than making Pat. McKnight Register? It was a field into which some sen-

timent entered after all ; for if Pat. reached the goal for which he was now aspiring, it was evident it would be the result of a sentiment, a sense of gratitude, a feeling of sympathy, a demand for fair play, a quality generally recognizable by the most of us between man and man, though we sometimes fail to discern it between self and man. It was this that Mr. Williamson had foreseen from the start. It was this that caused him to suggest it to Pat. in the beginning. It was reliance on this sentiment that would make him say to the boys, "Keep working it up. The sentiment is a strong one ; if rightly managed, it may pull him through. Be careful not to say any harsh things of your adversary. Put it chiefly on the ground that it is only paying a just debt."

As the time passed on, it was manifest that Mr. Williamson's judgment had been reasonably clear. Walter, as he returned from Sharwood each Friday evening to spend his Saturdays and Sundays at home, was wonderfully gratified with the accumulations of strength to Pat 's cause. In the beginning it was received by many as a huge joke, by others with a suppressed smile, but a considerable number were heard to say that, while they did not suppose the thing would amount to much, they must admit he had strong claims on the sympathies of the people. 'Squire Bowers himself, whose plans had been maturing for the State Senate for the last three years, ever since he retired from the lower branch of the Legislature, it must be stated, was not among those who pooh-poohed it from its inception. From the day he first heard of it he was alarmed. He was far too shrewd a politician not to see that it presaged danger to his cause. 'Squire Horting Bowers had served

his constituents three terms in the Legislature, it is true, without having his name connected with any great public measure, or having it linked in any galaxy of brilliant statesmen; but his record was clean, and his influence had always been sufficient to secure Adams Township for anything he had asked of it. He was, in fact, in many respects, a very clever, obliging man, though his sons were sometimes a little effusive. His judgment was sufficiently clear to tell him that old Williamson was right. The sentiment on which Pat. would be brought before the people was a strong one. He had no desire to confront it. He felt that if bound to take direct issue with it, it might be the severest struggle of his life to overcome it. It would put practical politics to the supreme test. He could not afford to be beaten; something must be done. He would take counsel with his friends.

Who do you think was the first man he went to consult with? Jacob Graham.

Why? Because he thought he could tell him better than anyone else in the township to what extent Pat.'s claims were likely to be pushed. Because he thought if such a storm was brewing, Jacob Graham, of all men in the township, stood in the best position to avert it, if he wished. Because if Jacob Graham did not wish to avert it, he was anxious to know it.

Accordingly he went to him and said in substance, "Jacob, you and I have always been friends, from the day you and your young wife came to rent my farm, up to the present moment. I cannot recall an unkind word that ever passed between us. I soon discovered that you were a man of far more than ordinary intelligence and natural force of character; that your wife was a lady of the most estimable traits. I have seen

you live in this community for twenty-five years and rear your family of bright intelligent children. I have seen you prosper in a worldly point of view. I saw you leave my farm as a cropper and purchase this property, considerably out of order and pretty heavily in debt, in pursuance of your own good judgment, which told you that it would certainly become valuable on account of its near proximity to the new railroad. I have seen your judgment vindicated. You have improved this property, beautified it, and it has become valuable. I have seen the village grow and expand in the very direction you predicted it would, and already your land on the other side of the creek is becoming desirable for building lots. I have seen you pay off the last dollar of your mortgage, and if I am not mightily mistaken, you have a little money left you. I know that you and your family enjoy the entire respect of this community. No man carries more weight in it than yourself. You have been for many years president of our school board by reason of your supreme fitness for the position, and I can say further, truly and without flattery, that I have been looking to the time in the near future when you would occupy a seat in our Legislature. I know furthermore, of course, that you are a man who form your own judgments and reach your own conclusions, and I shall blame you in no way for any conclusion you may reach or any position you may take in this matter of Pat. McKnight's candidacy. In fact, I see many strong reasons that would drift your sympathies in that direction, but can't you give me some idea as to who is pushing his case; how strongly it is likely to be pushed; whether there could not be some satisfactory arrangement made between

his friends and mine ; and, if it should come to a final test, on which side I might expect to find you? For I assure you I consider your position in this matter of more importance to me now than that of any other man in the township."

Jacob Graham heard the 'Squire through, thought to himself "there is no discounting the fact that you are a mighty nice talker," reflected for a moment, cleared his throat, and replied substantially as follows ; "'Squire, I thank you for your compliments, and do not question in the least their sincerity, though you doubtless have a motive in bestowing them upon me now. We all act from motives. The object of your ambition on this occasion is perfectly worthy ; I believe I have always been willing to do what I could in advancing your political aspirations. You are certainly right in saying that in all our acquaintance and business relations there has never been an unkind word passed between us, and I will take this occasion to thank you for all the kindnesses you have shown me. I am especially gratified to have you intimate that it shall not affect our friendly relations, whatever may be the outcome of this issue. And now, in reference to the matter itself, I will say this, that I have already given it some thought, and in view of those friendly relations which exist between us, in view of my natual desire to do all that I can consistently for you, I would suggest that there be no contest ; that our four delegates be mutually agreed upon, that they shall be as much Pat.'s as yours, and as much yours as Pat's ; or, in other words, that he shall name two and you shall name two, that they go into the convention with the understanding that they are to work for both of you,

or for the one of you who has the best prospects of being nominated, either united or divided, as they see fit. Further than that I have nothing to suggest, for as you have asked me frankly where I would be in the event of a final contest, I must answer you with equal frankness, that if an open contest is made in this township for the delegates in this issue I am compelled to say, that in view of all the associations that surround me, in view of all that my own son has suffered, in view of the sleepless nights that I have spent conjecturing whether he was lying dead upon the battlefield, starving in a Southern prison, dying in a hospital, or shivering with cold for want of shelter; in view of the anxious hours I have spent wondering whether his mother would yet go first in the unnatural drain she was making upon her strength to nurse him back to life, in view of that feeling that was shared by you and me and every patriot during the dark days of the war, in which we were hourly praying that our flag might be upheld, and that God might strengthen our own brave soldiers that they might be victorious in the end, that we might yet all enjoy the common blessings of a common country, free, united prosperous; in view of how we all said in town meeting and everywhere, 'Boys, if you will only go in and save this country now we will see to it that the country shall not be ungrateful,' and above all, in view of my own sense of duty in the premises, I must say, 'Squire, that if Pat. McKnight stands up before me with his one arm and three fingers and asks me to give him this chance to earn bread your claims will have to give way."

The 'Squire coughed and said, "Could no other arrangement be reached? You know divided delegations amount to nothing in conventions. Could not Pat. be induced to wait, if we all do what we can for him in the future."

"If his friends think he has a chance to win now it does not lie in my mouth to discourage him."

"Is not this course only calculated to defeat both of us? And then suppose it does come to a final issue here in the township, and you get beaten, have not you left both him and yourselves in a worse position?"

"I shall cheerfully accept all consequences so far as concerns myself," replied Jacob.

The 'Squire coughed again, got in his carriage and drove away. That night his wife said to him, "What is the matter, Horting; can't you get to sleep?"

"No, Jake Graham has made me sick."

"How?"

He explained how, and concluded, "But don't let it show on the surface. We must keep up a bold front."

"Horting, had you not better accept his proposition, or just abandon it for the present?" said his wife.

"I don't know; I must have time to consider; I must see Slybarr in the morning."

Who was Slybarr? Joshua Slybarr, commonly called Josh; was a citizen of Adams township. He lived at Martin's cross roads, in the brick house on the opposite side of the road from the store. He owned the store and the house he lived in. His lot ran back to Mr. Williamson's land, with whom he had always lived on friendly relations as neighbor, but to whom he never confided his innermost political plans. He never kept the store himself, but always rented it

out. He was not what would have been considered wealthy, even for that rural district, though he was, generally speaking, a man of leisure. He could pose on a tavern porch on a summer afternoon, in a high-backed chair, with his feet against the post, making the curls of smoke ascend from his cigar with as much grace as the next man. But he seldom ever imbibed. He had resolution enough to say no, when no was necessary. No man had ever seen him the worse for stimulants. In fact, men who have great concerns on their shoulders generally like to keep their heads clear. Though, as already said, he was not considered rich, he always paid for all he bought, and therefore it was none of the people's business how he lived. Some reports said that occasionally he did engage in business, that he dealt sometimes in margins and had always (or nearly always) been successful, hence his plethoric purse.

In physique he was the ideal man. He was exactly seventy-two and a-half inches high, broad-shouldered and well-proportioned. He raised the beam at two hundred and seven and no surplus flesh about him at that. He was one of three men within a radius of five miles from Shocktown who, report said, had lifted a seven hundred and fifty pound anvil which lay at the back of Hoover's smith shop, over the third rail of the fence. And he had been known, on one occasion at least, to settle what threatened to be a rather serious difficulty at a campmeeting in a very summary way, which made people of pugilistic tendencies in the neighborhood a little afraid of him. Being still in the prime of life, that is to say on the sunny side of forty-five, he may well be supposed to be on this occasion in

the full possession of all his original powers, both physical and mental. Chief among his mental faculties was a natural aptitude for local politics. Of all those who had managed the politics of Adams township he, from a purely *practical* standpoint, was the great Mogul of them all. He had served an unexpired term as justice of the peace himself, and one full term in the school board, but as a rule he had not been importunate for office for himself; in fact, an impression existed to some extent that he entertained the opinion that he could do better for himself, as well as for his friends, by not being a candidate too frequently. In other words, that it paid better to be an office broker than an office holder. Many were the men indeed, whom he held, not only in his own, but in adjoining townships, to be his special beneficiaries. His particular specialty was that of being delegate to the county conventions. To have his township at his disposal in those conventions was his highest ambition, hence his ability to place people beyond her borders under obligations to him. Therefore he would frequently seem to be entirely indifferent between neighbors in their contests for offices at home so long as the tacit understanding remained that he might represent the sovereignty of his township at Sharwood. He even permitted his neighbor, Mr. Williamson, on one occasion, to be elected school director, in response to a demand of the people over at Shocktown for a new graded school of which Williamson had been a strong advocate. Indeed, he would sometimes say, "Old Williamson is a pretty smart old fellow, but a little too full of sentiment, and not a practical politician."

He had been in the army a few weeks in some

emergency regiment, but there was no fraternity of soldierly feeling that would embarass him in his course in the matter of Pat. McKnight's candidacy. He was a *practical* politician and had methods of his own which he did not impart to everybody. It went without saying that if 'Squire Bowers was elected to the State Senate, his nephew would have a position at the state capital, and that was of far more practical importance to him than any sentiment which proposed to elect a one-armed soldier Register of Wills, who, ordinarily speaking, could not control two votes.

This was who Slybarr was, and true enough, the next day 'Squire Bowers had a close consultation with him. The 'squire and Slybarr had always enjoyed each others confidences; the 'squire never caring to worry his friend in detail about all his methods, though it was tacitly understood that he knew them by inference. Suffice it to say that he had great faith in Slybarr's judgment and ability to accomplish results in *practical* politics, and it was that that he was after on this occasion. So, after laying all that he knew before this *practical* statesman, he said, "Now, Slybarr, what ought I to do? How much trouble can they give us?"

Slybarr smiled, looked up at the 'Squire, and said, with assurance, "'Squire, there is not a damned thing in it; I have investigated and got to the bottom of it. There is nobody pushing it but a lot of those boys over at Shocktown, with young Graham at their head, and old Williamson stuffing them up with a high-flown sentiment. There is not a man who knows anything about politics among them. Give yourself no uneasiness about it. I can fix the iron works for us solid, if

Hookey will just not interfere, which I know he will not; in fact, we had better make him one of your delegates, and, perhaps, Joseph Bernard another, or his son. That will break the force of those young conceits in the village. I can fix the machine shops with Jacobs, and you know the two hotel keepers will have to stand by us, solid as a rock, and you, yourself, have but to speak to those simple-minded Dutch farmers up in the upper corner. They take no stock in this old soldier racket. Then just leave all other matters of detail to me. I will guarantee you will go to Sharwood with your four delegates."

"Yes, I am glad to find you so sanguine," said the 'Squire, "but I don't like the idea of Graham being against us, and other important men that you do not mention, such as our old friend Swave, at the store, Elmer Miller and his boys at the coach shop, Long's boys, Jack Matson and his father will be against us, and Hoover, though his son is not here now, and Mr. Kerr. No, sir, you will find that all these men who had boys in the army, and many of them lost sons at that, will all fight us from the shoulder, and we cannot really say that Pat. is not qualified for the office. His qualifications are about as high as those of many who have been elected to such positions."

"That's all right, 'Squire, but if those boys can carry this township against you now, then I will quit politics. Besides, you mistake yourself when you think those men are going to be actively against us. They will only be passively so. Those boys can't run their fathers that way. But there is one thing, however, Squire, you had better do; don't let your own boys make impudent remarks. Someone said that Hiram

said, over at Shocktown, the other day, he did not know what claims that young Irishman had on the township." Not that it amounts to much, but such remarks only create a bitter feeling against us. But you depend upon it, sir, we are going to have four delegates from this township for you. You have no terms to offer or accept."

After hearing these declarations of confidence from Slybarr, the Squire went home feeling a little more comfortable but not entirely at ease. "If Slybarr is so entirely confident," he thought, "why did he incidentally allude to a feeling, or, in other words, a sentiment that might be bitter. But still he thought to himself he is a man of wonderful resources and I will leave all detail to him, if I finally determine upon this course. Meanwhile I must caution the boys."

That night when the 'Squire had cautioned the boys, High. said, "Yes, that is all right, but you don't actually think, do you, father, that a young, ill-bred Irishman, a young swell of a lawyer like Walt. Graham and an old blatherskite like old Williamson can beat you, do you?"

"No, I do not think they can beat me, but then young ill-bred Irishmen, young swells of lawyers and old blatherskites all have votes. We must be careful how we talk."

Well, what did 'Squire Bowers do next? He went to Sharwood to consult certain friends there, or perhaps more accurately speaking, certain powers. In fact, I have sometimes imagined there are people at every county seat of any importance who simply touch a certain wire which communicates with all parts of the county, and tell certain persons in the different town-

ships when the dance is to commence and who shall occupy the floor. In the grand ball of local politics they may be properly designated as the parties who call the figures.

'Squire Bowers had been waiting, as already stated, for three years, to hear his name announced. He had now been invited to take his position on the lead, in the new set that was about forming. He was leading his mistress, Miss State Senate to her place on the floor, when with a little natural shyness she shrank back half frightened, as has been already described, at the sight of Pat. McKnight's one arm and three fingers. Hence his visit to Sharwood, to know for certain if there had been some mistake in the call, or whether prudence required that it should be countermanded. So after laying all matters fairly before the powers that there existed, he was asked in substance but one question, "Can you carry the delegates of the township if it comes to a square out and out fight?"

"Yes, I believe I can."

"Well, then, go home and do it; accept of no temporizing."

"Yes, but it will make a bitter fight, and probably cost me some of my old friends that I could always rely on. It will arouse considerable feeling. There is already a strong *sentiment* being created in favor of the one-armed soldier as they term it. Could we not arrange something by which they could be pacified, and take care of me at the same time?"

"We do not see anything that could be arranged at present, unless you are willing to throw up the sponge for another time. There is no use in talking about crowding two men on us from the same township in

the same year. Besides, that would do no good now, for we have already slated another man for Register. No, sir, you go home and bring all your delegates whole for yourself, and we will make you senator; what need you care if you succeed. They may have the *sentiment* if we get the *delegates*. Of course, in making your fight, you are at liberty to make what promises you please to them for the next term. No, sir, we believe in practical politics You will excuse me. Good-by, there are other parties waiting for me."

The next day there was a little article in the "Sharwood *Herald*," the organ of the powers, saying, "Our old friend Hon Horting Bowers was in town yesterday presumably looking after his senatorial prospects, which he assured his many friends could not look better. Some little dissension was intimated at one time, as existing in his own township, on account of the aspirations of a young candidate for another office. But we are glad to know that there is nothing serious in that direction. Indeed it is hardly likely that the few friends of the young man would rush on in such a course without giving it a second sober thought."

Two days later there appeared a short article in the "Sharwood *Mercury*," the other Republican daily of the county, which ran as follows: "We cannot but regret that our old friend 'Squire Bowers, of Adams township, has chosen this inopportune moment to push his otherwise strong claims for the State Senate. We doubt very much if the road to the Senate lies over maimed and wounded soldiers who saved our Union, and for whom a grateful people stand pledged to provide. We fear the Squire is misreading public sentiment, or else has lent his ear to bad advisers. Though

perhaps the second sober thought may come in time to change him in his course."

What did 'Squire Bowers do next? He went over to Shocktown the next Friday evening and intercepted Walter as he arrived from Sharwood. He drew him and Tom Swave aside and said to them in substance, "You are both young men of influence in this neighborhood, you both have futures before you; I would not wish to see you blast them; Thomas here can, no doubt, have any position almost that he may desire in the township in another year, and you Walter can receive the hearty support and influence of all the community around in your practice, to raise you at once to that high position in your profession which we all expect to see you assume, if you only act prudently. To do that you must keep yourself in line with the thought and action of the controlling people and influences of the neighborhood. You can accomplish a great deal more by being practical than by being impractical. You can, in short get something for Pat in that way, while by forcing things you will lose everything, which of course means your own influence. Now we all recognize the natural elements of strength that attend Pat.'s course, and under ordinary circumstances we would be only too glad to assist him in his cause. But as the situation now stands, he had better wait, and I will assure you young men, with your honorable records, that no man honors or respects the soldiers of our country more or will do more for them than I, and what I wish to say to you is this: if Pat. and his friends will only agree to postpone their cause for another term, I and my friends shall all be for him to the utmost of our ability."

The boys looked at each other with a little hesitancy, and it is not too much to say that just such propositions as these have caused men of older years than they to hesitate. Walter was rather inclined to give Tom an opportunity to speak first. He had a kind of presentiment that the 'squire considered Tom's the most practical mind of the two, and he was willing to hear what he had to suggest But the Swave young man was silent. Walter then spoke as follows :

"Your proposition seems all right, 'Squire, in many respects. I have but one suggestion to make ; that is about the waiting part of it. I would suggest that that party wait for another time, who is ablest to do so. In that event, I think I may safely say that Pat.'s friends will all be for you the next time."

Tom smiled. The squire looked a little like a man who understands when he has received a heavy blow between the eyes, though he tried to conceal his discomfiture from the young men whom he had been endeavoring to impress as *unpractical*. The conversation was *practically* ended. Well, what did the squire do next? He concluded to gird himself for the Herculean task that lay before him, to carry the delegates for himself in spite of everything.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RESULT.

YES, 'Squire Bowers began to feel now that he had but one of two things to do, either to ingloriously quit the field, or plunge headlong into the conflict. He was not by nature an aggressive man, and therefore he had been doing what he could, largely from timidity as well as policy, to avoid the latter course. Pride forbade him adopting the former. It was too late for him now to come out in a card saying that, anxious as he was to fill a place in the State Senate, he was not so anxious as to want it at the expense of bread to a one-armed soldier, who had stood between him and danger in the dark days of the war. His judgment at one time rather suggested that course, but he felt, to do it now would be interpreted rather as a confession of weakness than an act of magnanimity. Something told him that such an announcement at this time might be received by the cry, "Too late! Too late!" No, it looked to him as though his bridges were burned behind him. To be magnanimous for magnanimity's sake was not exactly his intention at any time. Unless he saw some share of the profits coming to him in such a deal he was not over anxious to make it. To do him justice, however, he felt as though he had been pushed into his present position rather against his better judgment; that he was in the hands of a power greater than himself; that those powers themselves

would despise him if he retreated now. No, he must go on, regardless of consequences; and go on he did.

And thus it was that once more we find him in consultation with Slybarr. This time it was the Thursday evening preceding the primary election, which was to be the following Saturday. "Now I believe everything is agreed upon," said Slybarr; "nothing overlooked that I can think of. Your delegates will be H. R. Hookey, superintendent of the iron works; Martin Bernard, of the firm of Bernard & Son; J. H. Jacobs, of the machine shops, and Samuel P. Lightner, an honest, conservative, hard-working farmer. Now that locates them about as well as I can do it, and keep an eye to the different elements of strength which we must have. You see, Hookey brings us a good solid vote from the works, and while Joseph Bernard was a little too cautious to be drawn into an active fight himself, I told you I thought I could secure his son Mart. You will understand his candidacy means something, for the father will naturally sympathize with his son; will throw his silent influence with us. It encourages the young fellows who are anxious to get into politics, and will neutralize the force of some of the soldiers themselves. There, for instance, is Flora, that one-eyed fellow, who is kind of foreman for the firm, and who lost his eye in the army. He was in the same company with Pat. You see he will be afraid to vote against us now. Then Jacobs, at the shops, has about a half dozen fellows around him that the other side thought they were sure of, simply because one of them had been in the army. But we will get them now, Democrats and all, or my name is not Slybarr. Then you know what Lightner's candidacy means. It

means not only his two boys, but all your conservative German element up there. In fact, the honest, hard-working farmer racket can be played quite as effectually as the soldier racket. Now all these men have been spoken to, and you have been around in person and made a personal appeal, have you, to the people? And you will go once more in the morning, understand, and make a special request to these men to stand for delegates."

"Yes, I will attend to that to-morrow," replied the 'Squire, "and I assure you, I have made a pretty thorough canvass of the township, and, while I have every reason to be hopeful, I tell you I find a great many people who have a strong sympathy for Pat. He, too, has been all over the township in person, and really, from what I can learn, has been conducting himself quite modestly. In most cases he has made a very favorable impression. Two days he was taken around by young Graham, but most of the time just traveled over the township on foot. By the way, how is it that you do not intend to be a delegate yourself. I thought that was agreed upon. I feel as though I might need you in the convention."

"I have thought that matter over in all its bearings," replied Slybarr, "and have come to the conclusion that is better for me not to be a candidate. You must remember the first essential and important thing for you to have is your delegates. Secure that point, and then my getting into the convention will be a simple matter. Nothing is easier than to get yourself substituted, especially if that is the deal before hand."

"Good," said the 'Squire, slapping him on the shoulder; "I see you have thought of everything."

"I have tried to take everything in, sir," said Slybarr. "I generally keep my eyes peeled for breakers ahead, and now while I think of it, there is one other matter to which I wish to call your attention. Do not fail to have every man you can muster at the polls in time for the organization. As I am the committee man, I can have my watch ten minutes fast or ten minutes slow, as occasion may require. But without going into any further detail, you be sure to have every available man there by half past two o'clock. It is highly important that we should have the organization. You must remember that this is no ordinary contest that we have on hand, and I do not propose that we shall be licked in it. All that is necessary for you to know is, as soon as I call the meeting to order, Hornbrook will be nominated for judge, the motion will be seconded and put through before the boys know what struck them. In the same way we will put Black and Slade through for inspectors, or if they do catch their breath in time to give us any trouble it will not be before we get down to the last inspector, which will be Slade, and, as you know, under the rules of the party each inspector has the privilege of choosing his own clerk, we will have things well in hand. But don't forget, the main thing for you to do is to simply remember our men, Hornbrook, Black and Slade. If there is any change made I will let you know."

It is useles to go into detail as to how the 'Squire left Slybarr and obeyed his instructions minutely. How the fever had been raging in the township for the past few days, and how it continued to rage for the two nights

and two days that remained between then and the opening of the polls. How old men, who were usually very lethargic in such matters, were now rejuvenated. How young boys, who had never been at a primary election before, began to declare that it was time some younger blood was being infused into our local politics. How the hardy sons of toil at the iron works all felt the hour had come when they must rush to the rescue of their county. How scholastic men, like Professor Baker, and sedate clergymen, like Rev. Hartley, began to think perhaps they had been derelict in their duty, heretofore, in not attending the primaries.

How the remarks that began to fall from the one and the other side began to smack a little more of personalities. How the 'Squire's friends were heard to say it was the most audacious thing of which they had ever heard. "A young upstart like this McKnight presuming to have stronger claims on the township than 'Squire Bowers, our first and most enterprising citizen, simply because he had been in the army for awhile, and for which he was already receiving a large pension." How Pat.'s friends retorted with a sarcasm that cut like a knife, "Yes, he is a wonderfully public spirited man. He gave the Ladies' Aid Society on one occasion ten dollars, while poor old John McKnight gave them two and his son to the country besides," and by such questions as "Where were the 'Squire's two boys during the war?" How old Mr. Williamson would smile and say, "Don't get excited, boys; they are digging pits for themselves, not for you. Some of them have placards on their backs already that they wish they were rid of." How they still laid great stress on people being practical in politics as in everything else,

and not flying off on a tangent. How Tom Swave said, "Do you know what they mean by practical politics? It is simply so give Slybarr one hundred dollars or more to buy up those fellows down at the iron works and all the other mercenaries he can over the township, and then as a last resort, if necessary, have an election board that will count their men in."

This was a broad-side, imprudent enough to have come from Walter or any other of the young men rather than the discreet Tom Swave. But nevertheless he was never sued for slander. And right here, perhaps, it might as well be said that if the reader thinks he discovers something dark being hinted at, some mysterious shadow about to fall over this delegate election being held in the quiet little village and in the midst of this honest farming community; if he further feels a little surprised at such a thing in the narrative of one who rather intimated in his first chapter that those who protest the loudest about corruption are possibly sometimes alarmists rather than patriots, or that they may possibly have a motive behind their cry of righteousness not always disclosed; they must also remember that the author pledged himself to suppress no truth, let him find it where he might, let it strike whom it would. And he will say now with equal candor, that those honest country folks who fancy that all the sharp practices in politics, and manipulation of returns are confined to the wards of large cities, are suffering from a delusion. The author only wishes to say that he has attended primary elections in both places, and has not as yet discovered any very great difference in the tendencies of human nature in either case. True, the opportunities for com-

manding large blocks of commercial votes maybe a little more numerous in the cities than in the country, but the honest people are also a little more on the alert for the return tinker and lightning calculator. Besides the strong rivalry of factions in either case sometimes compel men to make a virtue of honesty. And in the long run let us hope and believe that there is an inborn sense of honesty in the majority of the American people, a native patriotism strong enough to make stuffing of the ballot boxes at least the exception not the rule; to preserve from immolation the great system of free government which God Almighty has been pleased to foster upon this continent.

But now for the election. And it will be remembered, as already stated, that Slybarr generally attended to certain matters of detail himself; he may have had an object in choosing the men already mentioned for officers of this election. It is necessary only, however, to say that Hornbrook, whom his mind had hit upon for judge was a little fellow who sometimes passed as clerk in Jones' store and sometimes as traveling salesman. He was what the boys called kind of sphinx-eyed and cross-eyed both; he was red-headed and bow-legged, and generally received the appellation about the village of "little Horney." Though not of a specially religious cast, he had never been called an idiot. He had been a kind of regulation judge at the primary elections, and inspector at the general elections for years. He was making a great personal sacrifice on this occasion to come some seventy miles from where he was traveling with his goods to be home in time to attend this primary election. He was an adept in figures and an expert penman. In other

words, he was a man whom Slybarr was perfectly willing to trust at a ballot box in an emergency, and Hornbrook himself doubted if there were any other citizen in Adams township as well qualified as he to preside at an election board, hence his great effort to get home.

But, let us see what happened that day. Three o'clock P. M., was the hour for opening the polls. At exactly that hour by Slybarr's watch, which was ten minutes fast, he looked over the crowd and was not as well pleased with the look of it as he had hoped to be, though his countenance betrayed no emotion. There were more of the villagers around whom he knew to be in sympathy with Pat. than pleased him, and besides Hooky had not arrived yet, nor more than about half the men from the works; but he still felt safe. Turning to Mr. Miller, as he returned his watch to his pocket, he said, in a very indifferent way, "The time is about up altogether, I believe; as there seems to be a considerable crowd here I reckon we might organize any time."

"You are a little fast," replied Mr. Miller.

"Well, we will give them a few minutes' grace," replied Slybarr, with great condescension; but, a glance at some newcomers did not tend entirely to increase his confidence; there seemed to be about as many McKnight men as Bowers men among the new arrivals. He was not a man to throw away opportunities. He felt sure of his ground now. He did not propose to let it slip from under him by waiting another five minutes So accordingly at two minutes after three by his watch, and exactly eight minutes before three by the right time, he mounted the bench in the porch, in front of the election-room, and drawing his watch

from his pocket, looking at it, said, "As the time for organizing this election has arrived, indeed two minutes over, it now becomes my duty as committeeman, under the rules of the party to call this gathering to order."

"Oh, you are a little sharp on the trigger," said a voice in the rear of the audience. "It wants ten minutes of three by the right time."

Slybarr paid not the slightest attention to the remark, even assuming not to hear it, but proceeded: "The first thing in order is the nomination of some person for judge," then turning his face to the left, a voice exclaimed instantly, "I nominate John Hornbrook." "Are there any other nominations?" asked Slybarr; "if not the nominations will close." Slybarr saw something in the countenances of the bystanders that told him more forcibly than ever, as he stood there, that he must be quick in his motions if he was going to catch the boys napping, and thus it was that no sooner had he reached the last words of his last sentence than he heard the voice of Jacob Graham say, "Hold on, don't be quite so fast, I nominate Samuel Long for judge."

Slybarr did not dare disregard that voice, so without being the least disconcerted, he said, "Samuel Long has been nominated for judge. Are there any more nominations?" He paused several seconds. His hurry was over now. Still a third candidate for judge was what he would most like to have heard now of all things, but the source from which the nomination of Sam. Long had come, and the absence of any other nominees, convinced him upon the instant that he was not the only one who was organized. The boys had

caught their breath sooner than he had expected. But he was still not disconcerted. He knew he had some men with good throats on his side, and he knew that he could decide a close vote as quickly as any other man. So, after a proper pause, he continued, "If there are no other nominations, the audience will proceed to vote. All those in favor of John Hornbrook acting as judge of this election, will please signify it by saying aye."

Aye went up vociferously from a chorus of throats, several repeating it several times.

"All those in favor of Samuel Long will please say aye," continued Slybarr. A volume of ayes went up from what seemed to be about an equal number of throats. An impartial chairman might well have said, he was unable to decide. But Slybarr had no misgivings. Before the sound had fairly died in the mouths of the Long men, he was able to perceive who was elected, and just as quickly he cried out, "The Hornbrook men have it. Hornbrook is elected. The next thing in order—"

"Division, division," cried out a dozen voices, in tones that were calculated to impress an ordinary man, but Slybarr, being an extraordinary man, maintained his ground with great composure, as he replied, "There is no such thing as a division at a primary election. The decision of the committeeman is final."

"Hardly worth while to bother taking the vote in the first place," said Mr. Williamson. The confusion was becoming more general all the time; some calling loudly for division, others calling, "The matter has been decided. What do you want with a division on such a vote as that?"

Every time a lull occurred, Slybarr would commence, "The next business in order is the election of inspectors," and every time his sentences would be interrupted by loud cries for "division, division." Slybarr finally raised his voice to a decided pitch and exclaimed with considerable energy, "You can't take a division amid this confusion. The chair declares Hornbrook elected."

"Aren't you going to put that motion?" cried Sam. Long, as he pushed his way up near Slybarr, saying, "If I have been elected judge of this election, I am going to know it, and I am going to preside at it."

"I am not going to put the motion again," roared Slybarr.

As he saw Sam. Long standing directly in front of him in his shirt-sleeves, whose well-muscled arm had a reputation like his own, he suddenly remembered that he had heard it said that Sam. never took both hands to the hammer when he knocked a bullock down, one arm always being sufficient. He saw behind him Dave Miller, and George and Jack Matson, all of whose faces bore evidence of a determination to have their rights, and exclaiming, "If you don't put the question, we will find a way to put it."

Walter Graham's mind turned to a certain other historic occasion, when the Clerk of the House of Representatives refused to put a motion made by John Quincy Adams, and the cries went tauntingly up, "Who is going to put your motion?" when the "Old Man Eloquent" rose up with commanding voice and exclaimed, "I will do it myself." Imitating this example, he jumped up on the bench alongside of Slybarr, and exclaimed, "I will put the question." If

Slybarr had stopped right then to reflect he would probably have admitted that he had not succeeded in putting his program through before the boys had time to know what struck them. It was perfectly evident now that somebody else wanted a little time to catch his breath. He turned around to Walter with the ferocity of a tiger, and with clinched fist roared out, "Who the hell are you?"

Walter turned toward him, looked him steadily in the eye, and without moving a muscle, said, "I am an American citizen, and don't you lay hands on me."

In an instant Slybarr did reflect, and at the same instant he heard the voice of Jacob Graham saying, "Slybarr, don't touch my boy or it will be a serious affair for you." Sam. Long shook his fist at the same time under his nose, fairly grinding out the words between his teeth, "Touch him, if you dare."

But Slybarr, be it remembered, still was not scared. He had only reflected in time. He was not long gathering himself up and cried out, "Mr. Graham, I have no thought of touching your son, but this exceeds anything I have ever seen in Adams township. This election is being mobbed."

Walter was now calling order, and at the very first lull he exclaimed, "All those who are in favor of Hornbrook for judge will raise their right hands. That will do; thirteen. All those for Long will raise their right hands. That will do; fifteen. I declare Samuel Long elected judge of this election."

"And I declare this a usurpation of my power," cried Slybarr; "John Hornbrook has been duly declared judge of this election, and he will proceed

to prepare the ballot box at the table. Take your position, Hornbrook." Meanwhile the confusion and yelling on the outskirts of the audience had been intense during this scene. Two ladies passing by had run across the street, exclaiming, "Mercy days! what in the world is going on anyhow?" A third one screamed "Murder," and a fourth one coming out from the rear of the hotel in her excitement, ran against a man, and when she got to her neighbors over the way, declared that she saw six different fist fights as she was coming out of the yard.

Meanwhile little Hornbrook, who had been sitting inside the election-room all the while in readiness, now commenced to prepare the table and ballot box for operation in obedience to Slybarr's command. But just as he thought he was ready, Sam. Long burst into the room, picked up the table Hornbrook was lifting across the room, jerked it out of his hands, feeling no more resistance than if he had been a ten-year-old child, saying, "Hornbrook, by the eternal, I want you to know that I am here;" setting it over by the open window, then snatching the ballot box out of Hornbrook's hands, who was trying to escape through the door with it, he jumped up on the table with the ballot box in his hands, and said, "Gentlemen, I want you to understand I have been elected judge of this election, and I expect to serve."

This was the signal for another bedlam, more boisterous than any that had preceded it, dozens of voices shouting, "Down with Long; put him out; down with the usurper," and as many others crying, "Stand your ground, Long; don't let them squelsh you; you

are in the right. We will stand by you till the fire flies."

Slybarr and Walter both stood on the bench by the open window on the outside, and Sam. on the table on the inside, each standing his ground, trying to get the attention of the crowd, Slybarr shouting to Sam., "Aren't you going to give that ballot box to Hornbrook?" "No," thundered Sam., "I'm the judge of this election, and the quicker you recognize that fact the quicker we will get to business."

Mr. Williamson, who had made his way to the top of a store box, at the end of the porch, now began to rap with his cane for attention, and said, "Gentlemen, please try to restrain yourselves for a few minutes."

The crowd finally became quiet. His gray hair and venerable look gradually secured attention. There was, in fact, a general disposition on the part of both sides to hear what he had to say. Then the old fanatic and impractical, standing before that crowd so tumultuous but a minute before, said to them with the utmost composure, "Gentlemen, it is evident that if we are going to accomplish anything here, we must first have order. To bring order out of chaos was the first work of the Creator. Let us stop and consider without passion what is the situation before us. What have we here? The county committeeman, by virtue of his position, called this meeting to order. By virtue of his powers as committeeman and in accordance with the rules of our party—"

"Order," cried, Slybarr. "Now let us pay strict attention to what our old friend has to say." He was evidently well pleased with the sound of these first

sentences. Mr. Williamson continued, "He is, in other words, ex-officio chairman of this meeting until a permanent organization is effected. He asked for the nomination of candidates for judge. Two citizens, qualified electors of the township, were nominated. These two candidates were voted for viva voce. The chairman decided in favor of Mr. Hornbrook; whether right or wrong, I shall not attempt to say. No doubt, however, honestly, and to the best of his judgment, and certainly in accordance with his prima facie right in the case."

Slybarr's and the 'Squire's faces were both lit up with a broad smile of satisfaction at this stage of his remarks, while Walter and Tom Swave were busy motioning to Sam. and their friends to be quiet, and whispering, "The old man will come around all right yet. We will put our trust in him still."

Mr Williamson, continuing, said, "Such was the status of our proceedings up to that time when a division was called for. This is also another primary and inherent right on the part of any qualified elector of the township. This call for division was refused recognition by our chairman, though to all appearances it was insisted upon by quite as large a number as had voted for Hornbrook. But then, our worthy chairman, acting under what he no doubt considered his powers, further decided that there was no such thing as an appeal from his rulings. In this he is surely mistaken. The right of appeal from the rulings of the presiding officer of any assemblage is an inherent right at all times, any rule to that effect in our party rules notwithstanding (though I am sure there is none such). Now it was that another

citizen, a qualified elector of the district, arose and put the appeal himself, for it must be conceded that the second vote in reality was only an appeal from the chairman's rulings, and this course is sustained by the highest precedent, not only by an inherent right vested in all bodies to effect their own organization, but let me repeat, by a precedent no less than our House of Representatives, where, on one occasion, the Clerk of the House, by virtue of the same imagined authority, refused to recognize a certain motion of John Quincy Adams, when he arose and put the question himself, and was sustained. Now, Walter Graham, after the refusal of the chairman in this instance, called for a vote by uplifted hands as to who had been elected judge of this election by actual count, and he declared that Mr. Long had a majority of those votes. So, now, Mr. Chairman and my fellow-citizens, you see that Mr. Long can fairly claim that he has been regularly elected judge; the greater semblance of regularity is really on his side."

The smile had died out of Slybarr's face; somebody else had it now.

Mr. Williamson, continuing, said, "But, now, Mr. Chairman, for I still recognize you, Mr. Slybarr, in that capacity, what I wish to suggest, while on my feet, is this: that in view of the conflicting interests, not to say passions, which seem to prevail here to-day, and in view of the natural desire that we all have as citizens to organize this board with as little confusion and with as much credit to ourselves as possible, I propose that the two candidates each be allowed to name one of the inspectors, and they in turn each choose one of the clerks, as is their right under the rules of the party, and then recognizing Samuel Long as judge, that these

men be recognized and declared the officers of this election. Now, having made this proposition, Mr. Chairman, I make it as a motion."

'Squire Bowers, who had been following Slybarr's leadership up to this time, now spoke up and said, "Mr. Chairman, I endorse the proposition of the gentleman. All that any party can desire here is an honest election. Let us stop this disgraceful proceeding and begin; I second Mr. Williamson's motion.

Slybarr looked disapprovingly, but finally he said, "The chairman does not think the course is regular, and is still of his original opinion; but in consideration of the maker of the motion, and the respect I always have for gray hairs, I will entertain it. Will the gentleman please repeat it?"

Mr. Williamson said, "The motion is that 'Squire Bowers and Patrick McKnight each be allowed to name an inspector, who in turn shall each name one clerk, and that these men with Samuel Long as judge shall be declared the officers of this election." Slybarr put the question. It was carried by a decided majority, no one deeming it necessary to call for a division. Slybarr so declared it, and asked the gentlemen to proceed to make their selection, at which he stepped down from the bench for the first time and proceeded to the 'Squire to have a consultation with him. A little consultation on the part of Pat.'s friends, and the names were ready. Slybarr, resuming his stand on the bench, said, "The following names have been handed to me by the respective parties; for inspectors, Israel Slade and Thomas Swave; for clerks, John Hornbrook and Walter Graham. In accordance with the motion just

adopted, I now declare Samuel Long judge, and these other gentlemen as the officers of this election."

The members of the board now assumed their places and were soon ready to receive the votes. The excitement largely subsided, and though no other boisterous occurrences happened during the afternoon, the voting was spirited and lively. Each side had regularly printed tickets, Pat.'s delegates being Jacob Graham, John Wagner, Hiram Flora and Jackson Matson. Here his friends had not been quite so wise as their opponents; though they had true friends, they had chosen their delegates too much in a bunch from about the village But it was evident Slybarr had miscalculated on Mart. Bernard's candidacy controlling Flora's vote, as he was one of the opposite delegates, and Joseph Bernard himself seemed really to be very indifferent.

Carriages were despatched to all sections of the township to bring in the laggards, the aged, the lame and the decrepit. The men from the iron works were brought up in almost full force after all, and Slybarr seemed to have a private consultation with them all, out behind the stable, before they voted.

At seven o'clock the polls closed, the vote having been the largest ever polled at a primary election, 282, almost the full Republican vote. An hour later Slybarr came out on the porch and announced the result to the people, who were still talking excitedly around in little groups, that the 'Squire's delegates had been elected by a majority of nine. A few minutes later it was substantially confirmed by the election officers themselves, as they came out, Sam. Long saying the majority was from five to nine; Lightner's majority over Graham was only five.

The young men withdrew to Miller's shop where they held a meeting of condolence, Walter saying, "Well, after all our efforts, I suppose we are beaten; such is the fate of war." Tom Swave said, "Yes, but don't you think with all our vigilance at the board, your father was in reality elected, and possibly the whole ticket. You see that Slade and Hornbrook are both sleight-of-hand fellows as well as ornary in every other respect. I have no confidence in anything they touch. You see a change of such a few votes would suffice in this case."

"No, I hardly think so."

"No, and of course we could establish nothing of that kind," said George Miller. "The thing that disgusts me most of all is the way some men voted here to-day, of whom you might have expected better. You see, in the first place, one-half the people are afraid to oppose the 'Squire and Slybarr, and then those old, dumb, conservative Dutchmen up there, who generally never come to the general election, and for whom we did more during the war than for any other class, and whom 'Squire Bowers secretly makes fun of, would come up here to-day and take their tickets from him as obediently as children, and he would smile, and joke, too, as graciously as you please. Oh, it's disgusting."

"Oh, they haven't brains enough to slop the hogs," said Pat.

"Yes, they have brains enough to slop the hogs," interrupted Tom; "go look at their hogs, if you want proof of that."

"Well, they had better stick at that, then, than try to run politics," said Wils. Long.

"Yes, not only they. Look at another class of men," said Dave Miller. "Here is Rev. Mr. Hartly, pretends to be such a conscientious man, and claims to be the leading minister of this community, do you suppose there was any other reason for him voting for the 'Squire, except his anxiety to be on the popular side, for fear he might lose a little pew rent &c.?"

"Oh, he never did amount to anything," said Walter. "Of course, he is our minister and all that, but everybody knows he is a man of no moral courage. You know he was in favor of compromise before the war, and he is afraid now to say whether he is in favor of negro suffrage or not."

"If I were you, Dave, I wouldn't let him perform the service at your marriage," said Tom Swave.

"Well, sir, if Mary is willing not to have him I am," said Dave.

"I don't think she will be hard to persuade," said Walter.

"Whom will you get?" said Sam. Long.

"Little Hirsh, our old chaplain," said Dave.

This is enough of the conversation between the boys, to give the reader an idea of the disgust and disappointment they felt over this defeat. A short dialogue between some of the leading spirits on the victorious side will serve to portray the feeling with them, and will let the light through a very small crack, besides; the listener is supposed to be listening at the key-hole of a closed room at McGuire's hotel, when he hears Slybarr say, "Well, we got there, all the same, anyhow. Didn't I tell you, 'Squire, that if they beat us, I would throw up the sponge?"

"Yes, but they have given us the closest call we

ever had, and I am afraid we may have made sores that will be a long time healing. It may prove a costly victory."

"Nonsense, nonsense," replied Slybarr. "I tell you there is nothing succeeds but success. You have got your victory, and don't be frightened at it. Yes, I will attend to that other matter. I will have Lightner substitute for me to-night yet. Now you will excuse me, will you 'Squire, Hornbrook wants to see me a minute alone."

The 'Squire arose, went out, and Hornbrook came in. The listener, though still supposed to be at the keyhole, could not hear all the conversation, as they spoke in a whisper or low undertone, but he could catch occasional sentences here and there, as follows:

Slybarr—"Well, how was it, anyhow? Did we have to make it all on the outside?"

Hornbrook—"Not exactly, but it was the tightest hold I was ever in. You see, I couldn't confuse them more than one of the whole count, and Slade only got one ticket read wrong; that makes two. Then there was just a clean little bunch of three that I got transposed while we were sorting; that counts for six. And so you see that the result would have elected two of our men by just one majority; one of theirs by two, and their other man, Graham, actually had three of a majority. See, you can only cut a little on corners that way when you are watched. To swap a ballot box or make a big change, you must have the whole board with you. One really honest man at the board can block the whole game on you if he suspects anything."

"Slybarr—"Well then, it seems the township really

was about equally divided. I suppose there is no disguising the fact, they came mighty near giving us a black eye."

Hornbrook—"They have given us a black eye as it is. I tell you I never want to be in such a scrape as that again for less than a hundred."

The fairy listener at the key-hole now withdrew, being unable to catch another full sentence, their voices having sunk into such a low whisper.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANOTHER RESULT.

THE shades of night stole on. The boys wiped the perspiration of excitement from their brows, and Tom Swave and Dave Miller walked along with Walter to his home, where Mr. Williamson was still sitting in the porch, talking to his father.

After they had all been seated, Mr. Williamson began, "Now it is over, and we have held our own so far, all things considered, quite as well as I had hoped for. Now I have something to tell you in confidence. Mr. Graham and I both have letters in our pockets from both Hon. Lee Baldwin and Evans, the editors of the *Mercury*, at Sharwood, requesting us to bring Pat. up to the convention on Wednesday, no difference what the result was here to-day. They have something to suggest to us. They fully believe there is a sentiment strong enough to carry him through, without even a delegate to start on. We do not know what it may amount to, but we are going to try it. Of course, it is a new departure in political conventions."

Tom Swave remarked, after hearing him through, "Mr. Williamson, I am not without hope in the plan; in fact, I discovered a great many people this afternoon, who have come to the conclusion that you are a pretty practical man, after all."

But I must be brief. Wednesday came. The delegates to the convention were all in by ten o'clock. Large numbers of them had arrived the night before.

Mr. Williamson, Mr. Graham and Pat. had been there since the morning before.

Monday's *Herald* contained a short article, headed, "The Racket in Adams," in which it alluded to the unsuccessful effort of a very disorderly element to organize the election board at Shocktown, by intimidating honest voters, but that it had come out in the end, as the *Herald* had predicted some weeks ago, that energy had been wasted on the part of the young braves who thought they knew more about politics than their fathers. As the gallant 'Squire had secured his delegates by a handsome majority in spite of all the efforts that were made to deprive him of them, and of methods that would scarcely bear the light, he would be before the convention on Wednesday a strong candidate in good shape.

The next morning, the one on which Pat. and his friends arrived on the field, the *Mercury* contained an article something longer than the *Herald's* of the day before, giving the true facts of the case in regard to the organization and election at Shocktown, and concluded by saying, that they were creditably informed that the one-armed and three-fingered soldier would be presented to the convention to-morrow as a candidate for the office of Register of Wills, notwithstanding that, technically speaking, he has no delegates. "If such is the case, we do not see how his claims can be well set aside. It would seem on general principles that all the delegates ought to be his."

This produced a little suppressed anxiety among the 'Squire's friends. Before evening they passed the word along the line to "make no disparaging or disrespectful remarks about Pat., but merely to treat the matter with silent contempt, just keep the forces they already

had for the 'Squire well in hand until the balloting commenced. No person," they said, "had ever heard of a man being nominated for an office who could not command his own township, and there will be no danger in this case, unless we give it undue prominence by noticing it."

Meanwhile, Pat. had been introduced to most of the delegates, as they gathered in, by Baldwin and Evans, who had revealed to Messrs. Williamson and Graham their plan for nominating Pat., which was about as follows: Baldwin was to be re-nominated for Congress; that he would be was now unanimously conceded. He had more than enough delegates pledged for him on the first ballot, and by a little good management and utilization of sentiment they could make it unanimous.

There was a one-legged soldier named Piper, from West Brook township, who was a candidate for Clerk of the Sessions. He had the delegates from his township in regular order, and every indication of success seemed hovering around him. Two other citizens, candidates for the same position, of about equal strength, began to see, as they expressed it, that "the one-legged soldier was in their way."

The one who discovered that fact first, however, was the one who had not been slated by the powers that were to put the 'Squire through. So, as long as a week ago, he had sought Piper's friends and drove a bargain with them, that if he would step down and out with a graceful declaration in favor of the one-legged soldier at the right time, his friends would remember him the next term. The reader can easily see that after that Piper's nomination was a foregone

conclusion. In fact, he was not really necessitated to make any such deal, but out of abundant caution he did it.

And in order to make a long story short, Evans, the editor of the *Mercury*, who was consulted about it, thought he saw instantly an opportunity to drive, at the same time, a bargain for Pat. So it came to pass that he sent for Jones, one of the rival candidates for Register, and after explaining everything to him, even the impossibility of his being nominated this time, got him to consent that for the same consideration as that given to Jones, he would at the given signal have himself gracefully withdrawn in favor of the "one-legged soldier."

In this way this convention was to be stampeded at the proper moment, and the author is inclined to the opinion that it was not unlike many other spontaneous stampedings of conventions, in that the spontaneity was arranged several days previously.

Their plan even went so far as to have Walter substituted as a delegate from the second ward of Sharwood, at which place he was now at liberty to claim a residence if he wished to second the motion, and on the morning of the convention, the *Mercury* was to come out with a full column editorial, which it did, booming Pat. and Piper for their respective offices. The editorial was all that Pat.'s friends could have hoped for if Mr. Williamson or Walter had written it themselves. It was entitled, "The duty of to-day's convention." It was clear, strong and incisive, though it cast no reflections upon any of the other candidates, it practically dared the Republican party to go back on these two disabled veterans of the war, unless they were able to

show some grave moral blemish against their characters, nothing of which had been done.

The paper was read by every delegate, before the hour for the convention to assemble. Fear had almost paralyzed the 'Squire and his friends; Slybarr had told the 'Squire, when he first heard of this plan, as he had on the other occasion, that there was "not a damned thing in it," adding, that the man was green enough to be eaten up by the cows who looked for anybody to be nominated in a convention who had no delegates. But now an hour before its assembling, he was more thoroughly disconcerted than he had ever been in his life. He managed, however, to say by instruction from his superiors, that "We the delegates from Adams township, have not been making war at any time against Pat. Indeed, we have nothing but the most friendly feeling toward him. We are only looking after the interests of Bowers for the Senate, and it appears we can't undertake to carry too much at once."

At the appointed hour, the Chairman of the County Committee called the convention to order. After the roll call, the Baldwin-Evans faction had no difficulty in securing the organization. The president was not so very long in announcing that they were now ready to receive the nominations for Congress.

Whereupon Mr. Boggs, from the fourth ward, of Sharwood, arose and said, that "He arose with great pleasure, for the purpose of nominating the Hon Lee Baldwin, our present representative for that office, and as he had been charged with favoring another candidate at one time, he now wished to avail himself of this opportunity of denying it, by moving that the nomination of Mr. Baldwin be made unanimous, in accordance

with what he knew was the sentiment of this convention, and in accordance with the time honored practice of the party, to give every Congressman at least his second term."

The motion was received with cheers. Then Mr. Cord, from Oakwood township, arose, and said, "Mr. Chairman, I rise for the purpose of seconding the motion of the fourth ward, but I rise for more than that. I rise for a privileged question at this point. I desire that the motion to nominate by acclamation be extended to Captain Piper, of Westbrook, for Clerk of Quarter Sessions. I, too, as well as my colleagues from the city, am anxious to be set right on the matter of other candidates. We not only have been charged with having another candidate for that office. We have one; we plead guilty to that charge. We came here instructed by our constituents to support Mr. John Jones, one of the most worthy citizens and most steadfast Republicans in the county, for the office of Clerk of Quarter Sessions. But arriving at this convention, we find ourselves confronted by another candidate. And who is this, sir? He is a one-legged soldier, a man who has suffered untold miseries for you and me, in upholding the flag of our country in the hour of its peril, of its dire necessity. Sir, it behooves us, my fellow-citizens, to repay the debt of gratitude we owe to such men when we have it in our power. Of course, Mr. President, the delegates from Oakwood township, however much they might desire to support Piper, would not desert the man for whom they have been instructed without good cause, such as I am happy to say exists here to-day, in the positive refusal of Mr. Jones to be a candidate in opposition to

this one-legged soldier. I am instructed by Mr. Jones to withdraw his name as a candidate for Clerk of Quarter Sessions. I am instructed, sir, by Mr. Jones, to move that the nomination of Captain Piper be made unanimous."

This speech was received with rapturous applause and cries of, "Include the one-armed soldier for Register." Mr. Boggs arose, and said, "I will accept the gentleman's amendment. I will include it in my original motion." Renewed cries of, "Take the one-armed soldier with you," "Use all alike." Amid the general confusion and enthusiasm which now prevailed, the figure of a young delegate on the opposite side of the hall was seen to rise and address the chair in clear, ringing tones. The president was prompt to recognize the "gentleman from the second ward of Sharwood, Major Graham." Slybarr, sitting three seats in front of him, at the head of his delegates, turned to them, and said, "If that young Graham was in hell it would be a fine thing for the country." Walter, continuing, addressed the convention, as follows: "Mr. President, in rising to offer an amendment to the motion before the convention, to wit: that Patrick McKnight, of Adams township, be included in the motion for Register of Wills, I am but performing a simple duty to him, to this convention, to myself, to conscience and to God." [Loud applause]. "This convention owes it to itself, to the Republican party, to the principles which it represents, to the fidelity with which it has guarded the interests of humanity everywhere, to the gratitude it bears to the soldiers of the republic, who preserved a nation and broke four millions of fetters, to the nine and twenty fields of carnage through which

he passed, from Fort Donaldson to Five Forks, in his efforts to save that nation and break those chains, to nominate him for Register this day. [Loud and continued cheering]. We ask, in the name of that perfect body and vigorous health which he took with him to join those ranks, in the name of that empty sleeve, that mutilated hand and that shattered constitution with which he returned from those ranks, that this convention nominate him by acclamation along with his disabled comrade, Captain Piper, for an office this day." [Loud applause.]

Brave Pat. McKnight is qualified, or we would not have suggested him; he is worthy, or we would not support him; he is honest, or we would not press him; he is poor, or we would not insist upon him. [Cheers.] We want this convention, to-day, while it nominates a ticket with our honored representative, Mr. Baldwin, at its head, for Congress, to supplement it with two veteran soldiers, a one-legged one and a one-armed one, and hold them up before the world as the index of our principles, as the objects of our munificence, and let their wooden leg and empty sleeve speak for us, like 'Poor Cæsar's wounds; with dumb eloquence.' Mr. President, I offer the amendment."

Walter sat down, amid a perfect hurricane of shouting and cheering, followed by three cheers for "the one-armed soldier, Pat. McKnight." As soon as order could be restored, Mr. Boggs arose and said he would accept the amendment. A dozen voices shouted, "I second the motion." The president rapped vigorously for order, and then said, "If the chair understands the motion, as it now stands, it is this: That Hon. Lee Baldwin, Capt. John Piper and Patrick McKnight be

unanimously declared the nominees of this convention, for the respective offices of Congress, Clerk of Quarter Sessions and Register of Wills."

"That is the motion," exclaimed Boggs.

The president, continuing as rapidly as he could, said, "The chair so understands it, and it has been already seconded. Is the convention ready for the question? [Cries of question, question]. "All in favor of the motion," said the president, continuing with great promptness, "will please say, aye." "Aye, aye," went up from four fifths of the delegates, and all of the spectators. The president continued, before the echo had died, "Contrary, no. It is agreed to. Those gentlemen are nominated for those offices. The next business before the convention is the nomination of the Legislative ticket."

The rest you know. The imagination supplies all. One little detail, however, should be told. A voice from the audience cried out—I never knew exactly whose voice it was, but, one thing was certain, it was somebody who had a good one, for it was heard all over the hall, as it rang out: "Hallo, Slybarr, who has got the breath knocked out of them now?"

Perhaps it ought to be told how the boys gathered together in groups, and became a little hilarious after the convention. How Mr. Williamson said to them, "Don't be too exultant; be as modest in victory as you are composed in defeat." How Tom Swave said, "Most excellent advice, Mr. Williamson, but still, you know, he that laughs last laughs best."

How the old judge took Walter into his back office, and complimented him on his speech, saying, "And the thing that pleased me most of all about it was that

you made no allusion to yourself." How 'Squire Bowers looked over the papers the next morning and saw on the official ticket as settled, the name of Patrick McKnight of Adams township for Register, but nowhere beheld his own for State Senator. How the following Saturday evening when the usual little circle was gathered around on Graham's porch, Mr. Williamson said, "Well, I wonder if our *practical* friends think by this time there is something in a *sentiment*. Yes, my friends, sentiment is stronger than any manipulations or practices that can be brought against it. Wendell Phillips hit the nail squarely on the head, when he said, 'The talk of the street is the law of the land.' Sentiment tears written constitutions into atoms, and batters down garrisons the most strongly fortified. It wrenches verdicts from juries, and decrees from judges. It makes hypocrites of ministers, and cowards of statesmen. It turns dynasties into republics, and cuts the heads off of kings. It puts bayonets in the hands of soldiers, and Cromwells on the Woolsack. It is just as potent for evil as it is for good. When it is right, it is right to use it for a generous purpose, as in this instance, for Pat., but where it is wrong, it must be changed to the right. But he is a brave man who dares to confront it. Sentiment, like the scythe, has to go through several processes before it is manufactured: first, through the furnace of conviction, then of purpose, and, finally, of necessity, before it appears the full-fledged article, which, like the scythe, mows down all before it.

"Yes, my friends, sentiment has made Pat. McKnight Register. It has erected monuments at Bunker Hill, though our armies were whipped and

driven from the field. Sentiment has erected monuments to Wellington at Waterloo, though he knew nothing of how the battle was conducted, and, it is sentiment that is rapidly rolling Gen. Grant into the Presidential chair, though no man in the country is authorized to say, to-day, what his political opinions are. Sentiment may compel him to pronounce in favor of Republicanism, as it compelled us to abolish slavery, or as that necessity, which compelled us to put a bayonet in the hands of the negro, must yet create a sentiment that will put a ballot in his hand, otherwise, the liberty which has been granted him in name, will prove a nullity in fact."

CHAPTER XXIV.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

"And the soul while reaching outward
For the heavenly message sent,
On its prison bars is beating,
Breeding holy discontent."

AT the time in which the scene of this chapter is principally laid, to wit, October, 1867, it seems absolutely necessary to take a short backward glance of two years and a half to understand fully its significance. Simply to turn for a brief moment to a certain April day. An historic April day. A day filled with cheers and rejoicing; a day filled with despair and gloom; a day of expectations realized; a day of hopes crushed to earth; a day of unbounded joy; a day of broken hearts; a proud day for victor; sombre day for vanquished; a day on which both sides distinctly read "the end." For it was none other than the ninth day of April, 1865. It was Appomattox day.

But it is not of the two great chieftains of that occasion of which we are to speak. The one young, in the prime of life, with his three and forty years resting lightly on him, clad simply in a soldier's blouse, without sword, without epaulettes, save only a small strap on his shoulders to indicate who he was. The other, still erect and commanding under his three score years, dressed in full uniform, with trailing sword. The one conquerer, the other conquered. The one simplicity, the other dignity; but both stoics, the impene-

trable, emotionless, both "anxious to shift from their shoulders the responsibility of the further useless effusion of blood," nor is it the terms of that surrender on which we wish to dwell. The world knows them by heart; they were not hard to remember. "Lay down your arms, officers retain your side arms, go home on your paroles of honor, obey the laws of the country. Take your horses with you, you will need them to put in your spring crops." Then the simple unpretentious soldier of forty-three went back to his command, and the dignified soldier of sixty went back to his home, and the world stood amazed.

Of all this our school children know, but they are not so well acquainted with a certain other young man in his twenty-eighth year, who was riding on his horse—an old brown horse—toward the rear of the surrendered army, by virtue of those terms. It was not the gallant gray with which he had ridden away from his home four years before, but still he was addressed as Colonel by about a dozen Confederate soldiers, who were standing by the roadside as he left camp. They were the remnants of his regiment. They said to him, "Colonel, are you leaving us? God bless you, what are we to do?" He halted, turned in his saddle, resting one hand upon the sharp withers of his bony steed, raising the other up in the air, said, "Yes, my companions in arms, I am leaving you. Farewell. The God of battles has been against us. Oh, my comrades, it is true, we have lost, we have lost. You ask me what are you to do? I answer, take home these arms and trophies that a generous conqueror has left you; be as peaceful citizens in the conquered South, as you have been brave soldiers in your efforts to establish the

independent South. And remember, that from this day forward and forever, you have but one country, one flag—the United States, the stars and stripes. You have my blessing. Farewell."

He turned his face once more toward the South, spoke to his horse and rode slowly away. Scars were on his body, sorrow was in his heart, emptiness was in his pockets, courage in his breast, honor in his soul, philosophy in his mind.

He jogged slowly on for days, subsisting as best he could upon the charities of an impoverished people, and grazing his horse at intervals on the roadside. His hair was unkempt, his beard was shaggy, his clothes were soiled, his boots were in holes.

He reached his home in process of time, where he was greeted by sisters, embraced by mother, and shown the last letter of his father, who had died at Fort Fisher, defending the lost cause.

The following day he was sitting on the east porch of a stately mansion. His hair had been trimmed, his face was clean shaven, he was clad in citizen's clothes, his mind was absorded in thought. The mansion at which he was resting was Mount Airy. His name was Andrew Jackson Clinton.

He awoke as from a trance, turned to his mother and said, "Where is old Uncle Snow?"

"Out at the barn, I think."

"Could you have him come here?"

"Yes."

An old negro, whose grinning face, white teeth and hair explained at once how he had received the appellation of "Uncle Snow," soon stood before him.

"Uncle Snow," commenced Clinton, "I wish to talk

to you on a matter of business. I have heard the good reports of you, the faithfulness with which you have stood by my mother and sisters during the time both father and I were away, though I believe all the time you sympathized with the North, and prophesied that we would lose. I wish to say to you, first of all, that your prophecy has been fulfilled. We have been conquered, and you are a free man. Your children will never again be sold from you. You need never again address any man as *master*. What I want to say to you next is, that you know more about how to carry on the business of this plantation than any other man on it. You have served a long apprenticeship here. Humiliating as the fact may be to us, you know more about the cultivation of cotton, of potatoes, of tobacco, of the manufacturing of tar and rosin, of the cutting and sawing of logs than I do, which is simply nothing. I was not raised to work, but to be a gentleman. I was equipped for the law, when I left here to rear a Southern Confederacy; but, as the situation now stands, lawyers are not needed here. Somebody that can do a day's work is what is required ; men that can hitch a pair of horses to a plow, or manage a cotton-gin; girls who can cook themselves a meal, or wash their own dresses, if necessary. I am as much the proprietor of this property now as anyone else. I am willing to learn to work, but I need some one to teach me; I will need help to manage this business; I am supposed, under the new order of things, to pay that help for their services. We have nothing to pay them with. As for money, we have none.

"Would you be willing Uncle Snow, to remain here with us and a few other of the more reliable hands

that you could induce to do the same, if I promise you, if my mother promises you, that we will pay you for your services after the crops are raised and sold, or that we give you a certain share in them that shall be yours, that you can do what you please with? Are you willing to trust to that, at least until we can have some understanding with some friends of ours in the North who own a considerable portion of this plantation?"

Old Uncle Snow bowed, grinned, and said, "All perfectly sac'fac'ry, Massa Andrew. Always did like you, and Missus, too, and de gals. I trus' you to anyting, Massa Andy; jes' one ting I like to ax you, Massa Andy. You tink dere am any chance for me to eber see my daughter? You musn't be too hard on me for kinder sidin' a little wid the Norf. I done de bes' I could for you. I didn't tell de Linkum sodjers eberyting when dey comes along. I hid enough fat meat and 'taters back for Missus and de gals."

"Uncle Snow, if you will forgive my father, now in his grave, for having consented to sell your daughter, I will forgive you and all your tribe for sympathizing with the North, and, if possible, hunt your daughter up for you, besides."

"God bless you, Massa Andy, God bless you."

"Did Sherman's army destroy everything as effectually as on this place, when it came through here."

"Can't say 'zactly as to dat, Massa Andy. I saved 'nough back here, though, to keep us from starvin' for a couple o' days."

An old gray haired and gray bearded man who had stepped around the corner, and been a listener to this dialogue, now interposed his voice, as fol-

lows: "Andrew, you are a glorious young man. I have been edified with this conversation with an old nigger, making him your equal. It's a wonder you don't embrace him and call him brother at once. So the Southern Confederacy is lost, is it? Slavery is abolished, is it? Not much, let me tell you. We have soldiers in the field yet. We can keep up a guerilla warfare, if nothing more, for years. Haven't we just heard that the tyrant, Lincoln, is killed? In fact, Andrew, I see you are about as great a fool on this question as you ever were."

Andrew Jackson Clinton turned around on his chair, looked at the old man, and said, sarcastically, "Mr. Morgan, I have been a great fool on this question, 'tis true. The only person I know more consummately so is yourself." He paused, turned his face contemptuously, as if to say, "I do not propose to waste words about it."

Nothing could have maddened old Morgan more than this. He accordingly retorted as ironically as he could, "Yes, well you are a fool and a coward besides. You are a pretty soldier, aren't you, coming home talking that way."

Clinton turned, sprang to his feet, raised his right hand, stretched out his finger, passed his left hand through his hair, and exclaimed, "Morgan, who are you? A sneaking, cowardly braggadocio, who wants to shield himself behind his years. I have scars on my body more than you ever saw regiments. They were put there by Yankee bullets. The Southern Confederacy was Lee's army. It has been forced to surrender. I do not know what you call it; I call it being whipped. Fools learn only in the school

of experience, but you seem too obtuse even for that. If the report should prove true that Lincoln has been killed, it will be cause for lamentation, not for rejoicing on the part of the South. The next word that you will hear will be that Johnson has surrendered. You have witnessed the last effort that will ever be made to dismember the Federal Union for the next hundred years. You have seen the last fetter fastened on the arms of a negro, be careful lest the next cord you feel be not around your own neck. Remember you belong to the class who had sworn to support the Federal constitution, when you renounced it to support the Southern one."

Old Morgan was as completely suppressed as he had been on this same porch four years before and infinitely worse scared. His whole manner changing, he said, "What do you think those Northern brutes will do with us anyhow?"

"I do not think the men of the North will do anything with us, if such men as you will keep your mouths shut. Uncle Snow you may go; I will see you again."

Clinton turned to open a letter just handed to him, and the conversation closed. As he unfolded it a five dollar greenback disclosed itself. The letter read as follows:

ANN ARBOR UNIVERSITY, Mich., April 11, 1865.

Col. A. J. Clinton—Dear Sir: I write this in the mere hope that it may reach you, as I have heard nothing from you since the evening I left you on the march, with the three hard tacks that you gave me from your meagre supply.

You, of course, have intelligence enough to know that your cause is lost. I know that you, with the rest of the Southern people must be poor. As a slight token of the personal favor you

did me, I take the liberty of enclosing you this small amount. You may call it a loan, if you prefer. I shall call it a gift; and be assured that my own straitened condition at this time is all that prevents me from making it larger. I think, further, I can say that the people of the North have no vindictive feelings toward you. You will simply remember what Abraham Lincoln has intimated in his terms: "The Union is preserved in its integrity; slavery is abolished; the rest they may write out themselves." Hoping that this may reach you, I remain,

Yours truly,

WALTER GRAHAM.

Clinton read and re-read the lines, turned the five-dollar bill in hand, passed it and the letter over to his mother and sisters, who were exclaiming, "Whom is your letter from, Andrew? Will you let us see it, please?" He drew a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped a tear from his eye, and remarked, "Mother, we can get a few groceries now, at least."

And now we leave Mount Airy once more in the distance, while we turn our glances to the thriving town of Sharwood, in the North, in October of 1867.

Walter Graham had left the office at four o'clock and started out for an evening walk. His limbs were vigorous; they sought the exercise, or rather they needed it, for after all, there was a slight indefinable feeling of languor connected with them, not altogether in consonance with that bracing autumn air; or was it a languor of the mind, a slight shade of gloom, the first tinge of frost upon the brain, which, unlike the frost upon the leaves, had failed to paint it in such radiant colors.

He had now been a lawyer for more than four months, and had been bothered as yet with but one obtrusive client, an old Irishman, from whom he had

least expected a call; wrote a deed and examined some records, and received two dollars. Mr. Martin, who officed with the judge had him appointed master in a divorce case, for which he had received ten dollars, and these two fees up to the middle of October, constituted his legal earnings.

True, he had been appointed by the court to defend a man charged with horse-stealing, for whom he made an able effort, but who was convicted all the same, and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. Even the reputation he had acquired as a convention orator seemed fading as the sun on the western sky. He could not see that it had brought him any clients.

He had exhausted four sheets of paper explaining to Blanch his fortunes with his first client. He had read a dozen times over her answer to it, congratulating him upon his success, which he well understood had the slightest vein of sweetest humor in it, and he sometimes fancied a little kindly stimulant.

And yet how could he say he was entirely satisfied with his career since he bade her good-by, that June evening, in the carriage.

Now that she had been home almost a week, how could he meet her with that hope he had cherished, and yet he could not stay away; he must call on her to-morrow.

Had he been too impatient? Had he been unwilling to work and wait for that success which the old judge had told him was sure to be his in at least a reasonable degree, if he continued studying and building up character? No, he did not believe that this too sensible feeling of dejection which seemed to be on his soul, that lovely autumn evening, came from that. He was

willing to work as hard and as long as any other man, to deserve success, if it would only come in the end. He could bear discouragement, if he could only be honest in the meanwhile; but oh! that fearful word *debt*. He was already in its thrall; he felt its pangs; it was stinging like an adder. He already owed Tom Swave thirty dollars and Dave Miller forty more, and his last week's board bill unpaid at that. What prospect had he that he could pay either of them back in any reasonable time. "Dave is just starting in life," said he, "to be my brother-in-law next week. Of course he needs his money. Tom has but very little. His father is really poorer than my own. I know he loaned me that money simply because he understood that I did not like to mention it to my father, and I was in hopes that I could have bridged it over somehow and been self-sustaining from the start, got along independent of father, and dear knows, perhaps he cannot help me even if he wishes; he wants to give Mary a respectable set out, and so he should."

How many different kinds of torture are there, thought Walter, as he kept walking on that evening? In all his previous agonies, including those of his spasmodic loves, and the more permanent one that he had never been able to shake off since the evening he first looked into those half-crossed eyes, this was the first time in his life that he had felt like a thief, in debt and not able to pay. "Great God! I must disclose every thing to father to-morrow night. I can go home and husk corn this fall if nothing else."

He was reaching the point of desperation; enforced idleness was killing him.

"I don't amount to as much as Miss Lesher," he thought; "look what she has done, only a poor girl. That weakness which you know poor father has," as she had said to him when he was home on furlough, had well nigh done its worst. Suffice it to say they no longer lived in the same house or kept the store as they did. Out of the wreck they had saved one thousand dollars, however, that Mrs. Lesher could clearly prove was her own, which half paid for the cozy little home in which they now lived. Mr. Lesher, still a capable man in his way, worked as kind of foreman in a tobacco warehouse, at which he earned three hundred dollars a year. Miss Lesher had gone to teaching school, as she had told him and Henry Kerr she expected to. Her Normal diploma, her strong activity and high reputation as a teacher now commanded a position worth five hundred and fifty dollars per year to her, and thus the family lived in their snug little home in a remote part of the city.

All this she told him herself, in his friendly calls upon her. Naturally enough, her courage, her intelligence, her noble example, challenged his admiration, and awakened his sympathy, but beyond that line they never passed, never entered that more sacred ground. She only asked him as a friend. He claimed the privilege of being that much.

Thus reflected Walter Graham, as he took his walk that evening, far beyond its usual length out into the country, coming home through retired streets, up through narrow alleys, striking a main thoroughfare about a square from his office, at which place he met Mr. Martin, who addressed him, "Halloa, young man,

you are late. There has been a gentleman waiting in the office for you for an hour."

"Is he there now?"

"I left him there."

"Did you tell him to wait?"

"Yes, he looks like a client, hurry up."

Walter did hurry up, with that strange expectancy which seizes one when he is hoping for something but really expecting nothing.

He entered the office. It was already early twilight. The back office was slightly dark; the stranger was sitting there. He arose as Walter entered, extended his hand to Walter's cordial "Good evening," and replied, "Good evening, sir, do I have the pleasure of meeting Major Graham?"

Walter held his hand for a few seconds and said, "I am sometimes called that. Just step out in the light, please; let me see if I can tell whom I have the pleasure of meeting. Well I say it is Col. A. J. Clinton."

"Right on the first guess," replied Clinton.

The rest you must imagine, as I know you easily can, that he was Walter's guest that evening at the hotel. He took him with him for supper, after which they walked around to Miss Lesher's where he met, face to face, the lady who had said, "The Southerners were nothing but a perfect set of blow-horns," and she met, face to face, the man who had sent her "his compliments" for such an opinion.

How they talked and impressed each other when they did meet, must also be left to the imagination. But I believe it can be truthfully said, that neither of them had any vindictive feeling toward the other; at least Miss Lesher said to him once during the evening,

"Why do you allude to the men we had up here, who sympathized with you during the struggle? You don't expect me to have as much respect for them as I have for you. No, I have more respect for the man who shot my brother than for them to-day."

As they walked home together Clinton said to Walter, "She is a bright girl, isn't she?"

"Very."

"Are you in love with her?"

"Not at all."

"You remember, I suppose, the occasion on which I asked you that same question about Miss Reed?"

"Perfectly well."

"May I repeat it? Are you in love with her now?"

"Not at all."

"Is she in love with any person?"

"I think so."

Clinton seemed to halt for a second, then regained his step and walked on in silence for a distance, then said, "Shall we go to your office and talk for an hour? It will be more private than at the hotel."

"Certainly," said Walter, "I was just going to propose it when you anticipated me."

In a few minutes more Walter unlocked the office door, turned up the gas, and they both ensconced themselves in rocking-chairs by the heater, when Clinton commenced, "Graham, I am here, not merely in the capacity of your friend, but as your client also," drawing, as he spoke, a ten-dollar bill from his pocket and passing it to Walter. "First here is your retainer. What more may come of it I do not know. Perhaps the rest of the fee can be made contingent."

"One moment," interrupted Walter, "before you

go further. Is not this merely a device of yours to pay back the small favor I sent you as a present?"

"Not at all, not at all. You may have that matter your own way if you wish; please allow me to have my own way now. You will please call this a retainer for the business I am about to lay before you. You know I am a lawyer myself."

Walter took the note, put it in his lean purse, and gave his undivided attention to Clinton as he stated his case. It was a matter of some importance, and consumed about an hour, when Clinton himself resumed the social side of their conversation as follows: "Well, Graham, you see I am one of those hot-blooded Southerners who go direct to a subject. Let me ask you one question further. You say you think Miss Reed is in love with somebody. Do you think that person is in love with her?"

"I think their feelings are mutual."

"Who is he?"

"Will. Morton."

"Are they engaged?"

"I think so."

Clinton paused for an instant, drew his left hand through his hair and across his forehead. Walter smiled, and said, "Proceed, you will soon be a better Yankee than a Southerner. You ask questions well."

Clinton made an effort and did continue. "If I remember Mr. Morton's daughter rightly, she was rather a reserved young girl, and yet, with something striking in her countenance, was there not?"

Walter coughed; Clinton continued, "She was only a young girl then. I take it, she would develop into a lovely character."

Walter felt himself blushing to the back of his ears, and burst out, "One in whom the elements are so mixed that you can hold her up to the world and say, 'This is a *woman*.'"

Clinton perceived all, and after as light pause gave the subject another sudden turn. "Well, let us plunge into politics. Are you going to force negro suffrage upon us?"

"It looks that way."

"Are you in favor of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"I was in hopes you were not. Are the majority of the people of the North in favor of it?"

"I doubt if they are"

"Then why are you in favor of it, and why do you think it will happen?"

"I am in favor of it because I believe it to be justice. I believe it will happen because it is the sequence to his having fired a musket in defence of the Union, and because the imprudence of the Southern people and the obstinacy of Andrew Johnson have made it possible." How have we been imprudent? And how does Andrew Johnson's policy differ from Abraham Lincoln's? Did not he say he had no conditions to impose except the integrity of the Union and the abandonment of slavery? After that, were we not simply to be let alone? What has become of his immortal sentiment already, 'Malice toward none, charity for all?'"

"That sentiment is as immortal as ever," replied Walter, but Abraham Lincoln also said, 'firmness in the right as God gives us to know the right.' The conditions are already different from what they were supposed to be even then. Is the government not

letting you alone? Is not the head of the Confederacy out on bail, destined never to be tried? Has not your late vice-president written a constitutional argument in favor of secession? Has not Robert E. Lee retired in peace to his plantation, and no man in America dare touch a hair of his head? In short, is not universal amnesty just as sure to come as negro suffrage? Tell me this, have you an organization in the South known as the Ku-Klux-Klan?" "I never saw it," replied Clinton. They both paused. Clinton continued, "Then you are in favor of universal amnesty, are you, as well as negro suffrage?"

"Yes sir."

"That you intend as a kind of antidote, do you, to sugar coat the pill? Tell me this, how am I to get my friend's disabilities removed, and how is he to be admitted to his seat in Congress?"

"You must see the man who is bossing the job about that."

"Who is he?"

"Thad. Stevens."

"He is a vindictive old fellow, is he not?"

"Not at all, sir, the people of the South simply do not understand him. I am told he will give his last ten cents to a poor rebel in distress to-day."

"Yes, but you see this man destroyed his ironworks at Gettysburg. The fact of the matter is, my old regiment was under his command at the time."

"I do not believe even that will affect the case, if he conceives it one of merit."

Walter continued, "Come Clinton, let us go to bed, and let the angels of peace watch over both the people of the North and the people of the South."

"Amen," said Clinton, as he grasped his hand, and these men but yesterday the most intrepid of combatants, now the most cordial of friends, walked around to the hotel together, Walter remarking as they proceeded, "So then, everything is understood; you will be with us on Thursday at the wedding."

"I will be there if possible."

They each retired his room, Walter saying to himself as he closed the door: "Well, now to-morrow I will pay up my board bill, and have a few dollars left for the wedding. Somehow, I still had an abiding faith that something would come. How beautiful it is to feel that it has not been destroyed; and here is Clinton's old letter acknowledging my favor at the close of the war, in which I read, 'Your letter fell like a sunbeam through the clouds that enveloped our home. And now even I think I see a light shining in the distance, where but five hours ago I thought it was midnight.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FIRST REUNION.

ON the following Thursday Walter was at home at his sister's wedding. The bride and groom were clad in good clothes, neat, plain, unpretentious; happy, vigorous in action, robust in health and mated by nature. The company was informal and easy to the highest degree. It consisted not only of Dave's old schoolmates, who had been in the army, but many of those who had not. High. Bowers and Ben., Wilse Long, Mart. Bernard and sisters. It seemed already to be a genuine burial of the factional strife engendered by Pat.'s campaign, and a cordial smoking of the pipe of peace.

Wendell Phillips Bolton and his two sisters, Hannah and Alice, were of the company. Miss Lesher had slipped away a day to be present. The Mansdale people consisted of Will. Morton and Blanch, Cousin Ida and Emma Reed; Mr. Wagner, Prof. Baker, Mr. Williamson and their wives were there, of course, and Clinton was able to make the connection. Mr. Hartly was there in his official capacity. Of course, no such personal pique as had been intimated prevailed against him on this occasion. And besides, his own good taste had suggested that it would be fitting that Mr. Hirsh should at least assist in the process of welding these two lives into one.

As the company was seated around the large table after the dinner was well nigh over, Prof. Baker

remarked, "Behold, we have Andrew Jackson Clinton at one end of the table and Wendell Philips Bolton at the other. In fact, in taking a survey of this company, it looks about as much like a reunion as a wedding."

"This is the first reunion of your boys and girls, Professor, of the old soldiers and the antagonistic elements forming a new Union," said Mr. Williamson. "I think it would be fitting for Andrew Jackson Clinton to respond to the toast, "The New Union."

The company clapped their hands, and said, "Happy thought; no backing out, Clinton."

Clinton looked over the field, smiled on the radiant faces that were smiling on him, arose and said:

"'The New Union! By the Eternal, it must and shall be preserved.' The union of Miller and Graham, this day framed under this hospitable roof, and sanctified by God, we know is fraternal and will endure to the end. Let the new Union of the States be preserved in a peace, a fraternity and prosperity commensurate with the fire, the blood and the death with which the old Union was preserved.

"My friends, if there are any persons in my section who doubt whether the Union has been preserved, let me assure you, I am not one of them. There is a history stretching over four years of recorded time, you may call it what you please, there is nought in the name, but it reaches from Sumter to Appomattox. It attests that the Union has been preserved. Those who cannot so read it are stone blind, for the pen was a sword, and the ink was blood that recorded it, and there it stands in burning letters of red. The Union is preserved, slavery is abolished. Friends of the North, soldiers of the Union army, with that are you

not content? It was all you asked, more than you contended for in the beginning. Do you insist on negro equality? Is it fair that you add that to your conquest? I await the answer."

Clinton sat down amid silence, but not a painful one. All eyes turned instinctively to Mr. Willlamson, but the old man said, "It is not my day; it belongs to the young folks. Let Wendell P. Bolton respond to the toast, the fifteenth amendment."

The boys clapped, the girls smiled, and Bolton rose and said, "My friends, I feel that my friend at the other end of the table and myself are the victims of names. That is what there is in a name to-day. The name my friend bears has been rendered illustrious because it said, 'the Union must and shall be preserved.' Mine was made odious because it said, 'dissolution is my method, dissolution is my cure. I would take down the dam of the Union and let loose the torrent of God's waterworks, and like all other currents, it will clear a channel for itself.'

"What motive had he for dissolution in the abstract? What channel did he wish to clear? I take it that it was the channel of equality, something in the nature of the fifteenth amendment. Who had turned the greater somersault, the followers of Jackson or Wendell Phillips, when the morning after the lurid fire broke forth from Sumter's walls, he shook the stars and stripes before the multitude in Faneuil Hall and said, 'proclaim liberty through all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!' Who was he then, the fanatic of the past or the seer of the present, the philosopher of reform, the prophet of freedom, the proclaimer of the new dispensation? The man who did not care to

inquire about intentions, but could foresee results. The man who had read history with his eyes and not with prejudices. Perhaps it is my turn now to enjoy a little popularity with my name. All this I suppose is what we call a revolution, and, I take it, will ultimately carry the fifteenth amendment with it, not with malice to our friends of the South, but with justice to the negro."

"Sit down, you are through," exclaimed George Miller, "No man is to speak over three minutes."

"Good," said Tom Swave, "always stick to the maxim, 'quit when you are done.' Ben Wade says, the man who can't say all he has to say in five minutes, is not fit to be in the Senate."

The boys laughed, and the girls smiled charmingly. Mr. Williamson remarking, "The next toast will be from Thomas Swave. Gettysburg."

Tom arose and said, "My friends, you do me an injustice. My toast implies that I should speak of myself, but I will not. Gettysburg is the centre of the greatest galaxy on the canopy of war, which is made up of the five hundred engagements of the American conflict, an imperishable star in the diadem of battles; the twin sister of Vicksburg; the counterpart of Shiloh; the sequence to Harper's Ferry; the tidal wave of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; the prelude to Appomattox; the Marathon of modern civilization; the Waterloo of America. Gettysburg is *immortality*. Victor Hugo says, 'Waterloo bears divine right on its crupper.' Divine right of what? Does he mean *kings?* If so, it was right to place it upon the crupper. Then the analogy was complete, for the stay of the Bourbons in France after Waterloo was short. But

Gettysburg has a prouder record. She bears the equality of man on her brow-band. When Robert Edmunds Lee got down from that seminary tower, on the third day of July, 1863, and called his shattered ranks to rest, the Emancipation Proclamation became a living reality. When he turned from that field, leaving thirty thousand dead and dying Confederate soldiers behind, and led his scarred columns back through the mountain gaps to old Virginia, negro suffrage followed in his wake. Wellington said he had a detestable army at Waterloo. Think of Meade saying that at Gettysburg; those thirteen dead horses lying around his headquarters would have been supplemented by a dead commanding general."

"Sit down," cried Will. Morton, "you are off the subject; you are on dead horses." "The subject is Gettysburg, Revolution and all that follows," said Walter.

"Revolution! that is a hard thing to define," said Prof. Baker.

"Yes, but the boys have been doing well, "said Mr. Williamson. "Suppose we let them try it." The next toast is *Revolution*, Walter Graham. Meanwhile, the company had been enjoying themselves hugely, the men commenting wisely and the girls smiling thoughtfully. Blanch sitting between Sue and Miss Lesher remarked, "I wish they would let them go on without interuption, I am so interested."

The two quaker cousins, Hannah and Alice Bolton, sent proud glances up the table to their captain brother; Sue, Miss Lesher, Cousin Ida and Emma Reed all exclaimed, "Proceed with the toasts, we are all enraptured."

Clinton cast furtive glances down both sides of the table as Walter arose and said, "Revolution! What is that? The things that never go backwards; the turning of the world upside down; the standing of society on its head; the something that rides on destiny's wings; that which succeeds. A dozen men fighting in the street is a mob; twenty men resisting the police is a riot; a regiment under a recognized leader, but without uniform, and fighting the constituted authorities with old shot-guns and rifles, that is insurrection; ten regiments, disciplined, uniformed, armed with muskets and obeying orders from a general commander, that is rebellion. Our forefathers succeeded against old England, hence it was revolution. Our friends in the South failed, hence it was rebellion. How close the distinction, and yet how great, 'Tis the difference between success and defeat. Victor Hugo says, 'If you want to know what revolution is, call it progress; if you want to know what progress is call it to-morrow.' Then, to-morrow, I suppose, we will have negro suffrage. True, indeed, in the beginning we aimed not at it, but there is a divinity that shapes the ends of nations as well as of individuals. When that colored brigade came back from their heroic charge on Fort Wagner, all bleeding and rent, negro suffrage was born. Every colored soldier lying dead on that ground stood for ten thousand converts. Every drop of colored blood that moistened the soil of South Carolina that day is crying out for a negro ballot. Shall that prayer be denied? Revolution answers, *no*. When Appomattox day had come, one sane man in New York wended his way up to the editorial sanctum of the *Tribune* building and proclaimed to the crazy multitude of rejoicers the basis of reconstruction,

'Universal amnesty, impartial suffrages; revolution shall embrace his maxim. Why? Because it is the revolution of an American and not of a French people."

"Sit down," cried Mart. Bernard, "you are alluding to old Greeley," "the man that bailed Jeff. Davis," said Ben. Bowers. "How is it Mr. Williamson," said George Miller; "it bothers some of us that were in Andersonville to swallow it." "Oh, as a matter of sentiment, we would have preferred some one else to have done the bailing. As a matter of principle I guess we will have to stand by it."

"Didn't I tell you, you didn't know your own man?" said Jake Boyle.

"All right," responded George; "whatever you say, Mr. Williamson, we will stand by."

"The next toast shall be the Bride and Groom, by Professor Baker," said Will. Morton.

"One moment," said Sue, as she rapped on the table, "do you know it is time the bride and groom were stirring, if they are going to take their bridal trip on the 4.30 train." "All right," said the Professor, "we can make it short, "God Bless the Bride and Groom."

The whole company responded with a hearty "Amen." It need only be said here that God did bless the bride and groom, through a prosperous and happy life. And the happy bustle and excitement incident to getting them to the station sent more thrills of joy through hearts than need be mentioned. Briefly to say, the carriages are at the door. Hurry in the bride and groom, jump in George and Sue, Walter and your quaker kinswoman, Hannah, Joe and Beckie; still there are carriages left. Give them a good send off to the depot. Here Tom, Blanch, get in this buggy. Where

is Clinton? He went out at the other door. No, he came out this way. Miss Lesher is laughing and talking with the rest. She draws back a little from the crowd; did she do it half wishing to evade somebody? Did Clinton go the other way not wishing to attract attention? At all events they two would meet right at the end of the porch, while merry voices are still exclaiming, "Still another buggy here, Mr. Clinton, Miss Lesher, occupy this vehicle, help to swell the crowd." So the procession starts. No difference which door you come out at Clinton, Blanch, Tom, Walter, all the results will be the same. Take which path you may, the invisible form of destiny will stretch herself across it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GETTYSBURG OR COLD HARBOR.

NOVEMBER followed October, and bleak December had made her appearance. Tom Swave looked out of his father's store window, across the country and up towards the Graham home; but the trees were brown and bare; they no longer bore the varied hues they did six weeks before when he rode from the wedding with Blanch Morton over to the depot. The political horizon was also a little blustery. He heard rumblings from Washington which sounded not very unlike those which came up from the South seven years before. Of course, the air was not pregnant with such frightful issues as in the winter of 1860–61, but the situation was exciting enough. Andrew Johnson had removed Edwin M. Stanton from his position as Secretary of War in open defiance of the Tenure of Office Act. Such legislation, it was contended, was a bold, unconstitutional usurpation of the President's powers. But would a Republican Congress allow the President to boldly set their laws at defiance in that way They had passed the law for the express purpose of checkmating his apostacy in the great march of reconstruction. The challenge was to be accepted. Congress had already convened and the House of Representatives was to file articles of impeachment, for the first time in our history against a President of the United States. The Senate had already appointed a

committee to wait upon General Grant to ascertain whether in the event of a crisis he would stand by a two-thirds majority of Congress, or with the executive; the situation was indeed critical. But, notwithstanding all that, Tom Swave's soul was tempest-tossed from another source that day.

He had resolved to go into business with his father and lead a useful life. He had no difficulty in securing his pension and had been clothing himself snugly out of it, and helping his father about the store generally for his board; but altogether he had been living, since he returned from the army, rather an aimless and indolent life, and candor would have compelled him to admit that it was not altogether unpleasant to his feelings. But he was conscious also of the fact that he had powers and resources capable of bearing his share of weight in the community, and conscience enough to tell him at times that he should do so; in short, he had now resolved to make a man of himself.

With this knowledge of his own powers, and with this virtuous resolution in his mind, he made his way that cold December evening to Mortons'.

What took him there, do you ask? The same irresistible thought which had taken him there that bright June day in 1864. What warrant had he for his action, do you ask? The fact that Blanch had always treated him with the greatest kindness, the fact that she had said on the day of the wedding to him, Walter and Mr. Bolton, as she smiled her unmistakable smile, "Oh, Cousin Ida and I have ignored society. We are not going to do anything this winter but enjoy ourselves at home, study Shakespeare and Johnson, read novels and the magazines, and play euchre with

you, Miss Emma and Miss Deaver, when you drop in,"—the fact that she said to him one evening, when he was there, half patronizingly, half humorously, "Gettysburg is immortality." The fact that when he replied to her, half twittingly, "Oh, you think Walter's was the best," she replied, "Oh, I think they were all superb, but you don't suppose I think anything could exceed immortality," and then, continuing, with a smile and a twinkle of merriment, "you ought to ask Cousin Ida which she thinks was the best." The fact that he was really quite handsome, capable, intelligent, and an agreeable conversationalist; the fact in short, that Blanch Morton's countenance always did light up a little when she met him at the door, are the facts which warranted him in going over to Mansdale the night now in question.

Of course, he is not supposed to have heard Aunt Mary say to Mr. Morton one evening, in response to his rather solicitious inquiry, "Well, of course, Edward, I am not a mind-reader, and can't answer these questions, certainly; and, indeed, from ostensible appearances, you might suppose sometimes that she really enjoys the society of Tom Swave better than that of any other man, and indeed he is very agreeable in many ways; but then, as I said, I have my other impression, because Blanch has only an open, sincere nature. She never means to flirt."

Of course, he did not hear Mr. Morton reply, "Yes, I know all that, how true a character she really is; and while I will try to use philosophy and suppress every emotion, to lay no obstacle in the way of her true happiness, having the implicit confidence I do have in her

good taste and judgment, nevertheless, I can't help hoping it may result in a certain way."

Of course, he could not look into all of Blanch Morton's secret experiences and feelings and know that she had had to positively insult Mr. Shaw and his flowing mustache to get rid of him; that, while young Mr. Herr had wealth, social standing and culture, he was rather too effeminate in his nature, and lacking to some extent that individuality of character necessary to challenge her highest admiration; that Dr. Sherman, scholar and gentleman that he was, with his high reputation for probity and uprightness, with all his bright prospects of success, had still a latent streak of selfishness nestled down in his heart; a little corner that was still too cold to fire Blanch Morton's love.

Though he could not positively know all these things yet so far as his own powers of observation and penetration went, he did have a kind of presentiment that night, that unless Walter Graham had made known his mind to her, Blanch Morton was untrammeled by any embarassing alliances. Thus it was that he was seated at the table that December night, with her and Ida. They all seemed in their happiest mood; he had been reading the papers to them and discussing the political situation. In due time those subjects became exhausted, when Ida said, cheerfully, "Let us have a game of euchre." "All right," said Blanch, "Aunt Mary and I will play you and Tom." They were soon seated around the table, in high glee, when it came to pass that, as Tom was drawing in a trick, Blanch reached over to the cards, and turning them up, said, "Let me see what that was, Tom, you didn't play your spade then."

"Don't be looking at the cards after they are drawn in; keep your hand away or I will kiss it," exclaimed Tom, sportively, grasping it with his own and laying at the next instant his lips involuntarily upon it.

"Behave yourself," said Blanch, "I want to see if you were cheating," and proceeded with the game with perfect composure.

Blanch Morton despised a prude as thoroughly as she did a man who, by word or deed, disclosed an unchaste thought. The space between the sublime and the ridiculous is measured by a step, though it takes a great mind to see it; the space between squeamishness and true modesty is still more subtle, and only the truly virtuous can perceive it. Where that line was, Blanch Morton knew as well as she knew her alphabet; not from any knowledge she had ever acquired from books, but from what she had received direct from God. She knew by instinct that the man trod not the earth who would dare to take any improper liberty with her, and yet she understood but partly that the harmless act that poor Tom Swave had just performed was because he was in the hands of a power greater than himself; she understood not that, but he did. The smile of unfeigned innocence with which she had responded to the act was the smile of heaven. Her demeanor through that little act was simply of that character which defies description.

Tom played out the balance of the evening, but his powers as a player were gone; his mind was disconcerted, his thoughts were slow, he would have to be reminded when to play, would forget what was trump, and lost every time. He bade good-bye both cheerfully and dreamily, and started for home. His horse

found the way while he dreamed. When he arrived at his home he sat for an hour in the arm-chair, looking into the coals, whose warm light shone through the glass. He went to bed, but closed not his eyes in sleep until he heard the boy below, raking the fire in the stove. He then fell into a nap and was called an hour later to come to breakfast. He arose, rubbed his eyes and said mentally, "I have seen only, in my nap, that hand, with its perfect symmetry, with that heavy diamond ring, and that plain gold one; no other jewelry. Feel my lips; are they perfumed? I know they have been sanctified. They have touched that which is holy and consecrated. I must hear from Blanch's hand. I hope I have not injured it; that I have left no damning blotch upon it that will not rub out. No, I have no fear of that, nothing can soil her; but just think she actually allowed my unworthy lips to touch it. What am I? What have I? I am a man with soul and feelings like the rest of humanity at least; I have little to be proud of, to be sure, but Blanch herself, reminds me that I have Gettysburg. Yes, I have that (looking down at his lame knee), but that will not get me bread, besides it is but vanity which refers to it. Still, I must admit, I see already a magic charm in the word Gettysburg, as it passed down the ages. But hold, I hear another name, 'tis Cold Harbor. It may not thunder so loud in the index, but I read between its blood-red letters another name, 'tis Walter Graham, my first love. I just now dreamed that he too was kissing that hand. Great God! Why is it that we thus confront each other?"

He dressed himself with an effort, went down stairs, forced a few bites of breakfast into his stomach, and

dreamed the day away. At half-past eight he could have been found at Morton's, where he had been twenty-four hours before. He was seated on the sofa with Blanch, who was naturally a little surprised at his presenting himself so soon after his previous visit. At the very first opportunity, when the other members of the family had transiently stepped out for something, leaving them alone, he turned toward her, took her by the hand, and said, "Blanch, I know you are surprised at my being here to-night." Blanch turned her face towards his, looked into it, and saw in an instant what was coming.

The reader may perhaps have perceived by this time that Blanch Morton was not entirely a novice to such experiences; but, nevertheless, she could look now into the face of this applicant, as she had into that of all others and say before God she was innocent of all coquetry, but if the truth must be told, in this instance, she was not entirely surprised. Nay, since there is nothing to be withheld, it may as well be admitted her hand trembled a little. But the look she was giving to Tom Swave then was the look of deepest pity, and pity is not love. How near it comes to that line we shall not now attempt to define. It may have been near enough to deceive Tom for the first instant after his first sentence. At all events she did not stop him and he proceeded.

"Blanch, I said I knew you were surprised at my coming here to-night, but now do I see that you understand all? Let me be brief, for I am choking. Blanch, may I ever hope to address you by the sacred name of wife?"

Blanch looked at him for another minute with a steadfast sympathy, while he still held her hand, which

he was still unable to interpret until after she had spoken her first word, at which instant he saw that he was rejected, but that the blow was to be dealt with a gentleness, a sweetness, a sympathy that he could have hoped would last forever.

"Tom," she said, "please forgive me if I have ever done anything wrong in all our pleasant acquaintance, anything calculated to mislead you in placing your affections where they now are, and believe me that I do most sincerely pity you, but you, good Tom, the friend of Walter Graham, would not wish me to come to you for pity's sake alone."

Tom dropped his head for a moment, looked up again, and said, "Blanch, angels could not have cast me off more sweetly, nor God himself have given a better reason for it. No, pity can never supplant love. Blanch, you love Walter Graham; he loves you; has he ever made it known to you?"

Blanch shook with emotion and managed to reply, "He never has by word."

"He will soon," responded Tom, and Blanch's emotion increased. They sat in silence in that position for two minutes. He then arose, still holding her hand in his; she arose with him; he looked once more into her eyes; she seemed more calm; he said, "Blanch, pardon me for what I have done, it may be a long time before I see you again, perhaps never. It may be that great distance will separate me from you and Walter, but before I leave I am going to ask one more privilege," and laying his two hands upon her two cheeks, he bent his head and impressed a kiss on her lips, saying, "I know Walter will not be jealous

of just one, you have thousands left for him ; good-by. You both have my blessing."

He had turned and was almost at the door, when she arrested his progress, as follows : "Tom, promise me one thing, before you go ; that if ever you are in distress, ever suffering for a friend, you will let me know."

"You have my promise, good-by," and he passed out at the door. A minute later Aunt Mary entered the room, saying, "Where is Tom?"

"He has gone, he said good-by ; will you excuse me, Aunt Mary, if I retire?" And so saying, she passed up to her room.

Tom proceeded to the depot and waited for the eleven P. M. train to Sharwood. In the morning, when Walter Graham rose, he found a letter shoved under his chamber door. As he picked it up he recognized the writing, but there was no postmark ; it had not come through the mail. Opening it, he read as follows :

Dear Walter:—You are wanted at Morton's to-night, without fail. It is I who goes West. Yours very truly,

TOM.

All day Walter's mind dwelt on that letter and what it meant. Suffice it to say, that at exactly eight o'clock that night he was in Morton's parlor.

At nine o'clock he knew that Blanch Morton was to be his wife. He now understood what that letter meant. He told Blanch all about it. She told him everything about Tom's visit, concealing nothing. Their joy was unbounded ; it is useless to describe it ; you have all grown weary of such descriptions ; you have heard them for the thousandth time, and yet the next author goes right on describing them again, just

as if it had never been done before, and, strange to say, he still finds people who will read that part of his book; but this much we must be allowed to say in this instance: God's will had been done. There had been no miscarriage in heaven's decree. You have doubtless, long since, formed your own opinion as to the fitness of this marriage, all the conditions attending it, age, size, health, disposition, education, cast of mind, home culture, social standing, family position, reciprocity of thought, mutuality of feeling, unity of purpose, lack of jealousy, fullness of trust, *love*. In short, we have only to say, that if this union does not come out all right, we may as well all of us join the ranks of those who inquire, "Is marriage a failure?"

One thing further about it; I know you will allow me to say, that same evening after the first raptures were over, and they were sitting alone around the table together, both smiled sadly as they said, "Poor Tom, we must always treat him kindly; thank God no other person but we two know his secret." As they were still left alone for considerable time, Mr. Morton, having stepped into the library for a while to enjoy his cigar, and then retired; Will and Ida having gone out to see Miss Emma, partly from sociability, and partly on business, and Aunt Mary being engaged for a considerable time in the dining-room, they continued without interruption in their ecstasy. Blanch was leaning over Walter's arm writing playfully her name on a scrap of paper, when Walter said, "Why do you spell your name without the final e; most people spell it that way."

"Don't you know why that is?"

"No."

"Why, because my name is to have just as many letters in it as yours; look here, don't you see," as she wrote them down, *Blanch*, *Walter*, "and the last one is the same, Graham; don't you see the hand of God is in it," she said bewitchingly.

"Well I do say," said Walter, "how long have you been thinking of that?"

"Oh, never mind, wait till I show you something else you never thought of," and she wrote down on the paper, *Blanch Morton*, *Blanch Graham;* "don't you see my new name is just as long as my old one, and just as long as yours; each contains an even dozen of letters in the total, and each an even half dozen in each separate name."

"You simple girl, if some other fellow had come in first with whom that coincident had happened, then I would have been left."

"Oh, no; in that case I would have been very philosophical and have had no superstitions. How it pleases us to be superstitious when we want to be; besides, let me see if I did not pass a name of the same length"—*Thomas Swave.*

"No," said Walter, after she had written it out, "it won't quite reach; see, you are a little superstitious, after all." "Poor Tom," said Blanch, "just one letter too short," as she smiled her inimitable smile, and rising to her feet, at the same time saying, "Where is that little scar above your eyebrow?" And turning his head toward the light, so she could see it, laid her lips upon it, whispering, "Missionary Ridge;" then, raising her voice a little, she continued, "Did you ever see me looking at that when you were not looking?"

"No; I never saw you looking at it, when I was

not looking," and they both laughed in each other's eyes, Walter saying, "Here, come, we must behave ourselves; Aunt Mary will be in directly; she will Missionary Ridge us."

"Oh, I don't care if she does; I am going to tell her and father everything in the morning, anyhow."

At this time Aunt Mary did pass through the hall, but it was a very slight disturbance she made of this bliss. She simply paused at the door and said, "Blanch, when you come to bed, just let the light burn low in the hall for Will and Ida; the dead-latch is all right," and she passed upstairs.

In the morning the Morton family were about ready to be seated at the breakfast table, when Blanch came down, a little late. As she entered the room, her father looked up at her half concerned, half humorously, and wholly in kindness, as he said, "Well, Blanch, who is ahead this morning, Gettysburg or Cold Harbor?"

Blanch halted for a second, looked at him, then rushed into his arms, saying, "Cold Harbor, father; it is decided."

He clasped her to his bosom, exclaiming, "I am so glad you have chosen well."

"I told you, Edward, I thought it would come all right," said Aunt Mary.

"Hurrah for Cold Harbor," said Will., throwing up his hat.

"Yes, give us a kiss all around for Cold Harbor," said Cousin Ida. "Begin with your father," who was already taking his.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SURVEYING THE FIELD.

TEN years have passed away since the night we left Walter Graham sitting in Mortons' parlor with Blanch. They have been ten years of arduous labor, though ten years replete with happiness. Not that no single shadow has fallen on his lot during that time; not that he would have asked for that; but that in his hours of relaxation from toil, and in the very midst of such average afflictions and disappointments as must befall the lot of everyone, he always enjoyed that domestic happiness, that full confidence, that hallowed hour with wife and children which overtops all else.

What more could he wish for? What more had he a right to ask for than he had that beautiful evening in the early December of 1877, (for remember there are beautiful evenings in December), as he peeped through the window of his house before opening the door when he returned weary from his office, to behold what? To behold little Florence Graham, with her perfect health, and whose seven summers have passed her through the first primary at the public school, and now showing her report, for the month of November, in the next class, with great pride to her mother with one hand, while she squeezes the squeaks out of her doll with the other. To behold Blanch, as she says, "That is very nice, Flora. Thank God you have not disgraced the name of your grandmother who died and

left me an orphan before I was even as old as you are now." To behold Edward Morton Graham, whose five years' experience of life have taught him wonderful feats in horsemanship, at least in his imagination, as he had a twine tied to the chairs which stand around in comfortable disorder, while he uses his switch on their backs with considerable freedom, as they are supposed to respond to the names of Grandpap's old Lucy and Simon. Flora's importunities of "Oh, mamma, do make Eddie be quiet," receives no further recognition than a smile and a kiss, while Blanch bends down and over the cradle to say to Jacob Graham, Jr., "Oh, you darling little baby, you are the nicest little six months old boy we ever saw, aren't you? Papa will be home directly, see if he is not; see if he is not." While little three-year-old Martha pulls down her mother's hair in her effort to reach over the cradle to get a "love from 'ittle buther," while Blanch exclaims with that gentle voice which carries with it love enough for all the family, "Mercy days, Mattie Graham, don't pull mama's head off."

Oh, Blanch, you were lovely on all the other occasions on which we have beheld you. You were lovely on the 3d of June, nine years before, when you stood in rich but unostentatious bridal robes in your father's house and pledged yourself to Walter Graham. But to-night, in your own home, resting on your bended knees as you lean over that cradle and its precious contents, with half dishevelled hair, while the little brood of little Grahams play around you, you are thrice lovely.

As Walter's footsteps are in the hall, and you raise your face and hand to give him conjugal welcome to this circle, you are crowned Queen of the home.

Mrs. Lofty, who has just left from her formal call, has no conception of your happiness. You would not waste your time explaining to her why you allow your children such liberties in your parlor. She could not understand if you would, and would not if she could. She worships at the shrine of fashion; you at the altar of love. Your hero husband, at whose feet you bow, was mighty at Shiloh, at Vicksburg, at the Wilderness and elsewhere, but you, oh, Blanch, in the midst of this group where no martial sound is heard, are mightier than he. Walter's studied arguments and forensic powers before judges and juries have brought opinions and verdicts, but your kiss on baby's cheek is eloquence far more potent than his. Do you stop to think even now, oh, Blanch, that it is of women that heroes are born? Are you conscious of the fact that the light which radiates now from your maternal eyes is the light of Heaven? That your reciprocal embrace of wife to husband is the act of God?

Thus stood Walter Graham in his own house, in Sharwood, that December evening, just ten years from the night he sat in Mr. Morton's parlor, at Mansdale, when he and Blanch first knew that all things had ended right. The third of next June it would be just ten years since he was married; just eleven years since he was admitted to the Bar; just fourteen years since he fell at Cold Harbor. Ah! what an eventful day was the third of June to him, and yet he had rarely mentioned these coincidents outside of his own famlly.

His ten and a-half-years of professional life had of course brought him some new acquaintances, as well as the success which his energy, his unfailing health, his fixedness of purpose and natural talents had so justly

merited. His new acquaintances embraced a pretty considerable range of character, tastes, talents and social standing. As a matter of course, he first took a survey of the members of his own profession, as he would see them gather in the bar on great occasions. He beheld, of course, Messrs. Athens, Snyder and Jones, who seemed each to be by common consent recognized in their respective spheres of strength as the heads of the bar, but they were all men who had reached the acme of their fame, and had passed the prime of life. When his thoughts would still turn occasionally to his political aspirations, it was not those men whom he considered especially in his way. He saw a young man by the name of Baxter, who had come to the bar about a year before himself, who had a wonderfully fertile mind; quick at invention; could avail himself on the instant of any mistake in his adversary; was good at repartee; earnest in his manner and full of intrigue. In addition to this, he had behind him a large and influential family connection throughout the county and an inordinate ambition for power.

He beheld another young man by the name of Irwin, who had preceded him some three years to the title of Esq., who had great polish and urbanity of manner. He came from a wealthier family than Baxter, and was considered the social leader of the bar; spared nothing at his entertainments, "and stood in with the boys," as they termed it. His natural powers were not as strong as Baxter's, but his assurance was quite as great, his manner of addressing a jury quite as pleasing, and his conscience even a little more lax. Like Baxter, his ambition for fame knew no bounds.

He was already chairman of the Republican County Committee. He and Baxter were ostensibly on the most intimate terms, but Walter always had his own private opinion of their real friendship.

Another brother of the profession whose form would rise up before Walter when his eyes turned toward Washington, was Mr. William Carter. Who was he? A man just ten years Walter's senior; had been a member of the bar twelve years in advance of him. Mr. Carter had come from the plow, from poverty. His father had died when he had just passed his sixteenth year, leaving him a widowed mother and an estate of two hundred dollars. From these conditions, Carter had educated himself, equipped himself for the law, and made for himself an honorable distinction in his profession. Though he had been but six weeks in the army when he was mustered out for physical disability, it showed his heart had been in the right place. It was not his fault that he was stricken with typhoid fever nigh unto death, before his regiment was fairly at the front, or had been in an engagement. It was, in short, the same old story—the American story—from poverty to success, the story at which we will, all of us, throw up our hats and cry *bravo*, to this day. Mr. Carter was, besides, the very soul of honor, of probity; not a stain on his character, not a single assailable spot in his private life. He had even taken a slight hand, in his early days, in the temperance cause, but soon gave himself up entirely to his profession. He had made his way to the front, not by fawnings and favors, but by merit, by character. He was a scholar, a gentleman. As Walter beheld him thus, just forty-five years old, in the very prime of life, and squinting his eye, like

the rest of them, sometimes toward Washington, he felt, "I may, possibly, have to wait for Carter."

Carter seemed at first blush to be such an embodiment of the successful candidate, that one had to look well around him to see the weak points in his composition. A closer inspection led astute observers sometimes to imagine they saw it. While Carter posesses all these elements, they thought he is not after all, what we term a man of the people. He is a little too dignified in his bearing. The people who know him best say they never get much closer to him than they were at first. While he is honorable and upright, he is not warm, or rather does not know always how to bend enough to the common people. Those who know him but casually are the ones with whom he is the strongest. While he is a nice florid speaker and a man of far more than ordinary ability, he sometimes impresses his audience that he is thinking rather more of himself than of his subject; a little disposed sometimes to turn a small occasion into a great one. Thus it was that Walter sometimes imagined that while Carter was strong in his way, and richly deserved the success he had attained as a lawyer, it was possible after all that somebody else might get a little closer to the hearts of the American people in that great levelling process which we call a political campaign.

Another brother of the legal fraternity with whom he became rather intimate was Mr. Boyd, a man within six months of his own age, and admitted to the bar the same year. Boyd was a young man of good natural talent and had a collegiate education. He possessed a good legal mind, was a lawyer by nature, having perhaps a sharper legal acumen than any of the others

mentioned. He made no pretentions whatever to any oratical powers, being defective in that direction, even as to his voice. His aspirations turned naturally toward the bench and not to Congress. His mind was practical as well as logical, and he had a way like Walter himself of getting pretty close to the common folk, without lowering his professional bearing. Whether he would have stretched a trifle further on questions of morals than Walter we will not for the present decide. Be that as it may, it is not beyond comprehension how they two became, as already stated, rather intimate.

These brief portraits of some of the members of the Sharwood bar would not be entirely complete for the purposes of this narrative, without giving you still another. Not that the one now about to be mentioned was ever likely to rise up and confront Walter Graham as a candidate for Congress, or that any one would even associate his name in connection with that office, but for purposes which must be left to make themselves manifest, or perhaps because he may be a profitable subject for the study of those who make a *study* of our American system of politics. His name was Albert Frederick Edward Bird. His usual form of signing his name, however, was simply A. F. Bird, the Edward having become entirely obsolete, and it sometimes appeared in the public prints as simply "Bird of the Third ward," or sometimes, "Little Boss Bird." The "little" was naturally enough prefixed to his name, when you came to understand that he weighed only one hundred and seventeen pounds, and measured only five feet, four inches from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.

Mr. Bird, though belonging to a respectable family

of German extraction, never made any pretences of putting on any professional airs or in any way trying to wound the feelings of the common people. True, the common people never trusted him in court alone with any very great matter, but still he instinctively understood that it was through them he would make his principal gains. The common people instinctively understood that they were at liberty to pervert his name from Bird to Birdie, and prefix simply the word Little, omitting the *Boss*, which left him the short and easy appellation of *Little Birdie*, by which name he came to be generally known about the Court House, and through the political circles of the city, even that title being frequently shortened to the single word, "*Birdie*."

Little Birdie, although four years younger than Walter, was a veteran of the war and had been admitted to the bar only one year later than himself. And be it remembered, Birdie's soldier record was not to be despised. He had not been a mere gala day soldier; he had been through the four years of the contest; he had enlisted as a bugler boy in a cavalry regiment in the summer of 1861 at the age of 14, and never saw the smoke of his father's chimney, except when home on veteran furlough, until July, 1865. His regiment had as proud a record as he could have wished, and Birdie had his own horse shot from under him one dark night, while they were crossing the mountains in Tennessee, whereupon he became lost and starved in the wilderness for three days. That Birdie had never been shot himself, some said was owing to the fact that he was so small the bullets could not hit him, and others, that it was because, when they were flying thickest, he

could hide himself under his horse's mane or behind the horn of his saddle. At all events, he could offer himself as a living example of a souvenir of Andersonville, for he had spent two months there, as a prisoner of war, and wonderful were the events he told thereof.

He had been in Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea, and had his second horse shot from under him in a severe skirmish in North Carolina, while his regiment was leading Kilpatrick's cavalry, only three days before Johnson's surrender. Little Birdie had even passed through college after his return from the army, but his rank as a lawyer need not be discussed now, inasmuch as he made no pretense to be a hard student, or a man of wide literary culture. Suffice it to say, that it would be an error to suppose that Birdie had no clients, for he was well acquainted with the boys, and had a remarkable faculty of picking up contingent cases, into which he took some other lawyer as a partner, and thereby bestowed upon the other lawyer, as he considered it a great favor.

Birdie also knew a large number of hotel keepers over the city and county whose licenses he annually procured, and some people even went so far as to say that he made divorce cases a specialty. Thus stood Little Birdie in his legal and other capacities, but it was as a local statesman, a manipulator of politics, a manager of the affairs of the Third Ward of Sharwood, that he rose to the full majesty of his power. But Birdie did not exercise that power in a tyrannical manner; he had too much tact for that, some said too much craft, for whatever else might be said of his mental powers, they were not defective in those directions. Birdie understood very thoroughly that there were

about three hundred voters in the Third Ward who would accept no assistance whatever from him in fixing their tickets on election day.

He was perfectly willing to call these three hundred people the "respectable woters," or the "intelligent woters" or the "solid woters," whom he knew he dare not approach. But he also understood equally well that these three hundred voters were generally about equally divided as to men at primary elections. Hence he knew that if he had the other one hundred voters of the ward carefully formed into a permanent club, pledged to vote always one way, solid, he would in all probability generally hold the balance of power in his hands and generally turn the ward over to any candidate at a primary election for whom he chose to go, especially if he concealed his purpose thoroughly as to whom he actually was for until just after the polls opened, so that the three hundred "solid woters" could not organize solidly against him, even if they were disposed to do so at that late hour.

Of course, these one hundred men who constituted Birdie's club; the hands at the iron works, and the boys generally who stood solidly with him, were supposed to have some consideration for it, and, of course, Birdie gave it to them. He did not purchase them outright with money. Ah, no! Birdie was too smart for that. He was well up on the election and bribery laws. He knew perfectly well the distinction between *legitimate* campaign expenses and *bribery*. Hence these men must all be paid a liberal day's wages for services they rendered him in helping to get up his poll book, in distributing tickets under each citizen's door the night before the election and divers other

necessary expenses, and then last, but not least, one in every five of them must do something for the constableship, the assessorship, or letter-carriership, which he would get for them in due time.

Neither was Birdie ever charged with spending these *legitimate* expenses out of his own pocket. He was reputed, indeed, to be a very good financier. Of course, it was generally inferred that he got this money from the candidates whom he favored, and it was also supposed that he generally favored the candidates with whom he could make the best deal. But it would be doing Birdie great injustice to suppose he had no natural preferences of his own, and that he did not, at least, give such candidates the first opportunity to deal with him. It would be doing him a still greater injustice to charge him with not always trying, at least, to deliver his goods after he had contracted to, *for unfaithfulness to trusts, he said, he had discovered, was the secret of the weakness of so many other ward workers.*

The greatest problem about Birdie, as already intimated, was to know up to the very day of the election which fellow he was actually for. But there were always a few men who enjoyed his entire confidence, and generally knew in advance to whom the ward was to be delivered, of whom Boyd was always one.

Thus it was that Little Birdie would frequently drop into Walter's office as late as nine o'clock in the evenings, when he would be buried in study, and commence conversation in a very cordial and easy manner, saying that he had had such a headache all day that he had not had time to think about a certain case that he had on his hands, "in fact, if you will examine the law a little in that matter I will take you in with me."

He would then branch off in a very easy manner about his army experiences, which he supposed, of course, was the proper road to Walter's favors, and it must be admitted that Birdie did have quite an admiration for Walter, and that Walter in turn would give back to Birdie a certain fraternity of feeling understood only between survivors of the war. In short, they became, in the course of time, quite good friends.

Other new acquaintances were made, of course, by Walter during these years among people of other vocations, the farmers of the county, the merchants and tradesmen of the city. He had also made some reputation for himself among the teachers and friends of education, in which cause he took considerable interest. The superintendent of the schools and the principal of the high school had come to know him favorably, and Rev. Mr. Barnes, pastor of a little Swedenborgian congregation in the city, a man of very fine qualities of heart and mind, a thorough scholar, with a wide range of literary knowledge, and with far more than the ordinary amount of liberality and Christianity in his theology, had become one of his particular friends. In fact, though not formerly of that denomination, it became noticeable that Walter and Blanch had acquired the habit of going to his church more than to any other.

Another acquaintance of Walter's by this time was Captain Sneath. He was, in fact, among the first he made after his residence in Sharwood, as the Captain kept the hotel at which he boarded while he was single, and which seemed to be one of the headquarters for the county politicians when they would come to town. The Captain was hail fellow well met, with a

tall, stately appearance; his face always clean shaven, and adhered rigidly to his rule of never taking a drink at his own bar. He was a veteran of the civil war, with a splendid record. He had been through the principal campaigns of the Shenandoah, had been wounded at Gettysburg, and followed the fortunes of the army of the Potomac from that time until he was again wounded at the assault on Petersburg so badly that it ended his soldier career. The Captain hailed from one of the principal Republican districts of the north of the county, was already recorder of deeds, and quite a considerable contingent to either political ring of the county to which he chose to attach himself.

These *rings*, which were composed of divers local political leaders, formed into an organization under one head, constituted the powers that have already been touched upon in the twenty-first chapter. They make up what has come to be pretty well understood in this day as the *boss system* in our politics. The parties who constitute these rings, conscious of the force there is sometimes in a name, are apt to speak of them as combinations. But there were some very perverse and sarcastic people of Jefferson county who refused to dignify them by these appellations, and who always would speak of them as *rings* and their leaders as *bosses*.

As there were always two rival rings in the Republican party of Jefferson county, it became necessary for them to have some ear-marks by which they could be distinguished. Here, again, the stupid and unappreciative people had no more conception of the grand than to designate them by the respective terms of "Rotten Potatoes Ring" and "Spoiled Pork Ring."

How these two edifying names came to be so generally applied to these two organizations was sometimes a matter of inquiry, but the most reliable information that could be gathered on the subject was as follows: Some years previous, one Potewright, who was interested in the wholesale grocery and provision business and was boss of one of the rings, had control of a majority of the prison inspectors and directors of the poor. It so happened that, during this time, the Sharwood *Mercury*, already mentioned, being the Republican organ of the county, which generally operated with the other ring, came out with some damaging exposures, to wit: That Potewright had been making large profits out of various articles of provisions he had been furnishing these institutions at exorbitant prices, the inspectors and directors of which, the *Mercury* further alleged, were well known to be merely the creatures of Potewright and obliged to do his bidding. One most notable instance of this kind was singled out, of a large quantity of half rotten potatoes which were turned in by Potewright to fill a contract, over one-half of which they were able to prove were thrown out by the stewards as unfit for use. This particular instance became the target at which the principal invectives of the people and the press were generally hurled, and with wonderful appropriateness, it was alleged, the expression soon became familiar on the street, the "Rotten Potatoes Ring."

The origin of the other phrase was said to be exactly similar. That only two years later one Swinegate, interested in the pork business, and leader of the other ring, had control of these institutions, and that in due time the Sharwood *Herald*, heretofore mentioned, and

the organ of the other ring, brought charges of the very same character against Swinegate, in reference to spoiled pork. Hence the two names, "Rotten Potatoes Ring" and "Spoiled Pork Ring."

Even these two phrases, in course of time, came to be shortened in common parlance to the simple expletives, "Potatoes" and "Pork." Indeed, it was not uncommon to hear politicians and candidates for office, when talking to each other ask, "Which ring do you expect to support you, Potatoes or Pork?"

It was during the time Walter boarded with the Captain that he first saw occasional glimpses of the respective leaders of these two rings. They would sometimes drop in late in the evening for a few minutes, talk confidentially for a short time to some stranger, or perhaps call the Captain aside for a brief conference. Sometimes, in the height of a primary campaign, he had observed one of them to come in daylight, and without any commotion pass upstairs, followed by a few other gentlemen.

Neither of these leaders were much given to talk themselves, but the lines of their countenances indicated that they were not living without thought. Although Walter had been introduced to each of these men by the Captain, his acquaintance had never got much beyond a mere formal "How do you do sir?" What little he saw of them led him to think that while they were both ostensibly interested in private business, they left the principal part of its detail to their partners. He also suspected sometimes that they each had some other more private place where they received their friends.

Though Walter had never seen anything especially

reprehensible in the conduct of either Mr. Potewright or Mr. Swinegate, he occasionally heard their names mentioned, as he passed a saloon after night, by lewd fellows of the baser sort, in the most unchaste and vulgar manner. As his thoughts began to turn more seriously toward Congress, and he would take retrospects in his mind as to what he had seen of *practical politics* in Jefferson county, he would wonder to what extent the road to a seat in the National House of Representatives did lie through these rings, and by the gracious favors of these ring-masters.

He wondered if their powers were magnified or whether they were really greater than supposed? And was it true that even the press was more or less subservient to them, for he could not help noticing what a singular coincident it was that the *Herald* generally favored the candidates of the one, and the *Mercury* those of the other ring, though both journals posed before the people as reformers and in favor of honest politics. Or might it be, he thought sometimes, that both these rings and the papers endeavored to board the train which they thought was the winning one, that they might thereby be more likely to get an occasional sheriff and prison board on the same car with them. At all events, he was a firm believer in the people. He was willing to trust, like Abraham Lincoln, to their instincts. He still had faith in Republican government.

As he looked farther over the situation he saw, what? That his congressional district was composed of Jefferson and Franklin counties. That their present representative was Mr. Carpenter, of Franklin county, which was much the smaller of the two. That Mr.

Carpenter was a man pretty well advanced in life, with nothing more than medium powers, who had represented the district for three terms, and had gained no special distinction for himself during that time. That the next candidate would, in all probability, come from Jefferson county, and that there was already considerable undertow in public sentiment, which was beginning to say, "It is time we ignore this rule of rotating anyhow. We should elect some young man with at least fair ability, in the prime of life, to Congress, and keep him there until he acquires some influence." He thought it probable that the politicians and ring-masters might take that sentiment into consideration when they commenced to groom their candidates for the coming race the next summer; but were there not other young aspirants for the honor who seemed to come pretty well up to these conditions, and who stood much closer in sympathy and feeling to the bosses than he?

Would they not look well around them before they laid their brushes on him? And what qualities have I, he thought, that will give me a fighting chance to come in under the wire a neck ahead in spite of them?

Thus stood the situation in Jefferson county, and thus cogitated Walter Graham that December night, in 1877, when in the thirty-fifth year of his age he went home so happy to his happy family.

Thus it was that, after tea being over, he said, "Well, Blanch, how nearly has the time arrived when I should begin to think seriously about going to Congress?"

"Well, I do not know; how nearly do you think it is here?"

"I believe I should make the break next spring."

"I believe your purpose has been quickened ever since you were in Washington last winter and heard Senator Morton make his speech on the electoral commission."

"Well, you know the name of Morton always had a magnetism in it for me."

"Yes, it must be a great stock. I wonder if the senator was any relation to our family."

"Well, he certainly is a great man; you could not but be impressed with that fact when you consider the circumstances of the case, that there stood all the great leaders of the Senate, Edmunds, Conkling, Blaine, Bayard and Thurman, paying obeisance to him, and half in terror of a man who could not stand on his feet."*

"Well, Walter, to be serious, you know I always have been content, and really could be quite as happy to live on here in our quiet way all my life, but I am not going to be the cause of preventing you from having an opportunity to carry out the natural bent of your mind, and which, I suppose, God would not have given you if not for some purpose."

"That is, you mean to say that if you plant an acorn on a mountain side it is hardly right to try to graft a chestnut on it."

"No, or if you hatch an eagle's egg under a hen you may still expect the eagle to fly in due time for the mountain."

"Just so; then you think further, that if the young eagle tries to take his first flight next summer you have no objections."

*Senator Morton's speech on the electoral commission bill was delivered in a sitting posture.

"Exactly, and I will even give him my moral support, and do what I can to see that he alights right, that he reaches the top of the mountain Yes, Walter, if you do go into it make it a success. Of course, I do not want to see you do anything dishonorable or wrong to succeed, which I know, of course, you will not, *but I do want you to beat either Baxter, Irwin or Carter. You know you are smarter than any of them.*"

Thus went Walter Graham and Blanch to bed that night, after his ten years of honest labor and merited success.

Meanwhile, Tom Swave had been to the West and was back again.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CULTIVATING THE FIELD.

IF any passer-by on Court Avenue, in the city of Sharwood, on the night of May 1, 1878, had stopped in front of a certain attorney's office, about half-past nine o'clock, he might have seen, underneath the drawn curtains, and by the faint flicker through the transom above the door, that the light was burning low in the front office. Had he supposed that the occupant had stepped out transiently, locking the door behind him, he could have easily undeceived himself by turning the knob. Had he jumped over the fence, at the side, into Mrs. Lutz's back yard, and looked beneath the half-lowered curtain, at the back window, he could have seen the light burning at full blaze in the back office, where two men were sitting talking to each other in a confidential manner.

These two men were Tom Swave and Daniel Webster Boyd, the latter being one of the attorneys mentioned in the previous chapter. It was Mr. Boyd's office in which they were sitting, and the way Tom Swave came to be there was, briefly, as follows: he had gone out West on the occasion on which, the reader will remember, he wrote Walter Graham the letter saying he would. He had spent something over four years on the sunset side of the Rocky Mountains, having gone over them on the first train of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads that crossed them.

Having witnessed the ceremonies of the joining of

those two ends which they welded together with a golden nail, his meanderings took him over various sections of the great Pacific Slope. Watching at times the placid waters of the great ocean, resting against her oak-bound shore; stopping long enough at one town to study law and be admitted to the bar; keeping up his resolution to keep the great mountains between him and his former associations, until it came to pass that he found himself suffering in a hospital at Sacramento from a breaking out of an alarming and painful symptom of his old wound.

Broken in spirit, and without money, in a strange land without friends, and the word just arrived that his father would probably not survive many months, he naturally, upon his first convalescence, made known his situation to Walter Graham. He received a prompt reply, containing a certified check for a sufficient amount to bring him home, with the single command in it "*come home.*"

These words fell upon his ear like the voice of the good Samaritan, and he came home. He got home in time to see his father before he died. He recovered in time his former health. Walter had him admitted to the Sharwood bar, and afterwards made editor of the Sharwood *Press*, a weekly journal published in the city, which he, with a few others, had been instrumental in starting, though he had no interest in it for the last two years.

Tom held this position as editor of the *Press* on the evening now in question, to wit, the first of May, 1878. Though no traces of dejection or a broken heart were on his countenance that night, on account of the event which had sent him West ten years before, his brows

were drawn, and his thoughts diving deep into the darkness of uncertain contingencies in search of a plan by which he could have Walter Graham nominated for Congress at the coming convention. He knew Boyd was a man of good judgment, and he was anxious to hear his opinion of the situation, and take counsel with him. But he knew very well that he himself had a more real heartfelt interest in it than any other man, and he knew also that Walter would still give him his entire confidence, and he remembered further that he had said to him in one of their talks, "I guess it will fall on you, Tom, to give it the brain charge."

The curls of smoke were ascending from the cigars of each of these men, now so completely absorbed in their subject, when Boyd drew his from his mouth, knocked the ashes from its end with the tip of his little finger, and said, "Well, you ask me how I view the situation as it stands to-day, and you are here on the assumption that I am friendly to Graham, in which you are correct; but you know in politics we don't always stick to our first preferences when some other paramount object is to be accomplished; of course you understand all that; but remember, I don't say that Graham may not be the instrument by which we can best accomplish the object I have in view. I hope he may be; but you see a man must be cautious. You see, if we confine ourselves only to what we know at present, it is simply this, that there will be the four candidates,—Baxter, Irwin, Carter, and Graham."

"Just so," replied Tom, "and out of those you wish to know which one will be most beneficial to your chances for the bench, five years hence."

"Yes, that might be said to be it, or which is the best man with which to beat Baxter?" replied Boyd.

"Will he be harder to beat than Irwin?"

"I think so."

"Why?"

"Because I believe the Potato Ring will stick to him solid, while the indications are that the Pork Ring will be a little disorganized. There are some important factors in it that may fly off, and besides, if your own premonitions are correct, that the *Mercury* may support Carter, that leaves them without an organ, while you may bet your last dollar the *Herald* will pull with the Potatoes."

"May not Graham be the beneficiary of any demoralization that may exist in the Pork Ring?" asked Tom.

"Not as much so as Carter," replied Boyd; "if the *Mercury* should be for him, you see Carter and Graham will naturally divide the independent voters anyhow, and if the *Mercury* should come out square for Carter, I am afraid it might make him the stronger of the two, unless you can do more for Graham in your weekly than I think you can; and you see, with our forces divided, it gives either one of the rings, when united, the advantage."

"I infer then, that you think Carter may possibly be the man Graham has to beat."

"Yes, that thought has occurred to me, nor do I overlook the fact that it may be Irwin. You see the truth is, that when the Pork Ring is thoroughly united they are generally a little the stronger of the two, and Irwin can afford rather more flopping off from his forces than Baxter can, and then add to that the

fact that he has plenty of money, and will spend it without stint or scruple. Of course, I know what you consider the elements of strength in Graham; that he has a fair chance to get a good portion of the respectable vote, and that he appeals strongly to the patriotic sentiment, which I must admit is an element of strength. But then he is the youngest man in the field, and you must remember Carter was a soldier also. In short, sometimes I think they all start off with elements of strength pretty nearly equal. If they all stay in the field, which seems to be, as I said, about the only thing which looks certain now, I would not be surprised if they would all have very nearly the same number of votes on the first ballot."

Tom listened attentively to Boyd going through this analysis of the situation, drew his cigar from his mouth, gave a long exhalation of smoke from the corner of his lips, rested his arm on the arm of the chair, and made reply, by asking, "How do Sneath and Birdie talk when they talk to you?"

"Well, they are both politicans, you know; they are both hunting safe ground."

"Where are their actual sympathies?"

"Well, I do believe they actually sympathize with Graham; in fact, I was standing on the corner only yesterday, talking with the Captain, when Swinegate came along and accused him of being for Graham, pointing to his Grand Army button and saying, 'Oh, we know where you are, you needn't try to lie out of it,' and the Captain simply smiled and said, 'Well, why shouldn't I be?'"

Tom nodded his head and said, "Yes, yes."

"Well, now," said Boyd, "you have asked me sev-

eral questions, suppose I put you on the witness stand awhile. How does the matter look to you?"

"I see no combination, as yet, that can likely be formed against him sufficiently strong to beat him; a little concert of action and good management on our part and he is bound to go through."

"Why, you don't suppose he is going to be strong enough to make the nomination over and above all the others combined, do you!"

"Not at all," replied Tom. "I only foresee that when the irreconcilability of the other elements becomes manifest there is but the one natural place for them to go to."

"I know what you think, that inasmuch as none of the others can make it on the first ballot, he will be the go-between who will walk off with the convention; but don't you be too sure of that. Don't you suppose the two rings will go together before they will suffer either him or Carter to be nominated?"

"Are you sure that if the two rings were to splice that they would have more than both Carter and Graham," replied Tom?

"I see exactly what you are thinking," replied Boyd, "and exactly what your plan of action is; but suppose Graham comes into the convention at the foot of the list, and with a number of delegates considerably below Carter; then is he not beaten from the start?"

"Not at all," replied Tom, with that perfect confidence which said, "You have presented nothing new to my mind, as yet."

Boyd threw himself back a little farther in his chair, took a fresh draught from his cigar, and replied serenely, "Well I admire your confidence, but remember now, if

we do go into this we must win; it will require concert of action and good management on our part. We will just have to make a little combination here of our own, and it is not necessary for Graham himself to know all that we do. I will do what I promised you with Sneath and Birdie, but you talk with them too, and you must know how far to go with Graham himself, because you will be held responsible for what pledges are made on his account. It will take a considerable amount of suavity to get all these elements to work smoothly together, and not only your name, but your conduct, justifies the belief that you have a considerable amount of it."

"Well now, Boyd, that is all right; just you help me to manage the Captain and Little Birdie, and when the thing is ripe we will all four meet together. Of course, there are some things that will take very nice management to fix with Graham himself, but I think it can be arranged. Remember this game is now in our hands; its heads I win, tails you lose. Good night." He arose, seized his cane and walked out.

Boyd closed the door and soliloquized as follows: "At this distance it does look well for Graham, I must confess, and this fellow Swave is smart. I wanted to see how he could meet the various propositions I propounded to him, but I see clearly that he has thought over all the contingencies and has a plan. Although his little weekly has not got as large a circulation as the other papers, it gives us a journal at least, and if he works the thing with ability, we may manufacture such a sentiment for Graham between now and the delegate election as will make him hard to beat, because, remember, we don't have to go on his soldier

record alone, as is frequently the case with those candidates. Here is a man so thoroughly competent, and as old Judge Lapham says, has as persuasive and earnest a manner of addressing a jury as any man at the bar, and one that gets far closer to them than those other fellows with their ranting and studied eloquence. Yes, sir, we may be able to bring him into the convention the highest man on the list. In that event, he will be sure to make the nomination, and even if he can't come in head, I think Swave is likely right, while the candidates can't come together the tendency must be to fall to the soldier. But where is the money to come from? That is the question. Will Graham believe that all of the amount we will need can be spent legitimately? Still I guess Swave can manage it."

Tom went back to his editorial room, drew up his chair to his desk, and softly soliloquized as follows:

"Now I have Boyd's view of the case. He carries a pretty level head and looks well over the situation, but though he may have been testing to some extent how well I have examined it, I am happy to know that he has presented no view of the matter that has not already occurred to me. As I draw out in my mind that soldier record which can always be so artfully played upon in a few terse sentences, when I allude to his other qualities, when I ask the question, all other things being equal, are the people of this district unwilling to be represented in Congress by one of her veteran soldiers, are all his scars and sufferings to count for nothing? I awake a mighty sentiment. No, sir, I believe what old Mr. Williamson told him the day his discharge came to him, 'Lay it away carefully. It may be worth more to you than the best

farm in Jefferson county,' is about to come true. In fact, it may bring him into the convention at the head of the list. I am almost afraid sometimes that it will. If he starts lower down on the list his chances will be better. We can work the patriotic sentiment more effectively at the eleventh hour than at any other time, and I am still of my original opinion that Baxter and Irwin would never join hands to beat anybody. They are both too ambitious and jealous of each other for that, though ostensibly friendly, because they train largely with the same class of people, and use largely the same methods, and the same reasons will keep them from going together to make anybody else. Nor can Carter afford to go to either of them to beat Graham. No, sir! As it stands to-night he holds the key to the situation. The only question is, can I get Walt. to understand that we can spend all the money we may need, legitimately; that we are not trying to buy votes with it; but I think I can manage it. And I feel morally certain that he will redeem any reasonable pledges I may make for him. At all events, somebody has got to take the responsibility of doing certain things now."

If the reader has observed how nearly, as a whole, the opinions of these two men were alike, not only as to the situation, but as to each other, he may, perhaps, have perceived, also, one point wherein they differed; but of that hereafter. Sufficient now, that Tom forged on with his work. His editorials were sharp, well-tempered and incisive. The four weeks developed what he had expected. That the *Mercury* would come out flat for Carter, it now advocating him with vigor, saying, "That, while he was only in the prime of life,

he was riper in years and experience than any of the others, who were all young and could well afford to wait." In fact, there was potency in the argument, but Tom maintained his equipoise. He only said, "It may, possibly, bring him in ahead on the first ballot, but we are not specially hurt by that." Baxter, as predicted, had the Potato Ring well in hand, and the *Herald* was with them solid, while Irwin was supported by Swinegate and the most of the Pork Ring, and was spending his money lavishly, while Tom had been mailing everywhere extra copies of the *Press* and other printed circulars to every Republican voter in the county, without regard to costs. In fact, the candidates were well nigh down to their best by this time. Who had the most reserve power in store, who could increase, for a short time, his speed, would soon be tested. Certain it was, one could occasionally hear passing remarks on the streets from the people who took no active part in politics, such as these:

"Young Graham seems to be developing more strength than I had thought for. Yes, he has some good running qualities about him."

"Yes, and he is a man, I guess, as well qualified as any of them."

"That is what I hear some people say; and recollect, they don't get up many better soldier records than he has."

"Yes, the soldier boys ought to be solid for him; and I tell you, when such a man is qualified the people ought to be solid for him, too; we certainly owe something to such a man."

"Yes, but how about Carter? He was a soldier, also?"

"I know; but that part of his case is lost sight of, when compared with a career like Graham's."

Expressions and straws like these dropping from the common folks served as a stimulant and promise of hope to Walter and his friends, while it filled with unuttered apprehension the minds of each of the other candidates, and caused their friends to say in secret counsel, "The danger that threatens us now is that the convention may be stampeded for Graham if it gets into a dead-lock;" Potewright and Swinegate generally giving emphasis to it by adding, "These d—d soldier candidates are always in our way. They have given us more trouble than any other class of men."

Such was the condition of things the first week in June, only ten days before the delegate election. It was one evening of that week that Boyd, Tom Swave and Sneath were all in council in Boyd's law office.

"Where is Birdie to-night," said Tom; "I thought he was going to meet with us."

"Oh, he is all right. I have a thorough understanding with him, and it's just as well he's not here. Small bodies can work with less friction than large ones," replied Boyd.

"Well, that is so," replied Tom; "just so you are sure you know your ground."

"Oh, yes; the thing is looking first-rate now," said the Captain; "but we must have more money, or they will lick us yet. You see, if we hire one or more good fellows in each district to distribute these documents for us it stimulates them wonderfully; and then we must have tickets printed for each separate district and ready for them. And another thing: it is very important to have somebody in each district in the county to bring

us in the returns that night, or not later than Sunday night. You may bet these other fellows will know by that time just how every delegate stands; and just how to work the doubtful fellows, and what deals can be made with them for other points, and everything else; I have been with them; I know."

"Yes, I think myself it is important that we should know by Sunday night how the delegates stand. I tell you, to get all this done it is going to run into a power of money," replied Tom.

"Oh, well, Graham can stand it," said Boyd, "or if he can't, his wife can, or her folks. You can fix that no doubt, and while we are on that subject, I will tell you how we can save him somewhat. Here is Birdie's case with his Third Ward.

"These other fellows are after him strong, you know. I have been thinking about this. How would it do to let him take some of Irwin's or Baxter's money? He need not necessarily cheat them. Let him promise them that the best he can do for them is to get them one delegate right at the last, and then with the same money he can get the other three delegates of the ward for Graham, or even only two if he has to deal with both Baxter and Irwin; and even then let him have it so arranged that their votes will be only complimentary; let him have it understood with these two delegates, or one, as the case may be, that they are to vote for Graham whenever he tells them."

"That is all very nice as a plan to listen to," said Tom, "but are you sure it could be put into practice, when you deal with a man who tells you he is going to serve you by cheating somebody else? Are you sure you may not be the one that is to be cheated, and

besides, how can he manage to elect part of his own ticket, and then just the fellow he wants of the others?"

"Oh, easy enough; he can deliver the goods in any shape he chooses," said Boyd. "The only question is, shall we agree to let somebody else have some complimentary votes out of the ward, even if we are sure of getting them when we want them. Because, remember, Birdie is not going to cheat them if he goes into it. We have got to stand by the contract to give them at least one vote. The only question is, are we willing to take chances on that one vote not electing our opponent? I will guarantee Birdie can arrange it."

"Well, sir, if you will stand responsible for the arrangement, I will say let him make it," said Tom, who instantly saw that it might be a good thing, in more respects than one.

"Still, I don't know about it," said the Captain. "I don't take much stock in this thing of giving other fellows complimentary votes. Suppose it elects them?"

"I will take the chances on that if you will take the chances on Birdie being able to deliver the goods in that shape," replied Tom.

"Oh, there is no doubt about that," replied the Captain. "Boyd and I will both guarantee that the Third Ward delegation will come in that way if we say so."

"Then, I say let her come that way," replied Tom.

Various other matters of detail were arranged and talked over, until about ten o'clock, when the three men dispersed, Tom and the Captain walking along together until they came to the door of a pretentious-looking saloon, on a business street, when the Captain said, "Let us go in and see what Powderly's beer is

like to-night, and how the campaign is coming on in here; we will sound the boys a little."

The two men walked in. The Captain appeared to be well acquainted with the bar-tender, the proprietor, and everybody inside, by the way he sent the ejaculations forth.

"Hello, Pinkie; hello, Sam; good evening, Mr. Powderly; how are you to-night. I brought in my friend, Captain Swave, editor of the *Press*, to see you. Hello, old Mailer, what are you doing round back there, and how is Spooner? I see you still keep him with you to keep you straight."

These and other familiar salutations the Captain went through, which were responded to by the loafers in the chairs, with diverse broad grins and gutteral grunts, and by Mr. Powderly, the proprietor, with very bland bows and courtesies, as he said:

"Good evening, gentlemen, good evening, glad to see you; take seats. Oh, yes, I know Captain Swave; he and my brother were in the same company in the army. Take seats, gentlemen. Perhaps you would prefer going into the side-room."

"Yes, yes," said the Captain, "we will go in and occupy one of the tables. We thought we would just drop in and see whether your beer was in good condition to night; I haven't had any all day. Let the boys all have a 'night cap' before they go to bed;" laying a dollar down on the counter, 'you bring the change in with you Pinkie, if there is any, and don't forget Mr. Swave and I take a little cheese and pretzel with ours."

The men occupying the chairs all proceeded to the bar to take their "night cap," which meant in the lan-

guage of the saloon, a drink before they retired. The Captain and Tom entered the side-room and seated themselves by a table, while Mr Powderly soon followed himself, with the beer and cheese on a waiter, saying—"There are pretzels on the table, gentlemen; just help yourselves."

"All right, Mr. Powderly," responded the Captain. "By the way, you said you had a brother in the same company as our friend Swave. I reckon he is for Graham for Congress, is he? How is the congressional fight coming on with you here, anyhow? All for Graham, are you? You know we old veterans must stick together."

"Well, there seems to be considerable talk about it now," responded Mr. Powderly, with a bland smile, and still fussing around to oblige his customers. "I find some people for one and some for another candidate. I guess Graham has a good many friends though."

"You had better believe he has," exclaimed the Captain. "He's going to win this fight, too. Do you know that? What do you say, Pinkie?" addressing himself to the bartender, who had just then arrived with the change and a fresh supply of pretzels.

"Oh, Graham never spends anything with the landlords. I am afraid he will be left," replied Pinkie, rather demurely, and looking towards his employer to see if he had given the right answer.

"Why, aren't we spending something with you now?" responded the Captain.

"Yes, but you can't shut nobody's eye up that way, Captain. You are just doing this on your own account," said Pinkie.

"You are quite right there," interposed Tom. "Major Graham has authorized no person to go around saloons treating for him. Whatever we do here must be considered our own act."

"Yes, yes; that is all right," said Mr. Powderly. "In fact, I give every man credit for standing by his own principles, and there is no mistake there are a great many people friendly to him My brother is for him, that's certain. He wants me to be for him, too; but you see it is pretty hard to tell what to do. Here is Irwin on my bond."

"Oh, fall in line with us, Mr. Powderly. Be on the winning side," replied the Captain.

"Oh, Graham can't win," interposed Pinkie. "He won't have the delegates of more than three townships; if he had one of the rings with him he might have some show."

The Captain here pulled a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket, and holding it up, said, "Look here, Pinkie; I will just bet you a ten-dollar bill that he comes into the convention with the delegates of ten districts, and that my two old townships of Highland and Waterfall will be among them."

"Oh, well, I'm not just a-betting to-night," re-responded Pinkie. "Of course, he may carry your old townships, but that won't nominate him."

"Well, I tell you, I kind of half believe myself he is going to be strong," interposed Powderly. "Potewright told me the other day himself, that if their ring had taken Graham they could have made him, easy."

The Captain here threw his legs up on the adjoining table, took a fresh sip of his beer and proceeded to

sing two stanzas of "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," in clear, distinct tones, until Spooner halloaed in from the other room, "That's the stuff."

"You're right," said the Captain, finishing his cheese and beer, and proceeding to the other room, where the men were still hanging on in hopes of another "night cap." "You're with us solid, are you not, Spooner? You're an old vet."

"You bet, I am," replied Spooner; "I didn't tramp my old legs off from Atlanta to the sea for nothing; I am for Graham, and I don't care who knows it. Some of them were trying to preach up to me the other day that Graham was too much temperance, but I told them it was no use. I am for the man that stood shoulder to shoulder with us when we needed men."

"Yes, sir; that is the point. When the Johnnies were peppering us down there, we didn't ask whether he was a temperance man, Democrat, Republican, or what he was, just so he stood up to the rack."

Here the Captain and Spooner both started up in concert, "Marching Through Georgia," which they sang through to the end, after which the Captain again held up his ten-dollar bill, saying, "Well, Pinkie, are you going to take that bet"

"Oh, no. I am not betting to-night, but you will see."

"Well, look here," said the Captain. "I will give you another chance if you are so certain. I will bet you this ten-dollar bill that Graham will be our next Congressman. Now take it up, if you dare."

The Captain feeling pretty confident that Pinkie did

not have ten dollars of his own, had sallied forth on this bold venture for effect. Pinkie flushed up, fingered and rummaged in the drawer, exclaiming, "Hold on, hold on; well, just wait a bit. Mr. Powderly, will you lend me five dollars? Will you go halves on this bet?"

The loafers around began to laugh and titter, and Powderly was saying, "No, I don't want halves in any bet. I wouldn't bet three cents how this thing is going to go."

The Captain, now realizing that his venture had been more successful than he could have hoped gave it a finishing touch by saying, "Well, here, if none of you have sand enough in you to take it up, let us have another 'night-cap' and go. It's getting late; Captain Swave and I must be moving on," at which he laid down another dollar on the bar and they all proceeded to drink except Tom, who politely excused himself.

Tom and he then bade them good-night and started out. As they walked along the Captain said, "That is the way to manufacture sentiment. Some work up matters in the churches and some in the saloons, and if a man is only lucky enough to get both on his side, he is pretty sure to win."

"Suppose you can get but one of them, which is most likely to win?" asked Tom.

"That sometimes is a doubtful question," replied the Captain, "but always get both whenever you can."

They parted on the corner. Tom returning to his editorial sanctum, seated himself once more at his desk and meditated, as follows: "Thus it is, that sentiment is manufactured in the saloon, at the expense

of human souls, amid the ruins of broken fortunes, of desolate homes, and starving children. And how can we hold Powderly and his fraternity alone responsible, while we, who claim to be the respectable portion of the community, give him our moral support, while those who count themselves the elite of society, feign would conquer through him, and smile on the misery his trade has wrought, though they would not think of inviting him to their social board? Oh, contempt on such hypocrisy! Nay, surely it is not I who am in a position to throw the first stone! How am I better than the rest, if I stand complacently by and expect to profit by the same means? Oh, poor, weak, inconsistent human nature, may I not pray 'Lead us not into temptation,' while Thou, O Father, judgest in mercy my motives, and creditest me at least with having said this is our act, not Walter's! Look down, O God, upon my lonely soul this night; upon that little church-yard grave where all my family lie buried; upon me with all my hopes destroyed, with a painful consciousness of all my sins, and say, at least, that I have acted from a generous motive in my endeavor to make Walter Graham Congressman?

"Ah! Walter, I remember when your mother looked with suspicious eye upon my too frequent visits to your place, because she knew I was unworthy of you and your sisters, and yet, when the hour of affliction came to *my* poor mother, she, of all the rest, stood closest by her, and why? Because common suffering makes all the world akin. Yes, 'tis true. I remember when I lay peppered, as the Captain calls it, on that wheat-field at Gettysburg; I never thought of asking of the men who carried me from it, to what

church, or to what doctrines they adhered, to what party, what race, or what nationality they belonged. Thank God, that in the hour of our direst necessities, we rely not upon beliefs and creeds, but upon the universal brotherhood of man. Nay, then why should I be held responsible, if upon the broad field of common patriotism and humanity I find a place where bar-room and pulpit meet?

"Why blame me if the ball that pierced Walter Graham at Cold Harbor has made him Congressman? Why should I be held accountable if, across the bloody stream that gushed from his lungs that day, saloon and church have joined hands? Ah, yes! How beautiful that sentiment, and yet, why is it that it don't quite satisfy me, as I go on arranging with Birdie, smiling on the Captain, winking at the saloon, and doing those things whose every detail I deem best not to tell to Walter?"

Yes, Tom, lay your head upon your desk and reason as you will; search what balm you can to sooth, offended conscience, and still the still small voice is there.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GATHERING THE CROP.

ON the Sunday evening of June 2d, 1878, Walter Graham took a walk to his office to learn the latest news from the delegate election of the previous Saturday.

The field had been surveyed for a year, and cultivated for weeks. Whatever fruit it had borne was now ready to be gathered.

How large a crop of delegates had it brought him; what course might be wisest to pursue in harvesting it between showers, and to confer generally with his friend, was the object of his errand that night.

When he parted with his little coterie of friends at midnight the night before, enough was learned to know that he had come out as well in the city as he had expected; out of eleven wards he had carried the delegates in two for certain, while Baxter had carried four, Carter two, Irwin two, and one-half of Birdie's Third Ward was claimed by both Baxter and Irwin; while all hands seemed to concede that Graham would likely get the other two delegates, or the half of the ward.

But Tom and Boyd and the Captain smiled confidentially at each other, and with assurance to Walter at these reports that the Third Ward would not be solid for for him, Tom giving him full assurance before he left, that he could rely on the Third whenever it was deemed necessary; this gave him three wards in the city, bringing him up next to Baxter.

Though Walter himself did not exactly understand how two certain men came to be elected in the Third, or why it was that Birdie himself had not put in an appearance up to that time, he was willing to take Tom's word for it, and give him the same generous confidence and faith in his integrity and ability that he had done years before when he implored his help to procure him an opportunity to speak at the Shocktown Republican meeting.

Will. Morton had telegraphed them the night before that he was all right for the four delegates of Mansdale, and Dave Miller had sent the same intelligence from his old township of Adams. This latter information was specially gratifying to Walter and his friends, for it had been bruited about by Baxter and his friends, that Graham would not be able to carry the delegates of his old township; and when it was remembered that the ranklings and heart-burnings made by the old Pat. McKnight-Bowers fight had never entirely died out, though healed ostensibly on the surface; that the 'Squire and Slybarr, and all their followers with all their ability in managing affairs of that character, really sympathized now as they always had done, with the "Potato Ring;" that they would secretly enjoy this opportunity to get square with the enemy that had given them so much trouble, if it gave any signs of success it was enough to fill Walter's mind with apprehensions that Baxter's talk might not be a mere idle boast.

In fact, in view of this situation, Graham's friends in Adams township, including his father, had advised that rather than enter into another bitter and acrimonious contest, such as they had experienced in Pat.'s

case, they should accept the following proposition from Slybarr:

"That, whereas he and all his friends had generally operated with the other ring, and the ring was thinking very hard of him now that he would not stand up and make an open fight for Baxter, and all his friends had told Baxter and all *his* friends that it was an unreasonable request of them under the circumstances to ask it, and of course, he and all *his* friends naturally felt that they ought to be for Walter, and it was bad enough, to be sure, if local pride should not amount to something; what he had to suggest was, that as he had great interest in other parts of the ticket, they, Walter's friends, should name three of the delegates to suit themselves; allow him to be the fourth one, with the fair understanding that he might vote for Baxter, at least once, if it was sure not to elect him, and that he would be with the rest of the delegation for Walter on all other occasions; or, at least, whenever they required it." *That*, he said, would let him down easy with the Baxter people and enable him to work some little points for his other friends, and at the same time do Walter no harm.

Thus stood the delegation from Adams township that night, when Dave Miller had telegraphed Walter that it was all right, and it must be said, in justice to Slybarr that he had no intention whatever of not carrying out his bargain to the letter, much as he secretly would have rejoiced to have seen Walter defeated; but it went without saying that, of course, he was supposed to have the rest of the delegation snugly in his vest pocket, for all the rest of the "Potato Ring" slate, from Sheriff down to Prison Inspectors.

To state it briefly, even the night before enough had been heard from the adjoining townships, and those that could be reached by telegraph, to give the captains of all the other candidates to fear that they had probably not properly estimated Graham's strength, and giving rise to such instinctive expressions, as, "A man that has been knocked down by a rebel bullet is pretty hard to be knocked down as a candidate."

"Yes, he is a hard man to beat on general principles."

"Yes, I would not be surprised if he would be the candidate yet."

But upon this Sunday night, when Walter reached his office to be greeted by his friends with the intelligence that they had definite reports from every district in the county, and that it was certain he had the plurality of the delegates, even he was a little agreeably surprised. In fact, as Tom now had his figures, which he had made up from the reports of his faithful agents, they were as follows:

Total number of delegates, 210.

Graham, ... 64
Baxter, ... 55
Carter, ... 50
Irwin, ... 41

Necessary for a choice, 106.

As Tom looked thoughtfully into these figures, with drawn eyebrows, amid the ascending smoke from his cigar, he did not seem to be as hopeful as the rest of the company, including Birdie, who had now joined them.

He knew that these figures included Slybarr, from Adams township, and the two mysterious delegates from the Third Ward, one of whom had to vote at least once for Baxter, and the other for Irwin, reduc-

ing Walter really to sixty-one on the first ballot, if they should finally decide to let them all fill their contract the first time; and to have them vote for these respective candidates on a second or a third ballot, instead of the first, might give Walter the appearance of going backwards, instead of forwards. Exactly how that should be arranged was one of the matters of detail that Tom would think over and decide for himself.

But the real peril of Walter's situation at that time was, as he expressed it to the trusted few who remained after eleven o'clock, "That, after deducting all these, and making reasonable allowances for treachery and unforeseen contingencies, Graham will probably still start off ahead, and that is always a position of peril for any candidate; the field is always liable to organize against him."

"Nonsense," said Boyd, "the unexpected strength which he has now shown before the people, will make all the other candidates, when they see they are beaten, start on the run to see which can be first to claim the credit of making Graham."

"Yes," replied Tom, "but the trouble is, no one of the other candidates regard themselves as beaten; you will find they all expect the lightning to strike them when the break comes."

"First time I ever saw a man scared because his candidate was too strong," replied Boyd; "don't you see what you have always relied on is now being realized; that his respectability and the direct appeal, which his record as a soldier makes to the patriotic sentiment, has already made him stronger than either friend or foe anticipated; and it is bound to put him through. I know they are already looking gloomy

around at the other headquarters, Baxter's as well as the rest."

"Yes, yes," replied Tom, with a shake of his head, "I see it all; in fact, that is all I am afraid of, that it has developed itself too soon; and all that we can do now is to keep it going at a constant high pressure until the convention meets on Wednesday; it throws us on our last reserve power a little too soon. I would rather see him to-night in Carter's position than where he is. I am a little afraid. I repeat, the field may organize against him, but we must keep it going now so strong that the field itself will be vanquished."

Little Birdie now said, "I tell you where we can make a break of one in Carter's delegation. There is Dan. Sides, he has been elected as one of his delegates from Spire township; he will do anything I want him to; he will come to us whenever he votes for Carter a time or two."

"Yes, yes," said the Captain. "He is under obligation to me, too; I did him a favor once. He will not dare to go back on me."

As the company dispersed, each going his respective way, Tom and Birdie walked along together until they reached the latter's office; they entered for a few minutes, struck the light in the back office, and went carefully over the list of delegates once more, and all that need be reported of this conversation is, as follows:

"You are *sure*, then, Birdie, that those two fellows from the Third Ward can be relied upon? That they will not slip up on us just at the critical moment."

"You may bet your bottom dollar on it they are all right."

"And are you sure now that Swinegate regards Irwin as lost? Do you think he is ready to negotiate?"

"Oh, I am satisfied he does; but he is not ready to say so to Irwin yet. He declares he has thirty of those delegates that he can put just where he pleases. He will meet you right here to-night yet, if you stay long enough. He only wants to get in without anyone seeing him."

"And you think we had better send a messenger out to Spire to see Sides to-night yet?"

"By all means."

"Then you will attend to it, will you?"

"Yes, sir, I will attend to it."

"Good-night, then; I will wait here until Swinegate comes."

The reader, perhaps, understands by this time, that these delegates had all been elected in the different election districts, either by instruction as to who the choice of the people was for Congressman, or by a choice from among different candidates, whose preferences were supposed to be understood by the voter, as in the Third Ward of Sharwood.

The contest was one of the most thorough ever experienced in Jefferson county for a congressional nomination. The people were thoroughly aroused; the vote at the delegate election had been large. It would have been almost impossible for any delegate to have made an absolute betrayal of his trust without receiving the condemnation of his constituents.

These figures, as Walter's friends had them compiled that Sunday evening, might be relied upon as showing

the strength of the respective candidates on the first ballot with considerable accuracy. The margin for treachery was indeed small.

All eyes, all candidates, all workers, were in a high state of nervous excitement and suspense as to what might be the outcome after the convention assembled, and the dead-lock began to wear itself out.

Up to the Wednesday morning, when the convention was assembling, there seemed to be no visible change in the situation, except that the general interest had deepened. The crowd at the hall was unusually large long before the hour for opening the doors. Everybody seemed to be impressed that there was going to be "a tough fight."

The tension on the minds of the respective captains and candidates had been great, but it was noticeable that through it all Major Graham had preserved a steady and becoming dignity. He seemed calm and unexcited, though cheerful and hopeful, to the numerous friends who were now crowding around.

He said politely but imperatively to his trusted few the last ten minutes before the convention was called to order:

"Remember now, my friends, that I make no concealment of my desire to be Congressman from this district; but understand another thing equally clearly, that while I have not haggled, and do not intend to haggle about any legitimate expenses to develop all that there is legitimately for me in this campaign, I have no money to spend for the purchase of a single vote in this conventio nor elsewhere, even if it should make me Congressman; not that I mistrust any of my friends, but that in this last pivotal moment which

sometimes tempts poor human nature, I deem it proper that I let my position in the matter be fairly understood.

"And now, my friends, trusting that I fully appreciate all that each of you have done in my behalf, I shall keep respectably in the back-ground while you finish this fight on your own line of battle and according to your own judgments, thanking you just as much if defeated as if successful."

At exactly ten minutes after eleven the chairman of the county committee called the convention to order. Every delegate answered to the roll call, and the hall was crowded with spectators to its utmost capacity.

There was not a single contested seat; all hands seemed to recognize that it was to be largely a mere contest of endurance.

The preliminaries of the organization were gone through with without an exciting incident. George Dowe, a retired farmer and merchant of Becker township, was unanimously chosen permanent president.

It was generally understood that he was a Carter man; but all factions seemed to agree that it would be wise to organize without a contest; and Dowe was a man in whose fairness they were all willing to trust.

It was half-past eleven when President Dowe announced that the convention was ready to receive the general nominations for Congressman.

Mr. Light, of the First Ward of Sharwood, arose and commenced to nominate John Baxter, of Sharwood, in a stilted speech of five minutes, extolling his virtues, and endeavoring to relieve his studied sentences by some spread-eagle gestures, greatly to the disgust of

the impatient crowd who were waiting for the voting to commence.

In fact, I have somethimes thought there are few things more ludicrous than the ordinary nominating speech before a political convention, where the delegates are either all instructed by their constituents, or held well in hand by the bosses whose instructions are frequently more potent.

Three reasons may be given which render, nine times out of ten, the nominating speech utterly futile:

First, the delegates are generally instructed.

Second, the convention orator is a rare type of man—he who has the magnetism, the indescribable something which makes men do that which they did not intend to, when under the influence of his words. That power which we call eloquence, is seldom ever in the convention.

And, third, because, to make his efforts most effective, to stampede a convention to a certain result, the flood must be taken exactly at its tide; not one minute too late, not one minute too early.

Light took his seat amid an applause as mechanical and formal as had been his speech.

When quiet was restored Professor Baker, at the head of the Adams township delegation, arose; his locks were white; his face was classical; his form erect; his figure was unique. He was in the sixty-second year of his age, but he had never been in a political convention as a delegate before. He was there now at the special request of Walter Graham, whose thought it was to have him head the Adams township delegation, and, by the judgment of Tom Swave, who, upon mature reflection, had concluded it was the

proper thing to have him make the nominating speech, notwithstanding the other advisers had told him that it was not *practical* politics.

What the Professor said was, substantially, as follows:

"Mr. President, and gentlemen of the convention: I confess to a feeling of considerable diffidence, almost of timidity, in rising on this occasion, but the great interest, the pardonable pride, which I feel in the welfare, the private and public career of him in whose behalf I am about to say a few words, has caused me to forego all hesitancy.

"In proposing the name of Major Graham to this convention as a candidate for Congress, I am proposing one whom I have known personally from his early childhood up to the present hour. That alone is of course no reason why we should nominate him for Congress to-day, but, when I have known him, so favorably, known him so well, known him though more than twenty years my junior, only to honor him, it is a reason why I should speak with some feeling on this occasion.

"When I first saw Major Graham he was only ten years old. It was a hot July evening; he was standing in the middle of Silver creek, with his pant legs rolled up to their full extent, endeavoring to drive some cows out of the creek which had waded into a deep place, far beyond the depth of his wading powers.

"The cows, having become very contented, quite undisturbed by his gesticulations and splashings with his stick, he returned to the shore, stripped off, in the twinkling of an eye, his not very elaborate supply of clothes, took his switch in his hand, and to my great astonishment plunged head foremost into the water at

its deepest place, swam around with the ease of a frog, and drove the cows out before him.

"Neither do I offer this as a serious reason why he should be sent to Congress, but I do contend that it is one of the evidences of that strong physical constitution and development which are born, first of good parentage, then developed in the rugged association of farm or workshop, and which are just as essential to mental growth and education as schools and colleges.

"But this is not all that I saw of Walter Graham. I saw him pass back and forth to the village public school, the peer of any boy in the neighborhood of his years at either physical or mental feat; but I never heard of his being sick. I saw him, when yet a lad, enter my own academy for the higher instruction of the boys and girls of the neighborhood, pass through it in two years with great credit, graduating with the honors of his class, as the phrase goes.

"I saw him start when but yet a boy in his teens for the seat of war.

"Ah! my friends, what stirring times were those; it seems to me but yesterday, and yet it seems to us all now as though it must have been a dream. But still, I remember so distinctly the coming home of Walter Graham from that war; not the bouyant boy of eighteen, without ache, without scar, without blemish, but the young major of twenty-one, with features emaciated from suffering, with body lacerated with wounds.

"Ah! my friends, than Walter Graham's there is no prouder record among all the heroic sons of the North who went forth to uphold the nation's honor.

"Nay, my friends, I saw more. I saw him lean, pale as a corpse from his army wounds, on the arm of

his father, as he walked from the carriage to the window to poll his maiden vote for Abraham Lincoln. That is the kind of Republican, as well as soldier, we offer this convention to-day for Congressman.

"But not on that alone does his claim rest. I saw him rise gradually from that condition to health; taking, during the period of recuperation, such further instructions in the higher branches as it was in my humble power to give him; preparing himself thus for college. I saw him leave for Ann Arbor, to prepare himself for the law, after having paid off the last dollar of his father's debt with his own blood-earned money.

"I have seen him since rise, by virtue of his intellectual powers, his fidelity to purpose, his probity of character, and his stainless private life, to a distinction remarkable for one at his age in his profession.

"Mr. President, such, in brief, are the history, the character and qualifications of the man whom we have the honor to present here this day as a candidate for Congress. Will this convention of the Republican party deny him his request?

"I have not allowed myself to believe it. I have faith in the patriotic sentiment of the people. I do not believe that republics are always ungrateful. It is no disparagement to any other candidate to be beaten by such a rival. Mr. President, I have the honor to nominate for Congress, Major Walter Graham."

The Professor's voice had been a little tremulous, almost husky, at the start; but it gradually grew clearer, and filled with a deep pathos, accompanied with that sincerity of manner which makes up something not far removed from eloquence.

When he took his seat there followed, for a few sec-

onds, a stillness which was far more significant than applause. In another second, the cheers broke forth with a spontaneity, which was wonderfully in contrast with those which had followed Light.

Tom Swave, who had watched every pulse-beat of audience and speaker during the delivery, was now well satisfied with his course; even to the galleries, which he had taken the pains to see should have their full quota of Graham cheerers, chief among whom was Pat. McKnight, who ended them with a loud call for three cheers for Graham, which were given with a will.

Professor Baker's speech had come well nigh up to the requirement of eloquence in moving the convention; but it was a little unfortunate in that third element, as to time. Had the vote been taken right then it might almost have carried Walter with it on the second ballot; but heavy and formal speeches had to be listened to in nominating Carter and Irwin; and it was not until the last speaker was about through that Tom Swave finally decided, in his mind, to allow Slybarr to vote on the first ballot for Baxter. He accordingly, just before the roll call, gave him the signal, which he understood.

All is silent now; that scene which was but a moment before so turbulent, is now in perfect stillness; the clerks are ready, and a hundred interested spectators all through the audience have paper and pencil ready to keep tally as the roll is called.

The first district on the list, of course, is Adams township. The first three delegates vote as anticipated. The fourth call is Joshua E. Slybarr. The answer goes up "Baxter!"

A slight sensation in the midst of delegates and

spectators, which says in unexpressed words: that looks bad for Graham; there is a break-down right at the start; he should have been able to have held his old township solid. It appears Potewright has a pretty solid grip on that township.

The vote proceeds till the Third Ward, Sharwood, is reached; all ears are strained to hear the responses from those delegates; as Irwin receives one vote and Baxter one, Graham's friends again shake their heads with misgivings. The Baxter men look well pleased; but Tom Swave sits undisturbed in his seat as one of the Fifth Ward delegates. The President says: "The clerks agree in their count. I announce the result of the first ballot, as follows:

Graham, ... 61
Baxter, ... 57
Carter, ... 50
Irwin, ... 42
Necessary for a choice, 106."

The convention again proceeded to ballot, Adams township leading off as she did before, until Joshua E. Slybarr was called. This time the answer went up, "Graham."

From that time on the vote is listened to with suspense, as every delegate answers to his name; especially as the Third Ward is called, which recorded itself exactly as before. The end is reached. Again the President announces the result. Second ballot:

Graham,. 62
Baxter, ... 56
Carter, ... 50
Irwin, ... 42
Necessary for a choice, 106.

The Baxter men did not look quite so radiant as

they did after the first ballot; but the Carter and Irwin people smiled blandly.

The convention again proceeded to ballot. Listen! The Third Ward is being called there; that is three for Graham this time from the Third, a gain of one. Listen! the President is announcing the result. Third ballot:

Graham,	63
Baxter,	56
Carter,	50
Irwin,	41

Necessary for a choice, 106.

The convention again proceeds to ballot. The President again announces the result, as follows: Fourth ballot:

Graham,	64
Baxter,	55
Carter,	50
Irwin,	41

At this crisis a Baxter delegate rises and moves the convention adjourn until half-past two o'clock.

The calm is a hurricane; in an instant twenty delegates are on their feet at once, shouting, "No!" "No!" "Yes!" "Yes!" at the top of their voices. "Question!" "Question!" etc. It is finally put.

The Baxter men and Irwin men seem to be pretty unanimous for adjournment.

The Graham and Carter men not. The vote is taken "viva voice." "The No's appear to have it; the No's have it," says President Dowe.

A division was not called for. The convention again proceeded to ballot.

A dead silence again follows the storm while the roll

is being called; all proceeds as usual until Spire township is reached. The reading clerk calls "Daniel D. Sides."

Hark! the answer, "Graham!"

This was the first break in the Carter ranks; they had been serene under the other ballots, and had just voted against adjournment. This single vote was unexpected to them and fell upon them with a heavy thud, which seemed to say, if we expect to be the go-between we should not have lost on this ballot.

The announcement of Sides' vote was also received with cheers for Graham in the gallery, which the President endeavored to suppress. The vote proceeds to the end. Hark! the President announces the result. Fifth ballot:

Graham,	65
Baxter,	55
Carter,	49
Irwin,	41

Necessary to a choice, 106.

A Carter delegate now arose and moved that the convention adjourn until half past two o'clock. This time the motion carried.

Yes, Tom, this is the first time the whole field turned in against you; but you have done all that could be done, and shown good judgment in not developing your full strength on the first ballot. You have kept Walter gaining one each time; but then you have thrown your last reserve into action; if the field should happen to organize against you during the recess, Walter would be lost.

"But then, we know, of course, Tom, that you will not be idle from now until half-past two, any more than the rest."

"Yes, even Professor Baker has told Slybarr that if his candidate for Sheriff and Prison Inspectors are as reputable men as the others, he will help him through on them."

Yes, Tom, you understand there is always a little ring inside of a ring; and, now, if Swinegate can do what he says he can, you believe you can capture the convention yet after dinner, though you would have preferred it not to have adjourned.

After dinner has come; the convention has taken the sixth ballot. It is preciseiy as the fifth:

Graham, ... 65
Baxter, ... 55
Carter, ... 49
Irwin, ... 41
Necessary to a choice, 106.

"There has not been much gained to any one during the adjournment," begins to be whispered among the spectators.

"This is going to be a long siege," says one.

"The next ballot will decide whether there is going to be any break or not," said another, who seemed to look as if he was rather better informed than the rest.

The seventh ballot has commenced; all parties are in high expectancy now, including Tom Swave. "Yes, this is the ballot which is to tell you, Tom, whether Swinegate will do what he has promised you, whether he *can* do what he has promised you, or whether the natural affinity between Baxter and Irwin's followers will prove stronger than the natural jealousy between the two men themselves."

Yes; all these things, Tom, both you and the reader must think over for yourselves; all that the

writer can say at present is, that when the break comes in political conventions the fragments do not always fly in the exact direction the philosophers predicted they would; and that this case was rather an exemplification of that fact.

Instead of Swinegate being able to deliver thirty of Irwin's delegates over solidly to Graham, he received just fifteen; sixteen flew to Baxter, and ten remained loyal to Irwin.

Hark! Amid suppressed silence, the President is announcing the seventh ballot:

Graham,. 80
Baxter,. 71
Carter,. 49
Irwin, ... 10
Necessary for a choice, 106.

Upon the announcement of this result, the excitement and commotion is everywhere; the delegates hopping back and forth among each other for a final dicker; but order is restored; the convention again proceeds to ballot, and reached precisely the same result. Eighth ballot:

Graham,. 80
Baxter,. 71
Carter,. 49
Irwin, ... 10
Necessary for a choice, 106.

"This is the first time I ever saw that happen," said one wise-acre; "after one man's forces began to break the next ballot remained exactly the same."

"Yes, but you see Graham has still kept a steady lead," said another.

"Yes, but Baxter gained more in the break-up than he did."

"Yes," said an old Dutchman, "dis is der mosht shtubborn convention I eber did see."

"Oh! what are you talking about," said another young man. "Graham's going to get there; I'll bet you ten dollars."

Now the Graham men are moving to adjourn until eight o'clock this evening.

There, the motion is lost; the field is again united against him. Ninth ballot:

Graham,.	80
Baxter,.	73
Carter,.	47
Irwin, ...	10

Necessary for a choice, 106.

At the close of this ballot, Tom Swave, amid the wildest confusion, again rose and moved they take a recess until eight o'clock this evening. Vociferous shouts of "Yes! Yes!" "No! No!" again went forth, but the motion carried this time by a vote, 120 to 90, on roll call.

During this recess the excitement was intense, and it was useless to disguise the fact that the Baxter men were far more jubilant than they were during the noon adjournment; and the Graham men, secretly, a little more depressed. But the triumph of the last motion to adjourn was rather understood to be their victory.

The feeling was now universal that the evening session must decide it; to carry an ordinary congressional convention over to the second day would have been beyond precedent in Jefferson county.

Walter and his friends looked upon the situation now as substantially this : the Carter people must first be convinced that he has no chance to be dropped to as a compromise candidate, and then after that we rest upon the natural tendency of their people to drop to us.

In the evening, as the convention was assembling, a long delegation with band came marching through the throng with a transparency bearing the words, "For Congress, Major Walter Graham. Wounded three times in the service of his country. A Republican from boyhood."

When the convention assembled every delegate found upon his seat the following circular : "Walter Graham, enlisted as a private August 11, 1861, in Company B, Seventy-fifth regiment, at the age of eighteen. Participated in seventeen engagements of the war, including Fort Donaldson, Shiloh, Chaplain Hill, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, Wilderness and Cold Harbor. Mustered out as major January 27th, 1865, for physical disability, caused by being shot through the left lung at Cold Harbor. A thorough Republican; a capable and upright man. Has any candidate stronger claims before this convention?"

The flood tide outside and in the galleries, all, now seemed to be for Graham ; what effect it would have on stoic and practical delegates who were there to obey their masters and not the hurrahs of the multitude would soon be tested. Suffice it to say, that one man, who did not generally allow his impulses to run away with him, was heard to say, "There is victory in the air for Graham. They can't beat him."

"No; nor he should not be beaten," said another.

But we must be brief. The convention is already balloting. Listen to the result. Tenth ballot:

Graham, ... 81
Baxter, ... 75
Carter, ... 45
Irwin, ... 9
Necessary for a choice, 106.

Potewright sends the following note over to Slybarr:

"Now is your time to desert Graham. Keep Baxter going up. The Carter people will come to us next time."

POTEWRIGHT.

Tom Swave got up, walked across the room to the Adams township delegation, shook his head ominously at Slybarr, and whispered something to Jack Matson, one of the other delegates, whereupon Jack turned a savage look upon Slybarr, and said, "Remember Pat. McKnight;" and Slybarr, remembering Pat. McKnight, looked at Jack with a grim smile, consigned Potewright to a region of eternal heat, and said, "Why, of course, I am all right for Graham to the last; I am a man of my word." And just then a voice from the platform shouted out: "Remember Cold Harbor." And just then the reading clerk was calling Adams township for the next ballot, and Professor Baker arose and said:

"Mr. President, we have *not* forgotten 'Cold Harbor.' My vote is always *Graham*."

And just then one spontaneous yell broke forth from the audience, followed by three cheers for Graham.

While the rest of the delegation was voting for Graham, Slybarr included, with only Andover borough to come before Becker township. President Dowe stepped

back a few paces on the platform and whispered in the ear of Evans, the editor of the *Mercury*, "We may as well settle this matter right now, I reckon." "Go ahead," nodded Evans.

Becker township is already called.

"George F. Dowe," cries out the reading clerk.

The audience has become accustomed to the answer —"Carter."

But behold! President Dowe is just stepping back to his chair. He answers in clear, distinct tones, "Graham."

Again a loud yell goes up from the audience as the other two delegates from the convention follow suit.

"That settles it," says Tom's brother delegate from the Fifth Ward, "let us send word immediately to Graham."

"Yes, that decides it," replied Tom, "but don't start the messenger until after the vote is over."

The rest of the ballot proceeded amid a silence that was eloquent, a suspense that was terrible.

When the ballot is being taken after a long contest in a nominating convention, which everybody feels is the decisive one, the seconds are hours. The hearts of candidate and friend are palpitating like that of the young lover who awaits the whispered answer from the lips of the maiden, like the soldier who awaits the next command that is to plunge him into the thickest of the fight, like the drowning man who waits for the rescue boat to arrive.

Especially now, when the vote is running closer than they thought after all. Yes, it may take another ballot yet. The Carter men are not breaking as generally as was expected.

They are two-thirds the way down the list now. Yes, this ballot is going to do it, after all.

Hark! The President is announcing it. Eleventh ballot:

Graham,	113
Baxter,	81
Carter,	11
Irwin,	5

Necessary to a choice, 106.

"Major Graham having received 113 votes, I now declare him the nominee of this convention for Congress."

No sooner had these words fallen from President Dowe's lips, and the applause subsided, than one of Baxter's delegates rose, and in a husky and subdued voice moved that the nomination of Major Graham be made unanimous. It was promptly seconded by both an Irwin and a Carter man and passed with the usual formality. While Walter's friends made a rush to his office to tender their congratulations.

In the midst of the throng he turned to his desk, and wrote:

"*Dear Blanch*:—All right; I was nominated on the eleventh ballot, receiving 113 votes, 7 more than necessary.

WALTER."

Sealing it in an envelope, and addressing it, he handed it to the messenger boy, saying, "Take that to Mrs. Graham, immediately."

The reader has, of course, understood all along that this district has a safe Republican majority. That this nomination is therefore equivalent to an election.

Yes, Walter, the long contest is over. You are a Congressman. The dream you spoke of in the old stone school house, twenty-two years ago, is realized. As

you spoke it then, ambitious youth of thirteen, your eyes looked up and met Maggie Bernard's. As you realize it now, sturdy man of thirty-five, you already wonder if the game has been worth the hunt. You only know for sure, that in the midst of all these congratulations your heart goes up in that envelope with all the avidity of a wooer to Blanch. You release yourself from your friends as soon as you gracefully can, and start for the house. The town clock has just struck midnight. Blanch is still sitting by the half open door that opens out to the little side porch, while the light burns low within; as she basks in the soft June air, and listens to the hum of the insects among the trees, she hears your footsteps on the pavement.

The door opens, she rushes into your arms, saying, "Well, old boy, you're a Congressman at last."

"Yes, Blanch, a Congressman at last; and now, will I ever be a *statesman?*"

"Yes, Walter, if you only avoid being a politician. Only 'mind the Light' as your good mother says."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE AFTERMATH.

WALTER GRAHAM did not get to his office quite as early as usual the next morning. As it was after one o'clock before he and Blanch retired, he was not in a hurry to rise; even then there still seemed to be a great many things to talk over at the breakfast table, which detained him still longer.

But, late as he was, he found he was in ample time to meet the delegates and men who had championed his cause, if it had been they alone who were coming to tender their congratulations.

The convention, which, as the Dutchman said, had been "the most stubborn they ever did see," had resolved to finish its labors the night before without adjournment.

It was, therefore, ten minutes of two o'clock when they had nominated their county and other officers and were ready for adjournment.

The political gladiators had retired worn and exhausted. No one seemed in a hurry to rouse them from their slumbers to congratulate them on their part of the work.

Thus Tom Swave, and Birdie, and Boyd, and the Captain, as well as Potewright and Swinegate, were still sleeping at 9 o'clock In fact, practical politicians do not, as a rule, care so much about congratulations as they do about *success* itself; give them votes when they are in distress and they will not quarrel about the applause of the platform.

As for Tom, he was only acting on Napoleon's maxim, "The news being good, I prefer to sleep on; it is only when it is bad that I desire to be awakened."

But the friends who were already calling on Walter when he reached his office, were Rev. Mr. Barnes, Professor Paist, of the High School, a few merchants and tradesmen, and some of the older members of the bar, who made no pretence at politics.

He had already received, the evening before, congatulatory messages from all the other candidates for the office, couched in polite but formal language, conceding his victory fairly won, and promising him their hearty support at the general contest.

He looked over the morning papers to see their various comments. That of the *Herald* read as follows: "The convention yesterday, after a long and persistent, but orderly, contest, nominated Major Walter Graham for Congress on the eleventh ballot. It is useless for the *Herald* to say that the nomination is a strong one and will receive the hearty indorsement of every Republican in the district. The people all know that fact without our reminding them of it. Personally, we are sorry for our old friend Baxter, but, beyond that, the *Herald* always did sympathize with Graham, and recognized his strong claims. We are content, and are for the whole ticket."

The *Mercury* said: "Yesterday's convention was the most memorable that Jefferson county has witnessed for thirty years. The quadrangular shape which the contest for Congress assumed, the disintegration of elements that should have been for Mr. Carter, has lost to us the ability and experience which he would have brought to us and to the district.

"Because of his riper years and more mature judgment, the *Mercury* had hoped that he might be made the candidate; and with a fairly drawn contest against either Baxter or Irwin, or both, he would have been. Mr. Carter has the comfort, however, of knowing that while his defeat was compassed by an unfortunate combination of circumstances, and by methods that need not be mentioned, his own character is unsoiled.

"Against the young man who secured the nomination we have naught to say; he brought to his support a high personal character, and a generous sentiment which his services to his country well deserved. We trust and believe he will make a creditable member of Congress."

The *Age*, the Democratic organ of the county, and the one which reported Walter's Shocktown speech eighteen years before, said: "The Republican convention, yesterday, after a long and disgraceful wrangle, nominated for Congress, Major Walter Graham. He is, comparatively, a young man of about thirty-five, a lawyer of fair ability, with a creditable soldier record.

"His chief element of strength, however, over the other older and abler candidates before the convention was, that he is married to a rich wife, and consequently able to subscribe liberally to all the brass band delegations and other contingent campaign funds so essential to Republican success."

The *Franklin News*, the Republican organ of Franklin county, said: "The Republican convention of Jefferson county did its work yesterday faithfully and well. The contest was earnest, running through three sessions of the convention, but, withal, in good feeling.

"No better, no more satisfactory choice to the Repub-

licans of this county could have been made. Our conferrees will ratify the nominations without demur.

"Major Graham, though only in his thirty-sixth year, is not unknown to the people of Franklin county. He was here as one of the attorneys in the Watts case, in our court; and his voice has been heard in various places throughout her borders in behalf of Republican principles. And more than that, we have soldiers here in our town, who were with the young Major at Shiloh, at Vicksburg, the Wilderness, and elsewhere, who know of his sterling qualities as a soldier. He is of the class of men the Republican party delights to honor.

"All hail, Major Graham! for he shall be our Congressman hereafter."

As Walter picked up each paper to read its comments, he thought to himself, "I am no longer a sensitive boy of seventeen, and must be ready to take with perfect composure whatever comes. Every candidate for public office in this country must expect to pass under the ordeal of public criticism, free competition and newspaper satire. While my honor and character are safe, as, thank God, I know they are, and my name unconnected with any public scandal, they may say what they please. I will not allow it to annoy me in the least." Indeed, as he laid each paper down, he thought its tone was quite as friendly and kind as he had any right to expect; including even that of the *Age*, which he knew would have had some good-natured satire to poke at the party and the candidate, no difference who he might have been.

And yet, the more he read over the words of the *Age*, the more he thought, "I wish they had not made that

reference to Blanch. Of course, I suppose they mean nothing by it. But still, why need they have alluded to it? I guess I will just throw the paper into the waste basket, and perhaps she will never see it. Oh, no! She is a full grown woman, as I am a man—let her see it along with the rest. I wonder, however, if that is the way the public look upon me, as simply a mere nobody, living on the income of a rich wife. Pshaw! I hate it on Blanch's account. I hope she will not be sensitive about it."

At the dinner hour, as Blanch read over these comments, she said, "Why, Walter, the papers are all quite complimentary to you; even the *Age*, which has been kind enough to remember me."

"Yes, yes," replied Walter, smiling; "I was wondering how you would enjoy your part of the compliment."

"Oh, it don't worry me in the least, Walter, if it don't you."

"Ah, Blanch, you always were the most sensible girl."

"Well, I suppose since the *Age* knows so much about our business, and I am supposed to subscribe my share, that note of Tom Swave's for one thousand dollars may as well be thrown into the fire."

"Yes, Blanch," replied Walter, still smiling, "that note may as well be thrown into the fire," and they both went trippingly out to dinner.

After dinner Blanch followed Walter into the library and said, "Walter, I don't like that article in the *Age;* it does annoy me."

"Why?" said Walter.

"Oh, because I do not like it on your account. I do

dislike anything that seems to make me more prominent than you."

"Will you not let me just make the deed of the home here to you at once? And one of those houses on Grant street, else that farm in Adams township? I would sooner have it appear that you own most of the real estate."

Walter clasped her in his arms, saying, "No, no, Blanch, you will do nothing of the kind; we know our own business, and it don't concern us what the world thinks about it; besides, have not I as much right to be proud of your individuality of character and standing in the community as you have of mine."

"Yes, but I do dislike these things that make it look as though I were running the business," said Blanch, half poutingly.

"Oh, well, don't I own real estate of my own?" said Walter, laughing again as he released her from his grasp, and began to start. "Look at that old shop in Shocktown that Dave and I own in partnership; and those two houses I bought in Shilp alley last winter at sheriff's sale," and he began looking for his hat.

"Yes, and you only bought them to help other people out of difficulty," replied Blanch.

"Well, you know that is *very different* from the way you do business yourself," replied Walter, with a good-natured satire which she well understood.

"Well, I do hate it anyhow," replied Blanch, as Walter passed through the door. "*That old mean Democratic Age*, it made fun of you twenty years ago," and her eyes followed him as he walked down the street.

When Walter reached his office he found Swinegate

in waiting. They had never spent, all told, ten minutes of their lives in social conversation with each other before; but the latter was there now for the purpose of telling Walter how he always had admired his course and valued his friendship, and what an effort he had made to prevent Irwin from being a candidate in the first place, and what personal sacrifices he had made to get so large a portion of Irwin's delegates to finally go for him.

Swinegate had gone but a few minutes, when Potewright appeared to congratulate him on his gallant fight, and to assure him that they only stuck to Baxter as long as they did, because the Carter people had betrayed them; that they still promised them each ballot they would come to Baxter next time, thereby giving them hope to the last. Whereupon he assured Walter that he and Baxter had both resolved to go for him at any moment, if either of the other candidates gave evidences of winning.

Walter received both these chieftains politely, and listened courteously to their explanations; but, trusting as his nature had been in childhood, he could not help but smile incredulously after each had left the office. He endeavored to settle down once more to work.

An hour later, when he related these experiences to Tom Swave, the latter shook his head and smiled a very expressive smile, as he said, "They were both burning with a desire to be for you at the proper time, were they?"

"It appears so," replied Walter.

"I will tell you, Walter, just now while I think of it," continued Tom, "what might be borne in mind. If

that postmaster at Spireville, who is supposed to be now lying on his death-bed, should die, it might be well enough to consult Dan. Sides before his successor is appointed."

"Well, I suppose we will try to be guided by the proper equities of the case when it arrives," replied Walter; "at all events, I suppose the appointment will hardly be made without your knowing something about it. But, by the way, Tom, what can I do for you yourself?"

Tom looked at him with an earnest expression, which Walter well understood was Tom's earnest side, not to say sad one, as he replied, "Get me a consulship, to New Zealand, to Australia, or any other English-speaking province with pay enough attached to it to keep me alive."

"Why, Tom, you don't mean that, do you?"

"Yes, I do. I want to get out of the country; good-by. I will talk further with you about it some other time."

Of course, you all know what the nature of the editorial in the *Press* was the next Saturday morning. It spoke of the nominee as a "young man in the prime of life, with far more than ordinary ability, self-poised, just and honest; modest in victory, calm in defeat; thorough in research; and possessing all the elements of the successful representative, who should be continued indefinitely."

But it was that same Saturday morning when Walter opened his mail that he found among it the congratulation which he appreciated, perhaps, most of all. It was as follows:

MARTIN'S CROSS ROADS, June 6, 1878.

Friend Walter:

Perhaps you will not consider it too much trouble to read a few congratulatory lines from your old friend, who may not be able to see you personally.

The success which has attended your career is, in my opinion, not unmerited, and I believe, will continue with you as long as you remain true to your principles and conduct yourself properly.

I can scarcely realize, Walter, that you were yesterday nominated for Congress; for it seems to me but yesterday since I saw you stirring about the neighborhood a boy in your teens, and listening attentively at times to your father and some of us discussing so interestedly the momentous questions which have since convulsed the nation.

Indeed, I sometimes think yet, Walter, those questions are the only ones which create politics in our country; the right of the enfranchised race to his vote in the South, is, in my opinion, the prominent question in American politics, and will become the supreme test of our greatest statesmen, to which plane I hope you may rise. At present, let me caution you, my boy, steer clear of the Greenback craze, which seems to be starting over the country. You can afford to be defeated at the election, if it should come to that, but you cannot afford to temporize with repudiation, which is really the proper name for unlimited paper money.

But you will excuse me, Walter, for not writing more, and for calling you *my boy;* it seems so natural. I am obliged to remember occasionally that I am an old man, seventy-five years old, and do not get around as much as I once did, though I have no reason to complain of my general health.

Our little eleven-year-old grandson seems to be the chief man about the place now; he and I, between us, manage to take care of the horse and cow.

Mrs. Williamson joins in her congratulations, and both of us would be pleased to see you, if but for a few minutes, if you come out to your father's this summer.

If we live until the 20th of November, we will celebrate our golden wedding. I am, yours very truly,

JOHN WILLIAMSON.

This letter was answered as follows :

SHARWOOD, June 8, 1878.

My Dear Old Friend :

I wish I could tell you how much good your letter has done me ; and how I hope to profit by every word of it. That I endorse the sentiments you express, as to the political situation of the country, is hardly necessary for me to say, who sat as a boy so attentively at *your* feet and imbibed so thoroughly your political gospel.

Yes, Mr. Williamson, I remember very distinctly, one beautiful Sunday afternoon when you alluded to yourself *then* as "old John Williamson," though only fifty-seven, and prophesied that if I lived to be as old as you I would see a war in this country on the slavery question.

Alas, what has happened since then? It is not much wonder that we old people of thirty-five and seventy-five begin to tell our children and grandchildren that a good deal has happened since we were young.

Blanch joins me in saying that we will visit you next month when we are out at father's.

Trusting that I may not disappoint my friends in the new position I am to assume, and that you and Mrs. W. may not only be spared until November, but for many more returns of that eventful day, I subscribe myself,

Yours very truly,

WALTER GRAHAM.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SECOND REUNION.

IT IS the 28th of February, 1881. The House has adjourned until Tuesday morning. Walter Graham is reclining on the lounge reading a paper in the library of his comfortable though not palatial residence, in Washington. It is four days yet until the 4th of March, but Washington is already beginning to put on her inaugural appearance.

That quadrennial event which brings to her streets all the wise and patriotic men of the nation is near at hand.

That event brings to Washington, as some reader has already said in satire, "That innumerable horde of patriots who have rendered some inestimable service to their party, are coming to the inauguration to see that those services are properly appreciated; to remind an incoming administration that the first and most urgent business on hand is to provide for them some good lucrative place in some of the departments." Before this grand army of devotees get through with their work of inaugurating a new President, they are, many of them, quite glad to secure a *place* to lay their heads and leave the *place* in the Treasury Department or Interior Department go for the present. For the hotel proprietor looks over his registry and sees the long list of distinguished arrivals from distant parts, while the agents of various delegations are around him searching for comfortable quarters,

and begins to decide rapidly in his mind how much he will advance rates, as he announces "the house is full." The boarding-house mistress beholds the great overflow and smiles complacently. All the clerks who have already soft places in the departments, have received letters from friends in the States to know if they will have a spare-bed; and they laugh out right as they conceive the idea of turning an extra penny.

What matters it that the President has not yet arrived himself, and will not be there until Wednesday? The preparation will go on all the same; for, though clouds, and darkness, and snow drifts, may lie before him, the great Pennsylvania Railroad will get him there in time. Though hail storms and rain storms may sweep along old Pennsylvania Avenue on the following Friday, the President will be inaugurated all the same; the ardor of patriots may be a little chilled, but the office-seeker will go on forever, and the government at Washington will still live.

The official breath has not expired from the departing President until it is inhaled by his successor. "The King never dies," says the English maxim.

There is in the official world an instantaneous transmigration of souls. No difference if the expiring President is detained a few minutes late at his room in the Capitol affixing his signature to important bills, which are being ground out at the rate of twenty an hour during the expiring hours of Congress, he must have time to read their titles and write his name as the messengers run breathless to him with the last legislative hand work. If the worst should come to the worst, the hands on the clock can be stopped for five

minutes before the speaker lets his gavel fall and says, "I declare the forty-sixth Congress adjourned, *sine die.*" No fine technicalities will ever rise up to test the constitutionality of these laws, for the most of them are appropriation bills, and, of course, the faithful servants of the people must be paid. What motive could anyone possibly have for testing their legality. Even the Judges of the Supreme Court themselves have been guilty of drawing their pay.

With these scenes incident to Washington life Hon. Walter Graham had become tolerably well acquainted, as he reclined that Monday evening on his sofa ; for, be it remembered, it was the first Monday of December, 1879, that he first made his official appearance in the House of Representatives as a member thereof.

Of the fifteen months that had since elapsed, he had spent the greater part in Washington. The interval which occurred between the adjournment of the long session the previous summer, and the convening of the present short session, he had devoted largely to the election of General Garfield, whose inauguration as President was now about to take place.

Walter had become acquainted with Garfield the previous session as a brother member of the House ; he had seen him leave his seat the previous June for a short time as leader of the Ohio delegation to champion the cause of John Sherman for President in the Chicago convention ; he saw him come back after the most memorable political convention ever assembled on this continent (except only the one alluded to in Chapter V), the nominee of that convention himself. He was now to see him inaugurated the following Friday as President of the United States.

But, when Walter arrived in Washington on the 1st of December, 1879, for the purpose of assuming his official duties, the first member of the house who came to greet him was Andrew Jackson Clinton, from North Carolina.

Since the meeting of Clinton and Walter referred to in Chapter XXIV, there had been maintained between them a constant business and professional intercourse as well as the same warm personal feeling which had always existed. They met each other on the occasion referred to—of Walter's first appearance as a member of Congress—with the most mutual good feeling; but Walter could not refrain from saying, "Well, Clinton, if I had been told, the day the news reached us at Ann Arbor of Lee's surrender, that you would have preceded me two years as a member of Congress, I would at least have said that is the word of a dreamer."

"Well, I must say, I would have looked upon it a little in that light myself, Graham; but you don't regret it, do you? You were for universal amnesty from the start, you remember."

"Yes, I was, and I don't regret your being here in Congress in advance of me; but I do insist that impartial suffrage shall be scrupulously observed among you. You can expect no permanent peace or lasting prosperity to your section until that requirement is complied with."

But it is not necessary to detain ourselves now to tell all their conversation then. It is to this evening of the 28th of February, 1881, that we will now confine ourselves, for it is of Clinton also that we have somewhat to speak.

Blanch has just entered the room where Walter is

resting, and said, "Then Clinton will be here to-night too, will he, Walter?"

"That is the arrangement."

"Do you think you can get that business entirely closed up to-night?" continued Blanch.

"That is the idea," replied Walter, "we want to have the papers finally executed. Will. has telegraphed me, you know, that he and Emma will be here at 7:30."

Will. and Emma, who were they? Will. Morton and his wife, Emma Reed Morton.

The provision that Mr. Morton had made in his will for Mrs. Reed and her daughter was subsequently altered, for they were otherwise provided for, and entirely to his satisfaction.

The bright June day, on which Blanch brought him a son-in-law, was swiftly followed by a chill November one on which Will. brought him a daughter-in-law; and he was content. The son and the son-in-law, the daughter and the daughter-in-law, are all seated around the son-in-law's table this evening, consummating their business. Clinton, also, is there, with his budget of papers swelling the pile Will. Morton brought with him. It is half-past nine; the business is completed; the notary gone.

Strange transition! The fee-simple of Mount Airy is now in Mrs. Sarah Reed, widow of George Washington Reed, deceased; her daughter Emma Reed Morton (wife of Will. Morton) and Walter Graham.

Yes, the business is over. Now for a little sociability.

"Well, how did you leave all the folks up about Mansdale and Shocktown, Emma?" inquired Clinton; "how is your mother now?"

"Oh, mother is real well; she had almost a mind to come with us to Washington."

"I wish she had done so; I reckon she will get down to North Carolina next summer, will she, to see the old place, since she has such a personal interest in it?"

"Oh, I shouldn't wonder; strange things have happened; she used to say she never wanted to see the place again; but that revives unpleasant memories, and besides, our feelings have undergone a considerable change since then."

"Oh yes, you all seem to be too happy and comfortably fixed in life now, to think of anything unpleasant. Do you know, I often think of that pleasant day we had together on the occasion of the marriage of Walter's sister?"

"Wasn't that a *lovely* time?" exclaimed Emma and Blanch in concert; "especially the toasts."

"What became of the bride and groom?" asked Clinton. "Has Mr. Miller become famous like yourself, Graham?"

"Acquired all the fame he wants, I guess," replied Walter. "His ambitions are not as lofty as those of the rest of us. You know there have to be some quiet stay-at-home people in the world, who mind their own business and keep business going."

"I think he has attended to his business well enough to succeed with it at least," replied Will. Morton. "He and his father have one corner of what used to be Graham's field all built over with shops."

"Well, that is very nice, I am sure," replied Clinton. "Those are the kind of men we would like to have come down to North Carolina and go into manufacturing carriages for us."

"I guess Dave and his wife are both content to stay about Shocktown," said Blanch.

"Mr. Clinton, I thought you would have been able to have introduced us to your wife by this time," said Emma, with great good humor.

How opportunely that observation came, Emma; it gives us such an opportunity to tell all about it, and to relieve the reader's curiosity on that question. No, Clinton has not been able to present his wife to anyone as yet, for the simple reason he has never had one.

Have you been on the alert, dear friend, for still further surprises? for those mysterious facts always occurring more strange than fiction?

Have you been waiting, breathless, every minute, to find him wedded to the Northern girl who pronounced all his people "nothing but a perfect set of blow-horns?" Did you suppose the invisible form of destiny which stretches herself before him would drift him thither? Or, have you been treated to surprises enough for this occasion? Has the revelation of the new owners of Mt. Airy satisfied the appetite for the time being, or must we still take you into one more secret, and tell you why he does not present to his friends to-night—Annie Lesher as his wife? Will you be content with nothing short of the whole truth—that it is owing to no fault of his that she is not now addressed as Mrs. Clinton? She had come to respect and honor him, and to have buried all malice toward the Southern people, but she had not as yet thought of marrying him or any other man. In fact, Annie Lesher was a woman with self-reliance enough of her own, and has been disciplined enough in the school of misfortune to be able to take care of herself without

leaning on the arm of any man for support; and if you will but possess yourselves for a few minutes, you shall know what has become of her.

As for Clinton, you must be your own judge as to what effect his rejection had on him; whether it was the feather on the beam or the finger of destiny that stood at the forked roads of the two great political parties in the days of reconstruction and negro suffrage, and caused him to be recorded to-night a Democrat instead of a Republican member of the House of Representatives. All that we will say at present is, he smiled dryly, and answered Emma, saying, "No, it has not been my good fortune to present to you Mrs. Clinton, as yet."

"Well, we will still keep on the watch-out for her," replied Emma. "I have no doubt—"

"There! the door-bell is ringing," interrupted Walter.

"I will wager a big apple," says Blanch, "that is Wendell and Ida, ahead of time."

The servant opens the door. A voice below is heard to inquire:

"Does Mr. Graham live here?"

"Hark!" says Blanch, "Didn't I tell you?" and she ran down stairs to meet the new-comers, exclaiming, "Yes, this is where Mr. Graham lives, and his *wife* too." Which was followed by mutual exclamations of:

"Well, I do say."

"Did you ever!" with a round of kisses, which could be heard up stairs; followed once again by the expletive:

"Listen!" from Emma, who says:

"It's Wendell and Ida and Aunt Mary!" and she starts down stairs, followed by Walter, who says:

"Please excuse me for a minute."

The commotion is over in due time below; they proceed up stairs to the parlor, headed by Walter, who says:

"Mr. Clinton, allow me to present to you Hon. W. P. Bolton, member elect of Congress from Iowa.

"I am very happy to meet Hon. Wendell Phillips Bolton of Iowa; I believe we have had the pleasure of meeting before."

"I have heard of his election to the next Congress."

"Yes, sir, I have a very distinct recollection of the occasion on which I met Andrew Jackson Clinton years ago; but I had not thought then of his being in Congress four years before me; though I am not so much surprised that Walter preceded me two years, notwithstanding I had to go beyond the Mississippi to secure my commission."

"So far as going beyond the Mississippi to secure your commission is concerned, Mr. Bolton, do you know I think you acted wisely. I have always regretted that I did not go to Texas immediately after the war; in fact, I can not rightly give it up yet."

Mrs. Bolton and Aunt Mary have of course been introduced by this time, and all are now talking away with break-neck speed; and of course you understand the whole situation now. That Wendell Phillips Bolton graduated in law at Ann Arbor the year after Walter Graham; that he went directly to Iowa, opened a law office in a thriving town in that State, and cast his fortunes there.

That he returned to the land of his nativity a year

later on a visit, whereupon he tarried long enough to marry Miss Ida Reed, daughter of "Aunt Mary;" that he returned at once to his adopted State, taking with him his wife and wife's mother, where he devoted himself to his profession and, occasionally, to politics, until now, he returns on his first visit to Washington with his family after the war to witness the inauguration of Garfield; and with his certificate of election as one of the Congressmen from the State of Iowa ready to perform official duty any time after the fourth of March if necessary.

Of course, you understood that in due time the conversation naturally drifted back to the pleasant event of their other reunion, Clinton following up the chain of thought by asking, "What has become of your other sister, Graham, who was still single on that occasion?"

"Oh, Sue, you mean?" replied Walter. "Well, she went on to college after that; graduated in 1870; taught school for one year; married Professor Lewis, one of the faculty, in 1872, as robust and healthy a looking man of twenty-eight as you would wish to see. She went to Portland, Oregon, with him in 1873, where he opened a school of his own; died in 1878, leaving her a life insurance of $1.000, a young son of three and a-half years, and a good name. He said to her on his death-bed: 'Sue, I am not going to recover from the attack; I know it. I leave you here on the Pacific slope, far away from your kindred and friends, and with the grave responsibility of raising our darling boy. Go back to your parents if you think you must, or do whatever you think for the best; but my opinion is, that if you can stay here and

raise him in Oregon to grow up with this new and growing country, his and your chances for success will both be greater than in the regions east of the Mississippi.'

"Sue was too 'spunky,' as the boys expressed it, to come home, at any rate, to say nothing of the sacred respect in which she held the advice of her husband.

"Thus the situation stood with her for two months after she buried her husband, when she received a letter from Miss Lesher, asking her if it would not be a good place for her and her mother to locate, as they had buried her father a year ago, and had made up their mind to leave Sharwood if something better offered.

"Sue wrote to her, by all means to come out, painting in glowing colors the high wages that teachers received out there.

"Six months later Miss Lesher and her mother, and Sue and her boy, were found living in one house, Mrs. Lesher taking care of the boy during the day, and Sue and Miss Lesher both teaching through the day at ninety dollars per month."

"So that is the history of Sue and Miss Lesher, is it?" responded Clinton. "Has she never been on to see you since, or any of you to see her?"

"She has not been home since father and mother were out to see her last summer, and they report her in the best of spirits and health; say she owns two lots of her own in the city, which she earned herself, and which have increased wonderfully in value since she bougtht them. And Miss Lesher has bought a house of her own." "And next summer, if we live that long, Walter and I are going to see her," added Blanch.

"And you will bring her home with you to live?" said Ida.

"You would not think so," replied Blanch, "from the tone of the letters she writes. I think it would take a gold mine to bring her from Oregon; everything is perfect there, according to her representation—even to the climate."

"No, next summer we go to see her; and then the *next* summer she comes to visit *us;* but not to stay," said Walter.

"What became of your brother?" inquired Clinton.

"Joe? Why, he took a notion after graduation at Cornell that he must yet have some adventuresome life, even if the war was over; he is away now on the United States Coast Survey. The last trip he had was to Alaska to watch the transit of Venus."

"Is he married?"

"No, but reports say he is engaged to a Boston lady of the literary aristocracy," replied Blanch.

"Lord help him, if he is!" replied Clinton.

"You had better not go up to Boston and tell them that," replied Blanch.

"Why? Do you think I would not get back alive?"

"Oh, yes, you would get back without bodily injury," said Bolton.

"But, nevertheless, it might rouse them a little," said Mrs. Bolton.

"That they could get over in time," said Walter.

"Oh, no," said Clinton, smiling. "I have forgiven the New England people, as they profess to have forgiven us; sometimes I wonder, though, with all their smartness, how long it will take them to learn that there was, or is a United States, outside of New England."

"I think I saw New England regiments in the army that had learned that," replied Walter, smiling. "They were even convinced that there was a *South*."

"As we are having such a pleasant impromptu reunion of so many representative men, I think we should have some speech-making, as we had at the other one," said Will. Morton.

"Oh, that is an excellent idea," exclaimed all the lady members of the company; Emma clapping her hands and saying, "Mr. Clinton, you will have to lead off; you were first to begin before."

"You will have to give him a toast, Ida."

"Too late to commence the banquet now," cried Clinton. "I was just about to take my leave."

"Oh, it is not midnight yet," said Blanch. "No backing out, Mr. Clinton."

"Will., you will have to announce the toasts."

"Yes, go ahead, Clinton. You may take 'The Southern Problem.'"

"Well, if I must, I must," said Clinton, rising.

"'The Southern Problem!' I am glad you have given me a subject with which I am so familiar; or, rather, a subject which is so simple. For be it understood, my friends, we of the South do not recognize the term. It is a misnomer for the sectional feeling which you people of the North are endeavoring to keep alive, that you may perpetuate your political power. There is no Southern problem. At our former reunion I told you as frankly as I knew how that the Union was preserved, and that slavery was abolished; I add now with equal emphasis: and the *negro is enfranchised.* We of the South are conscious of it and recognize it as a fact of which we do not need to be constantly remind-

ed by our brethern of the North. Whether that suffrage will prove a blessing to the negro or a hindrance to his true progress and to the white civilization of the South I will not now discuss. It is necessary only to say, that the fact is upon us, and we know it. All that the people of the North need do is to let us alone and we will solve our own domestic questions. There is no Southern problem. You people of the North who refuse the negro admittance to your workshops and to your public improvements should not be concerned about managing the affairs of us who employ the negro to build our houses and our railroads.

"*There is no Southern Problem.* Friends of the North, attend to your own domestic affairs. Preserve the purity of the ballot box in your own great cities and don't be torturing your consciences about ours; and the fraternal feeling of peace and good will and kindness will grow between the two sections. Thank God, it is growing in spite of your efforts to destroy it.

"Twenty years ago, sir, you, who proposed this toast, let me remind you, could have seen your wife, who now sits smiling, the ornament that she is to this circle, leaving her home in the South in a spring-wagon drawn by a long-eared quadruped. Her mother, who now rests content in your luxurious home in the North, was leaving her home in the South a refugee. Her hero father, who now sleeps in an unmarked grave in Virginia, was leaving with them, an exile, banished from his home. *To-day* we welcome them back with open arms and warm hearts to the ownership of that home which was once mine and my father's. *Can* fraternal feeling go farther?

"Seventeen years ago you, sir, Major Graham, were

my captive, marching towards my home as my prisoner. To-day I long to see you there to visit your new possessions. *Can fraternal feeling go farther?*

"Sir, there is no 'Southern Problem.' All we need is to be let alone. Why, there is a kinship even in our domestic animals.

"Do you remember that gray mare I rode in the Wilderness the day I took you prisoner, Graham? She was a half sister to those two little bay mares your father owned. Uncle Joe Bernard shipped her down to my father only two years before the war; their sire was a high-bred Kentucky horse, imported into your neighborhood to improve your stock."

"Hold!" cried Will. Morton, "the subject was not gray mares in the Wilderness."

"Let him proceed," said Walter; "I am just beginning to get interested; I always did love those two bay mares of father's; it is a great pity that any of their kindred were ever desecrated in the rebel cause."

"The gray mare you rode in the Wilderness the day you took Walter prisoner?" exclaimed Blanch. "Oh! she must have been a remarkable animal; what did you call her? *Hagar* in the Wilderness?"

"No, I called her Lucy. Oh, she was a darling," replied Clinton.

"Oh, that makes it all the worse," said Walter; "that was what we called one of our bays—'Lucy.' But I thought your gray had a familiar look the day I saw her; perhaps it was her kindly admonition that caused you to let me go?"

"Oh, no; it was my friend, the corporal, who was so stupid as to let you escape. He was angry at you for a good while; but he has a very kindly feeling

toward you now. He has succeeded well in business since the war," replied Clinton.

"I hope he has," replied Walter. "I hope the fifty dollars he got from me gave him a good start at the close of hostilities."

"Did you loan him fifty dollars?" asked Clinton.

"Yes, I loaned him fifty dollars that day; rather under compulsion though, I might say; or, in fact, he might call it an exchange. He gave me a two-dollar Confederate bill in lieu of my fifty-dollar greenback," said Walter.

"What! Explain yourself!" cried Clinton.

"No, I will not explain any farther, Clinton," replied Walter, advancing toward him and giving him his hand. "Your honest surprise answers to my mind a question, about which I have often wondered, so we will say nothing more about it."

Clinton gave his hand a hearty shake and, with a grim smile, said:

"I think I understand all now. Let us proceed with the toasts."

"Yes, yes," said Will. Morton; "I believe Wendell Phillips Bolton comes next in order; he may respond to the toast, 'The Labor Problem.'"

Bolton arose and said:

"I wish I could speak the words, 'there is no labor problem,' with the same confidence as my friend who preceded me has declared there is no Southern problem. In fact, I love to cling to the belief that *there is no labor problem;* but I always hesitate more or less when I utter the words.

"I cannot forget that less than four years ago I could not have come from Iowa to Washington on any one of our great trunk railways.

"I cannot forget that blood was flowing in many of the great cities of our country.

"I still remember that the great Baltimore and Ohio stood paralyzed.

"I still remember that millions of dollars were ascending in flames in the great manufacturing city of Pittsburgh; that the rioters were victors in the battle of the Round House; that the sheriff and his posse were lying dead on the ground.

"I still remember that not a wheel was turning on the great Pennsylvania Central, except an occasional mail car. The grass could have grown on the streets of Philadelphia, so far as concerned any commerce it was contributing to her.

"Nay, I remember more; that the State troops called upon to preserve the peace in many of the States could not be relied upon, for the reason that they boldly and defiantly proclaimed their sympathy with the strikers.

"I remember that the strong arm and iron discipline of the United States army was called upon to suppress these disturbances. When I see millionaire railroad presidents drive defiantly by their starving employes with $20,000 outfits, refusing to give an ear to their complaints, I am not sure there is no labor problem. When I see organized capital openly declare that it proposes to bring all the trunk lines west of the Mississippi into one grand pool, thereby stopping all competition, and then fix rates as it pleases, I am not sure there is no labor problem.

"When I see children born daily in the city of New York who are destined never to enjoy the luxury of light and air, doomed to live miserable lives of suffering, incapable of either mental or physical develop-

ment, and certain to fill premature graves, can I be *sure* there is *no labor problem?*

"My friends, I am not an alarmist; I am not a theorist; I am not a communist; I am a Republican, clean bred; I have been elected Congressman in spite of the "Greenbackers" and fiat-money people of the West.

"But I am only asking these questions as worthy of our serious reflection.

"What is this condition of things? Is it what Chesterfield said he saw in France—'All the symptoms of revolution that he had ever met with in history?' or is it nothing but the slight friction incident to common life? I trust and believe it is the latter; that it is nothing but what we can adjust and solve peaceably, equitably, and without bloodshed, in this great republic where boys come from the tow-path to the White House. But they are questions, my friends, which we must meet with a mind open for the truth. True, my friends, we are a little poor in the West just now; our people are paying a little too much interest for their money. Do any of you know, let me ask while on my feet, of any capitalist who has ten thousand dollars he will let come to Iowa at six per cent. on perfectly good real estate security?"

"Now you have come down to practical talk," said Will. Morton.

"And have demonstrated that you are a Yankee, as well as a Republican," said Clinton.

"Yes, you remind us of the man who advertised his goods at a friend's funeral," said Blanch.

"I see you are becoming too sarcastic for me," replied Wendell; "let us proceed with the next speaker."

"Yes, hurry up with it," said Clinton, "for it is growing late."

"All right," said Will.; "Walter Graham will respond to '*The Race Problem.*'"

Walter arose, saying: "My friends, I am sure there is a *race* problem, testing to the severest extent of all questions, our statesmanship. Not so much our *statesmanship* as our *prejudices*. The race problem can be made perfectly simple in a single word—*Justice*. Apply that remedy impartially and alike to both races and then I can agree that there is no Southern problem. *Justice*, an element in which the land may wade with perfect safety; justice, seasoned with mercy; can the white race of the South say that this has not been done to them?

"Are there no considerations of mercy for the black man? Do you forget that he has been for two centuries a slave, during which time he poured wealth and luxury into your laps and the means to educate and culture your children, while you closed to his mind every avenue of useful knowledge and robbed him of his labor?

"Yet, in the face of this condition, I hear the '*superior*' race of the South talk about '*negro supremacy.*' This astounds me. The negro race must have advanced wonderfully in the scale of thrift and civilization if already he is beginning to threaten the high bred Caucasian race of the South with subjection.

"Friends of the South, your situation is trying, and we speak not what we speak in malice, but in kindness, for your benefit as well as for the black's. We claim not that we would have done better under the circumstances than you have; we admit there are beams in our own eyes; we grant that we, in the first place, may have been as responsible for bringing the

negro here as you; we only remind you now that he himself cannot be held accountable for his presence here.

"I only repeat he was brought here over two hundred years ago in chains and slavery, and here he will stay until his race or ours is entirely extinct; or till his race and ours have merged into one; or until his race and ours have mutually agreed to accord to each other, to the fullest extent, their civil and political rights. Which of these three alternatives do we all prefer? Infinitely the latter. For be assured, my friends, that one of these three things will happen. It may be sooner, it may be later, but be assured it will come, else all history is a dead letter, all nature is false.

"Then, friends of the South, begin by simply doing the negro justice. What he needs is to be let alone. If he is on the road to market with his cotton crop, let him alone; if he is on the road to the election, let him alone; if he is lying in jail, awaiting to be tried for crime, let him alone. Don't take him away and shoot him in either of these cases, not even the latter; wait until judge and jury have pronounced him guilty. You need, generally speaking, have no fear that he will escape, if guilty, at the hands of his white tryers.

"But if, perchance, there should be a judge who is disposed to see that he gets justice, don't take the judge out and murder him, and his son and daughter, in the presence of his wife."

"You allude, no doubt, to the Judge Chisholm affair," said Clinton. "Permit me to say that the conservative people of the South deprecated that act, and it is hardly fair that they should be held responsible for the lawlessness of one particular county."

"Judge Chisholm's widow," continued Walter, "is no doubt very grateful to the conservative people of the South for their deprecation of the act; all she knows, as a matter of fact, however, is that the Governor of the State concluded, after mature reflection, that it would be better not to stir the matter up; and perhaps it would be better now for me not to stir it up; and perhaps I have already exceeded my time."

"Yes, and as we had four toasts the other time, we should have the fourth one now," said Clinton. "Morton, you will have to take Tom Swave's place."

"I am not a speech-maker," replied Will. "Besides, I have to announce the toasts."

"And besides, we may as well let Tom speak for himself," said Walter. "Shall I read you his last letter; it is not very long?"

"Certainly," said all the company, "we would be delighted."

"Well, then, here it is," said Walter, drawing it from his pocket.

"WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND, December, 25, 1880.

My Dear Friend:

I am seated this evening on the south balcony of my boarding house, enjoying the cool south breeze, and have conceived the idea of dropping you a few lines to let you know what Christmas is like in a converse climate.

The south wind is cool and pleasant, as I have already stated, at this hour—8 P. M.—though I thought I should have melted under the parching, dry wind which came down from the north to-day at 2 P. M., as I drove with a friend in the country.

To-day, however, I was told, was unusually warm, and farmers who were working in their fields told us that it was the warmest Christmas they had known for years. The harvest is rather earlier than usual, they said, and most of them had already commenced to cut their grass.

One old man, who was working his corn, informed us he never liked to commence making hay until after Christmas, as he generally liked to give some observance to the day, and this was almost impossible to do after harvest had fully begun. They generally, I found, try to gather at their churches for a short service, either early in the morning or in the evening after sundown, no matter how busy they are with their work. But, as a rule, Christmas goes largely with the agricultural portion of the people here a little as the Fourth of July had to go with the farmers around old Shocktown when you and I were boys; the people in cities and towns, of course, generally observe the day.

The native New Zealander, of whom I have seen but two since I came here, makes the American Indian appear quite an intelligent gentleman. Whether the white man will solve the problem of what to do with him any better than he has with us, I cannot predict.

Do you know, however, Walter, that there are now on this island almost one-third as many people as there were in the original thirteen colonies when our fathers undertook to throw off the yoke of old England? I cannot say, though, that I discover any tendency on the part of these people to imitate our example; they all seem perfectly content under the management of their own domestic affairs, and what slight supervision the mother country takes over them. Perhaps it is the mother country that has profited some by experience.

I received my last batch of Sharwood papers last week, and your letter a month behind time. I was sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Morton, following so shortly after that of Mr. Williamson. What unique figures they both were in their respective ways and communities.

You and I can scarcely remember the day when we did not hear the phrase, "Old John Williamson."

I will start this next week, in the next mail via San Francisco, and it should reach you, ordinarily, in from five to seven weeks. No doubt you will have it before the inauguration of Garfield, at which event I will be with you in spirit.

Remember me very kindly to all the family and all my friends,

including our friend Bolton, who I see is to speak for the State of Iowa in the next Congress. I suppose you see Clinton sometimes since you have been in Washington. Ask him if he remembers the wedding at Shocktown, and extend to him my kindest regards, if he remembers me, which I hardly suppose he does. Yours, very truly,

TOM."

"Yes, tell him I remember him; and return my best wishes when you write," said Clinton.

"And that is a description of Christmas in a converse climate," said Bolton.

"Don't it seem strange?" said Ida.

"Isn't it interesting?" said Emma.

"Yes, written by poor Tom Swave; the smartest man of all of you," said Will.

"We'll concede that," said Walter, thoughtfully.

"What a pleasant night we have had," said Clinton; "but it is midnight now; good-night," and he started for his bachelor quarters.

The rest of the company chatted another twenty minutes, Cousin Ida having fancied, before she retired, that the traces of excess had deepened just a little in Cousin Will.'s face, "though he certainly is a good, kind husband to Cousin Emma, and seems just like the same kind, generous Will."

And thus the members of the second reunion retired, wherein had participated Emma Morton, who was the cousin of Ida Bolton, who was the cousin of Blanch Graham, who was the cousin of Maggie Barnard, whose name had been incidentally mentioned that evening, but for whose history you must wait just a little longer.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SECOND CERTIFIED CHECK.

"The mild despairing of a heart resigned,"

—*Coleridge.*

IT IS the last day of April, 1886; Garfield has been inaugurated, and assassinated besides. Vice-President Arthur has served out his term. Cleveland has been President for more than a year. General Grant lies buried in Riverside Park, and Walter Graham is still Congressman.

Thus the three great Presidents who have filled the Presidential chair during the generation of the war and its consequences are sleeping the tranquil sleep of death.

Ah! what a trio they present—Lincoln, Grant, Garfield! The world knows their history by heart; wherever the Caucasian race is found, there little children lisp their names.

The first and the last of this trio died by the hand of an assassin while exercising the functions of his great office; the second, of cancer, in a mountain retreat, while writing his own memoirs, that his family might have comfortable means of living when he was gone.

Garfield, the most scholarly of the three, second in that respect, perhaps, to none of his predecessors in the Presidential chair; a citizen soldier, the product of the war, but equipped for high position by a long training as a national legislator, which gave additional force to

his natural statesmanship and powers of comprehension.

Grant, the trained soldier, but entirely the accident of the war—which brought him from the obscurity of the tanyard, to which he had retired at its breaking out—rising to the supreme command by his supreme fitness for the position. Calm in storm, modest in victory, undisturbed in defeat, a thing which he never seemed to understand when he had experienced it; for, checkmated though he might be, he still kept his face toward his enemy. He passed through two terms of the presidency, making as few mistakes as could be expected from a man entirely unprepared for civil duties, and all of which a grateful people were quick to forgive in the man who took Gen. Lee's sword from him and then *returned* it.

Lincoln, the first and greatest of the three; poorest in scholarship, richest in wisdom. The most unlettered man who ever occupied the presidential chair; the strongest in natural logic and clearness of perception; endowed with a common sense which more than compensated for conservativeness and over-caution. So mild, yet so firm. The man who "never erred, except on the side of mercy." The man whom destiny had chosen to ride the fiercest storm of civil conflict the world had ever seen; and to preserve from immolation Democracy's fair form when ambition would have invited the despot's hand. The man who led without dictating; who followed without being servile. The man whose every pulse-beat, whose every groan, was for his bleeding country. The man whose "malice was for none," whose "charity was for all." The man whose great attribute was mercy. The man whose brain

was pierced with an assassin's bullet, and who, when he died left, like William the Silent, little children crying on the streets. The man who was followed to his tomb by the benedictions of his own race and the broken shackles of four millions of slaves to attest the undying gratitude of another. The man who, taken all in all, makes up the *most beautiful figure of human history*.

What thoughts! what memories! what speculations! clustered around these three characters as Walter Graham sat in his parlor that evening contemplating them. All so different, and yet so alike; each representing so peculiarly the possibilities of the American boy; and yet not one of them the product of the older societies east of the Alleghenies. Nay, these were the children of the Wild West; the children of nature, proceeding respectively from the *log cabin*, the *tanyard* and the *towpath*, to imperishable renown. The children of *Genius* who are born without ancestry, die without issue.

It was in this reverie that Walter Graham was found that evening when his door opened to admit Tom Swave, just returned from New Zealand. Tom's face was a little downcast, his prospects not over-bright, his plans for the future not well defined. The meagre salary attached to his foreign mission had not admitted of much accumulation. The small estate which his father had left he had divided equally with a little cousin—a niece of his mother's—the only relative he had now on earth, and who had gone to his father after his mother's death, and kept his home in order for him until his death. The half retained for himself had vanished in a bad investment in New Zealand.

Taken all together, he was hardly in that exuberant spirit which might be expected of one after his return from wandering on a foreign strand. Was it because the word *home* had lost for him its sweetness through long absence of its experience? or was it because he yearned for one so badly that not even return to his native land without it could fill the void in his heart?

He warmed up a little, however, as Walter related to him different local events since his absence, and the tragic taking off of Garfield; the pathos and sublimity of the scene in the House of Representatives in its dying moments the previous session, when Mr. Randall of Pennsylvania, the leader of the Democracy, rose, worn and haggard, after an all-night session and demanded that the rules be suspended; that the bill authorizing the president to place the name of Gen. Grant on the retired list, with the rank of *General*, be passed—the highest title known to our law and the one which Gen. Grant had surrendered to become president.

Walter told him how he had been impressed with the stillness and solemnity of the event more than by anything else that had happened since he had been in Congress. How his heart leaped with joy as he saw Mr. Randall's figure rise to make a motion; how the lips of its previous opponents seemed sealed; how the consciousness of the fact, that if this last and proper tribute of respect was ever to be paid by a grateful country to the greatest soldier of the age, it must be done quickly if done at all, seemed to silence through respect, if not shame, the opponents of the measure; how its friends gave a sigh of relief and "Thank God, it is done," as the Speaker announced the result, and

the messenger flew across the capitol to the president's room, who was waiting to affix his official signature.

Tom's countenance lighted up at times as he listened to these experiences, and glowed with something of its old-time fervor and patriotism. But he inquired, incidentally, of course, how Sue and Miss Lesher were coming on in Oregon; and Blanch noticed, when he was told of their happy condition, and shown the last photograph which Sue had sent them of herself and her eleven-year-old boy, that he handed them back with a lingering look.

Three weeks later, as Walter sat in his parlor, he said to Blanch, "It is strange where Tom Swave has gone so soon; here is the first letter I wrote him returned; the second one he has never answered, and here is a letter from Dave now, saying he does not think he was about Shocktown more than a day."

"I know where he went," said Blanch, smiling.

"Where?" said Walter, curiously.

"I think, if you address a letter to Portland, Oregon, he will get it," replied Blanch.

"Do you know that?" asked Walter.

"No, I only think it," replied Blanch, smiling at him as if to say, 'What stupid things men are.' "You try that once for an experiment; direct your letter there."

"That is rather indefinite," replied Walter, "for one who is merely a transient traveler; the street and number should be on it, or in some one's care."

"Direct in care of Sue Lewis and see if he don't receive it."

"Or Annie Lesher," replied Walter, his mind now opening to the thought.

"I would sooner risk the other," responded Blanch, still looking at him with a thoughtful glance.

Walter pursued the subject no farther. It is not certain to what extent he had taken in the thought that was in his wife's mind. At all events, he commenced playing with the baby and examining the pile of tariff statistics that lay before him; but, three hours later, when he retired to bed, his mind did return to Tom Swave—to Blanch's premonitions as to where he had gone and in connection therewith, he thought of his sister Sue, and Miss Lesher—perhaps more distinctly of the former than the latter.

Who can tell what mysteries are hidden in the law of coincidence? What secret magnetic current was then sweeping over 3,000 miles across the continent that may have turned Walter Graham's thoughts once again to Tom Swave? Was it because at that moment Tom Swave was standing on the front steps of a neat little two-story dwelling in Portland, ringing the door-bell? Was it because that ring was answered by a little round-headed, dark-eyed boy of eleven, not so very unlike Walter Graham in the days gone by? Was it that fact which touched some invisible,some mysterious, brain-wave, which reached Walter at that instant? For certain it was that Tom Swave was thus standing at that moment on Sue Lewis' door-step in Portland, Oregon; that little Walter Lewis was running back to the dining-room, saying, "Mother, there is a gentleman at the door wants to know if Mrs. Lewis is in."

Certain it was Tom Swave had dismissed his cabman with instructions to call at 10 o'clock.

It was equally certain that Sue Lewis came walking through the hall, turned up the light, and said "Good

evening," paused for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Why, Tom Swave! is this you?"

Tom was not long in explaining that it was he; nor was he long in experiencing a quickened circulation in his blood, a warmer feeling in his heart.

That Sue would welcome and greet him as an old friend of her childhood, which circumstance alone would do him good he well knew; but somehow he in five minutes felt the gloom on his mind was clearing. The pain in his leg, which had been threatening him with a third outbreak, had left.

As he sat in the cozy little parlor to which he had been invited, and looked into those rich, black eyes and that animated countenance, as he had so frequently done when a boy, and which, it must be confessed, had returned to him at times the tender glances of the romping young girl and the blooming young lady, and he was not always insensible of their power; but, to-night, as he saw them shining forth from the matronly woman of thirty-nine, he was sure he saw for the first time their true beauty.

As he glanced around over the room he espied the same little melodeon on which Sue used to play her simple airs at the old Shocktown home.

Little Walter soon became quite friendly, and told him some of his experiences in school, and what books he was studying.

Sue played, in the course of the evening, on her little melodeon, "Home, Sweet Home."

But, enough of this; imagination must have her sway for the next two hours. It is already ten o'clock; yes, ten minutes after; the cabman has been waiting outside for the last five minutes. Little Walter has

been sleeping on the lounge for the last hour. Tom is holding Sue's hand tenderly in his as she utters the words: "Tom, I must be left to myself for awhile. I know your heart is in the right place, and I believe every word that you say; but, you understand, I must be left to myself for awhile. I will say only now that I do pity you."

"I do understand, thoroughly," said Tom kindly, "and you shall be left to yourself." And he passed out of the door, stepped into the cab, and was driven directly to his hotel, where he sat in the side room in silence for a half hour, watching the people around him and meditating.

The happy moments he had just spent with the old friend of his youth, he began to have a vague premonition, was only a transient meteor, passing over his sick mind; he felt a consciousness that he had been too rash; a fear that after all his trip across the continent would prove no balm to his sorrowing spirit.

He realized before long that his knee was paining him severely; he remembered the severe attack he had with it when on the Pacific Coast before, and a scarcely less one far away in New Zealand. A third attack, he had always believed, would take his life, unless he acted promptly on the prescription — amputation. All the symptons of a recurrence of his trouble were now upon him. Not even the electrifying of Sue Lewis could abolish that pain. This was proof positive of its existence. His purse was almost as lean as on the other occasion when he was obliged to appeal to Walter Graham for assistance. He thought of reporting a little for some eastern papers, at which he might earn something at present; but, of course, that as well as

other plans would be frustrated if he was to be prostrated once again, a charity patient in a hospital. Despair was beginning to fill his mind. Even if life itself was to be saved, he felt it might be necessary to act promptly, not later, perhaps, than in the morning. "Is life worth saving?" he thought, as he arose and walked out to the bar room.

His mind was now a phonograph, on which the word despair had made deep her indentures; his heart a soil in which the plow of misery had struck deep her furrow. He picked up a glass from the bar and poured about three tablespoonfuls of water into it; drew an ounce bottle of laudanum from his pocket, dropped ten drops in it and drank it down. He returned to a chair, sat for ten minutes, then told the bartender he wished to retire. His pain had subsided somewhat, and he felt he might possibly get to sleep. Before he was fairly undressed, however, and in bed, the pain had returned, too intense to admit of sleep. He knew the physician had allowed him to take five drops of laudanum in one teaspoonful of water on previous occasions when he was highly nervous and unable to get to sleep; but now he had enlarged the dose and no results, and his pain too severe too admit of much delay or theorizing. He lay down on the bed, raised himself up after a few minutes, reached over to the stand, poured ten more drops of laudanum in a teaspoon and swallowed them, lay back again upon the bed and fell into a short nap, but woke up in half an hour, with the pain—a strong mixture of pain and pleasure. Yes, he had a little rest, and a hopeful dream. He seemed, a moment, happy again; still, he felt drowsy—a pleasant sensation of half-uncon-

sciousness between the jerks of pain. Just ten more drops of laudanum, he thought; the teaspoon had dropped from his hand; the bottle was still clasped in his other; he raised it dreamingly to his lips; he thought he could guage ten drops on his tongue, and then lie down to pleasant dreams. Yes, the bottle is at his lips, he lets his head drop back to take it in—to take in ten drops. Yes, ten drops ran into his mouth. The contents of the bottle are in his mouth. He realizes for a moment that something might be wrong. He remembers having an indistinct thought that maybe he had better spit it out; the thought seems to be fleeing. No, he feels already such a pleasing sensation. Yes, it is only the water that is in my throat. I am going to have such a good night's sleep, at last; such lovely dreams. His throat opens; the contents of the bottle are in his stomach.

Yes, Tom, what a sweet night's sleep you are going to have; your limb has ceased paining, your heart has ceased aching; sleep on, poor Tom, for eternity of sleep is yours; take with you sweet dreams of Sue; as you sleep on from mortality to immortality.

'Tis eight o'clock A. M. "The gentleman in room 47 has not come down yet." 'Tis nine o'clock, "The gentleman in room 47 has not come down yet."

"Go rouse him," says the landlord; "see what is the matter."

Yes, come back, little Chinese waiter, report the door is locked; no answer made to your knocking and callings? Yes, go up, look over the transom, landlord, see for yourself; force open the door.

Ah! now raise the alarm. Consternation! Excitement! have your way; run your little course. Curi-

osity and suspicion, feed yourself full on your theories of "foul play," of "suicide," of "something wrong."

First of all, search his body and his clothes for marks of identification. Yes, here are evidences that his name is Thomas Swave, the same name under which he has registered. Yes, here is a G. A. R. button on his vest. See if that is a fraud. Get down that National Registry, bar tender, as you are an old soldier, and see if you can find his record. "Yes, here is the name, and a very good record he has; this must be the man."

Hunt up the cabman who took him away to some place last night. Yes, spread the news everywhere, let it reach Sue Lewis. She explains all.

Coroner, hold your inquest!

Learned physicians, spin your fine-spun theories that it is a suicide—clear, and unmistakable—laugh at one of your profession who, after hearing his history, says it may possibly not have been a deliberate suicide.

The *one* thing that you and I know now for certain is that *Tom Swave is dead.*

Sue Lewis was no ordinary woman; that fact you may have perceived or you may not. What answer she was preparing to give to Tom Swave you and I may never know. Let it have been what it may, it is easy to conceive that such news as this bursting on her in this way was a considerable shock. But she is equal to the emergency. At twelve o'clock she is sufficiently calm to say—"Yes, there are friends who will claim the body. I will give full directions in a short time what is to be done with it."

Walter Graham retired the evening before, as has been stated, not knowing exactly why he had thought

of Tom Swave. All he knows now is, that at this 3:00 P. M. he is sitting at his desk in the Hall of the House of Representatives at Washington while the town clock in Portland, Oregon, is striking twelve. That the messenger boy has just handed him a despatch ; he opens and reads :

"PORTLAND, OREGON, May 21, 1886.

Dear Walter :

Tom Swave died here this morning. Think he is without means. Please tell me what to have done with the body.

SUE."

How many times he read it over to be sure he read it rightly must be left to conjecture. Suffice it to say, that in due time he penned the following message in reply :

"WASHINGTON, D. C., May 21, 1886.

Sister Sue :

Have the body embalmed and expressed to Shocktown. I will send certified check for all expenses.

WALTER."

Yes, lay him away in the little graveyard at Shocktown where he completes the family circle.

Lower him gently; cover him up tenderly; be all his faults forgiven, for he had kindness of heart.

Write for his epitaph—"One for whom nature had done her share. One who never did quite enough for himself. One who never quite obeyed his conscience. One who never entirely disregarded it."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE LAST REUNION.

IT IS the evening of the 30th of May, 1887, and "Memorial Day" services are over at Shocktown. The little Shocktown G. A. R. Post, which consisted of about thirty comrades, gathered in from a radius of five miles, marched into the little graveyard, about half-past four o'clock, P. M., with measured step to the low tap of drum, while old men and women, merry young school children, and strong young men who had polled their maiden votes (though born since Lee's surrender) stood looking reverently on.

They laid flowers upon the seven graves marked with miniature flags within that space, which included Mr. Wagner's, little Chaplain Hirsh's, Frank and Tom Swave's.

This being done, the Post formed in hollow square, around the two last named graves, lying side by side, where the services proper were held.

The comrades uncovered, the Divine blessing was invoked by the Post Chaplain, after which Commander Flora announced they would now have the pleasure of listening to an address by Comrade Walter Graham, of the Sharwood Post.

Walter stepped upon an old chair that had been provided for the occasion and cast his eye over the little group of comrades that stood around him before he trusted himself to utter a word; and some say drew

his handkerchief from his pocket and made pretense to wipe the perspiration from his face. I shall not undertake to give you his words or describe his emotions, as the attempt would be failure in either case.

You must be content, simply with what you saw. He beheld of those of whom you have heretofore heard that had enlisted at different times around about Shocktown, only five — Commander Flora, already mentioned, was of course one who still seemed quite a well preserved man of sixty-five, with his one natural and one artificial eye. Little, old Dr. Cain's form was rather more stooped and his step less active than on the morning when he pronounced Walter Graham "as fine a baby as ever sniffed the morning air," but he had kept pace all day with his comrades, and stood, attentive, to listen to the words of his baby, now grown to the statesman of forty-four.

Jake Boyle, Jack Matson and Dave Miller, all hale men, still in the prime of life, completed the five; the remainder having joined the ranks of the Grand Army above, or been scattered in distant parts.

As he cast his eyes downwards, he saw the mounds which marked the spots where the entire Swave family lay, assimilating with their native dust; and the grass not yet grown green over that of Tom, only a year and a day old. He raised his eyes upwards and let them rest beyond the little group of comrades, where he saw standing among the audience, reclining against the fence, his mother and Prof. Baker, in company with Blanch, his sister Mary, and her children. He saw Mart. Barnard standing in a group a little to his right, the thrifty looking merchant that he was. His gaze rested for a moment up the little valley of the

Silver, and across the hill side where he saw the old stone school house, now turned into a dwelling; and the old oak, and chestnut, and willow trees, standing farther up the meadow, by the side of the old dam.

Why should I be expected to describe either Walter Graham's words or emotions, under these circumstances? Through his mind at that moment a thousand memories thronged. He felt both glad and sorry that he was there to speak his memorial day words, rather than at some of the larger places, whose invitations he had declined; he did speak for about twenty minutes he hardly knew how, and then stopped amid a silence that was sublime.

The little Post marched back to the village, while he lingered for a few minutes to speak to Professor Baker and other old friends. He wended his way back to Dave Miller's house, where he and Blanch and his mother had taken dinner, having all driven over from his summer residence at Mansdale.

He could not delay for supper as he wished to be back to Mansdale in time for the evening services in the hall, where W. P. Bolton was to be the orator of the occasion. Mrs. Bolton and her mother had come on from Iowa, on a visit for a few weeks, and Wendell was meeting them there now, where he could be utilized as Memorial Day orator, at the same time.

Professor Baker, who was now living a retired and lonely widower's life, had accepted Walter's invitation to ride back with him and Blanch to Mansdale and be their guest that night, mother having concluded since she was at Shocktown to stay a few weeks with Mary.

They had driven over from Walter's summer home at Mansdale, did I say? Yes, or more accurately speak-

ing, Blanch's; for it was none other than the old Morton home, where Walter had first met her; the home where she was born and reared, and from which he had taken her as his bride.

Mr. Morton had died some two years ago, as you have already learned. His estate, though not running into the millions, or not being what the millionaires of our large cities might call great, was still larger than his neighbors had supposed. It need only be said, that after leaving some special bequests to some charitable institutions and a few deserving friends, the residue of his estate was left equally to Will. and Blanch; that Will. and Blanch divided, amicably, the real estate between themselves, drawing lots as to which should take the old homestead, and that Blanch was the lucky drawer.

And this is how it came to pass that Walter and Blanch were driving back to their summer residence at Mansdale that evening, taking Professor Baker with them.

Of course, you understand that Will. had built a more modern and pretentious residence at the far end of the field, to which point the borough had well nigh grown, where he and Emma and her mother lived; and that Wendell and Ida and her mother were their guests on this occasion.

Walter, Blanch and the Professor arrived at the old home about six o'clock, when—the tea being over—they sat down on the same old porch for a pleasant hour before they started to the hall.

The nine children soon gathered around at either end of the porch, under the old trees in the yard, or through the hall.

What! nine children, do you ask? Why, the last time we heard of them there were only four.

Yes, nine I am obliged to answer for. You will remember that when first you heard of them it was in 1877, and this is 1887, and the young Grahams have been making their debut into the family at intervals of every two years ever since. Yes, this is an old-fashioned patriarchal family, reared by a mother who has not considered it much trouble to raise her own children, and has devoted herself to them.

True, she has had the health, the time, and the means to do it; and more should be expected of her than the poor mother who has none of these advantages; but to whose lot it generally falls to have the larger yield of offspring.

Even Blanch Graham, do you say, must have aged considerably under this responsibility? Let me illustrate what her appearance is, by relating a circumstance that actually happened only the week before. It was this: She and Walter were walking down the streets of Sharwood when a merchant, standing in his front door, saw them coming, and said to a friend who was by his side, "Take notice of this lady who is coming here with this gentleman, and when they pass tell me how old she is."

The friend having been put upon his notice, surveyed her as closely as he politely could, and when they had passed replied:

"Well, she is thirty-six years old."

"You are just seven years too young," replied the merchant; "she will be forty-three next August, and is the mother of nine children."

"What," exclaimed his friend, "you must be mistaken."

"No, I am not mistaken, I knew her since she was a baby. I lived within half a square of where she was born and reared."

Of course, it is not necessary to tell how his friend inquired who she was, and all about her; nor is it necessary to add that, notwithstanding her health, wealth and well supplied wants, the chief and main cause of her well-preserved face and form was domestic happiness.

Neither is it necessary to stop to describe the five additional children, so ruddy and strong, that have come into the family, further than to say their names were: Abraham Lincoln Graham, Mary Graham, Sue Graham, Ida Graham and Charles Sumner Graham, who still kicked up his six-months'-old heels in the cradle; and that Flora, the oldest, you will remember, moved about in her eighteenth year, with very much the same ease, and grace, and sweetness of mind and manner that her mother had when Walter first met her in that same old homestead.

No, there is only time to say now that they were only cleverly seated on the old porch, as already mentioned, to enjoy the fresh air and listen to the soft breezes, gently sighing through the trees, when they observed a stranger at the gate, open it, and walk up under the old arbor towards them.

Who was he? He was a man apparently about Walter Graham's own age; rather shorter, but perhaps a little heavier set; with clean-shaven face and well clad; with firm step and penetrating gaze, evidently a man of business; a man of affairs.

As he approached the company, and said, "Good evening," he responded to Walter's "Good evening" with the inquiry:

"Do I have the pleasure of speaking to Walter Graham?"

Walter replied, "You do," giving him at the same time a pretty thorough look; but before he spoke further the man said:

"I guess you are unable to tell whom you are addressing."

Walter giving him a hearty grasp of the hand exclaimed:

"Oh, no. I am still able to tell when I am addressing little Jake Hoover."

And so it was; you remember Jake do you not? You will recall that he was one of the boys about Shocktown, about the age of Walter, and Tom, the blacksmith's son, if you remember rightly; he enlisted in the same company with Tom, and the boys who left in 1862; that he went west immediately after the war; and that Walter had seen him but once after he came home, that was the Sunday evening down at the sawmill, before he was admitted to the bar.

Thus it was Walter was exceedingly gratified to meet him, saying, among other things, "Well, Jake, how fortunate you are to have come upon us at this hour; here is our old teacher, Professor Baker."

"Yes, yes, I was just going to ask, is not this Professor Baker?"

All these congratulations were gone through with, of course, and Walter proceeded to present him to Blanch, who received him with a friendly shake of the

hand, and smile, the welcome of which could not be mistaken, as she said:

"I have often heard of 'Little Jake Hoover,' and I am exceedingly glad now to meet with President Hoover—is it not?—of the ———— Railroad, one of the great lines west of the Missouri?"

Jake smiled modestly, saying:

"Oh, no, not quite so high as that. Superintendent will do at present."

"General Superintendent," introposed Walter, "as I will have to help you out with your extreme modesty."

"And the Presidency in the future," continued Blanch.

But there is only time now to say, that of course they were all quite happy; that the hour sped away in no time; that it was a sweet little reunion of Professor Baker and two of his old pupils. And of course they all delved into reminiscences of the past. Jake inquiring about all the old friends of his youth, both old and young, about Shocktown, saying he had always taken a Sharwood paper since he had been west, and though he had kept himself comparatively well posted as to the local events of his old home, there was, of course, a vast amount that he did not know.

I am only expected to give such parts of the conversation as related to those people with whose careers you are not already acquainted.

Jake said in due time:

"Well, your father is deceased, is he not, Walter? I think I read that in the *Mercury*."

"Yes, a little more than a year."

"Was he feeble in his latter years? He was not very old was he?"

"Oh, no, he was as hearty a man up to the day of his death as he ever had been; his age was sixty-eight when he was killed. He died from an accident, you will remember. A heavy piece of scantling fell upon him and killed him instantly."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. Well your mother is living, is she not?"

"Yes; and as active as ever. She and Mary are going to Oregon this summer by themselves."

"And she lives with us, too," said Blanch, "except when she is with her other children."

"At all events, I think we may say she is not homeless," said Professor Baker.

"Pat. McKnight says she deserves a good one. He was around to see her the other day," said Blanch; "he assured me she was the best woman that ever stood up."

"What has become of Pat.?" said Jake; "I believe he was going to run for a county office when I was home before."

"Yes, and succeeded, too," said Walter; "he is now the proprietor of a green grocery and oyster saloon in Sharwood."

"Saved his money, did he?" said Jake.

"Yes, Pat. saved his money and takes a hand occasionally in ward politics; he was committee on applause the time I was first nominated for Congress."

"Well, there is Miller's family, what has become of them? Let me see, Dave married your sister Mary and Joe and George were in my regiment, Joe but killed at Spottsylvania, and George was afterward taken prisoner."

"Just so," replied Walter; "their father, Elmer

Miller, and his wife are still living at Shocktown, quite active, being a few of the older generation that were in active life when we were boys about there.

"George, you can see, by stopping or going by Omaha on your way back to the west; he is one of the leading physicians in the city; he studied medicine after he came home from the army; he started to college not long after you went to St. Louis. Their sister Beckie married a Samuel Dobler, a well-to-do farmer, over in Hamilton county."

"And Jack Matson, and Bill Boyle; how are they coming on?" was Jake's next question.

"Oh, they are still farming away there on their old homesteads."

"Jack has been in the Legislature two terms; he has made a very creditable member; no scandal or suspicion ever attached to his record."

Of course, Walter omitted to tell Jake that both of them, though still farming away on their old homestead farms, had found their lots hard enough; that they belonged to that large number who were struggling under the heavy mortgages given to pay for farms at inflation prices, and that they both would have abandoned the fight long ago but for the fact that they owed their debts to Blanch Graham instead of to someone else; it was her rule, simply to take the interest from them the years they were able to pay it, and the years they were not she receipted it up on the mortgage all the same.

I think, in ignorance of those facts, proceeded to ask,

What has become of Long's boys, Wilson, or 'Wilse,' as we used to call him; he was not in the army, I

believe; he was more inclined to be a scholar, was he not?"

"Yes, Wilse acquired a liberal education," said Walter. "He has a professorship in the Highbury Normal School."

"He is principal of it," interposed Professor Baker.

"Right, right," continued Walter, "he was made principal last fall."

"Sam adhered to his first love—butchering and dealing in cattle. If you go over to the Harsimus stock yard, in Jersey City, when you are in New York, you will find him there—the ideal cattle dealer and commission merchant; and of as fine a physique as he ever was. He weighs about two hundred and twenty pounds, and well proportioned."

"Looks as though he would still be able to suppress Slybarr, does he?" said Professor Baker, with a bland smile.

"I should think so," replied Walter, returning the smile, and continuing, "Your father holds his own well, Jake, for a man of his years."

"Yes, he does," replied Jake; "he shod two horses, all 'round, and hooped two carriage wheels, one day last week."

"Yes, I saw that in the paper," said Blanch.

"Well, it seems, looking over the whole field," said Jake, "that the little old public school at Shocktown, and the Professor's academy, turned out a pretty good crop of boys. I suppose you are the only one that may be said to have reached *great* distinction; but then, on the other hand, not one of them ever went to jail, did they?"

"Why, Jake! my life has not been anything like the

success and example that yours has been, when we consider the advantages I have had, compared with yours."

"I appeal to our old teacher, right now, if I am not correct," said Walter.

"Jacob's career has certainly been very praiseworthy," replied Professor Baker.

"Well, whatever there is in it," said Jake, "is simply the outcome of hard work. I lay no claim to genius. In fact, I should never have done anything on the railroad if it had not been for my Uncle Sam. Blair; and then, after I did become night despatcher of freight, I had to do two men's work for five years—there were so many worthless fellows that could never be depended upon."

"Very true," exclaimed Walter and the Professor, simultaneously. "I suppose there are none of those worthless fellows who are superintendents now."

"No, I don't know that any of them are," replied Jake, smiling. "But, returning to our old Shocktown schoolmates—whatever became of the Bowers'?"

"Well, there is the rub," said Walter. "You remarked before that you guessed not any of the Shocktown scholars ever went to jail. I am not certain but what some of them should have been there; and it bothered High. Bowers at one time extremely to keep out of it," he continued in a lower tone.

"Is that true? How?"

"Oh, it would be a long story; enough to say, that he even applied to me at one stage of his troubles. I advised him to go to another attorney; but, perhaps, I should say nothing about it, as the man is in his grave."

"How long has he been dead?"

"Some five years or more, I should say."

"What has become of Ben?"

"Ben. and his mother moved to Sharwood after the 'Squire's death; the 'Squire's estate was not so large as had been estimated, and Ben. worked about at different things, at times, making no very great success out of any of them. I believe he is keeping a small grocery store now."

"What ever became of Maggie Bernard," was Jake's next inquiry.

"Not too loud," said Blanch, softly; "Lizzie is just around the corner with the children," and motioning to Walter, who did reply softly to Jake:

"Oh, that is rather a long story too; and a painful one besides. I will give it to you at another time."

"Excuse me," said Jake apologetically.

"Oh, certainly," said both Blanch and Walter, "that is all right, only we don't want the children to hear."

"The rest of the Bernard family are well I believe," continued Walter. "Uncle Joseph is rather feeble, but he is really getting to be among the old people. Aunt Harriet has been dead some four years; the two older girls are both married, one living in Philadelphia, the other in Shocktown, her husband being a member of the firm of which Mart. is now the leading member; he and his wife live in the old home, and his father with them."

"What became of that little darkey, Ben Smith, that used to come to the old school?"

"He is living in Sharwood, where he works the most of his time for me, or, to give the answer more fully, for Walter; I may say that he lives in a little, neat one and a half story brick house, at the corner of the alley,

about three fourths of a square from Walter's own house ; that he is employed in taking care of Walter's horse, keeping his yard and garden in order, and waiting on the women generally; that his children go around the corner to the same public school that Walter's own children do ; that he marches around with the G. A. R. on most occasions with his uniform; or, in the language of an Irishman, who lives near by, 'A bigger man than Graham himself.'"

And now is just as good a time as any to say that Walter generally has one stereotyped answer that he gives to all importunates to withdraw his children from the public schools and send them to some of the various select institutions for small children, as follows:

"Oh, it is a great pity some children are too good to go to the public schools. I would not exchange the part of my experience which I received there for all the other schools I ever saw. I had to attend them when I was young, and my children may do the same."

Blanch would generally smile and say, "Well, I do think our public schools are the best ; I can't see that these children who attend the private schools are learning much."

But the hour has come when they must start for the hall.

While Blanch and the children are getting ready, the Professor and Jake walk on. They take a little stroll around the borough before going to the lecture, during which time the Professor related to Jake the history of Maggie Bernard, substantially, as follows :

"Sometime about the year 1870 she finally married High. Bowers, greatly against the protests of her parents, as there were, even at that time, some bad

stories about High. The marriage took place, however. He took her out to Minneapolis, under pretext of going into business, where he left her in six weeks, destitute and friendless.

"Maggie, who was perhaps a little self-willed, as well as proud, refused to ask the charity or forgiveness of her friends, even concealing for some time the fact of High.'s desertion, from her parents, and secured employment as a waiting maid at the hotel when he had left.

"In due time she became the mother of a son, which circumstance added greatly to the perplexities of her situation. Completely crushed and miserable, as she then was, she of course fell a victim to the first person who extended her a kindness or spoke to her a sympathetic word. That person, it appears, was the bartender at the hotel, a man of no great character, as we mays uppose; and yet with perhaps more innate manhood about him than High. Bowers.

"Six months later she and the bartender were living together as man and wife. Some say they never procured a marriage certificate, other reports say they did. At all events, these facts became known about Shocktown, and, strange to say, her own parents then ignored her; and her own sex were, as a rule, the most merciless in their comments.

"High., who had gone to Wisconsin, next learned of these facts, and applied for a divorce in the courts of Wisconsin; and, of course, soon procured it.

"The next step in the scene was that High. married another woman in that state, and lived with her about nine months, when his father died. This left considerable real estate in this state descending to High. and his brother Ben., which High. and his second

wife, Barbara, conveyed by deed to his brother about three years later. Meanwhile, Maggie's bartender husband had died, leaving her a little girl about one year old. It was about this stage of the case that Blanch, who you know is a first cousin of Maggie's, took it upon herself to go to Minneapolis, hunt Maggie up and proffer kindness and assistance, and full forgiveness, if she would apply for a divorce from High., as there were doubts about the legality of his divorce from her, and come back and live a pure life.

"Maggie was, as may be expected, completely overwhelmed with Blanch's kindness; broke down completely, and told her that she had barely come in time to rescue her from a life of shame and crime; adding, that what she most shrank from was the thought of going back to confront her parents while they still maintained their present feelings towards her.

"Blanch told her that they could even relieve her of that unpleasantness, the force of which she recognized. That Walter could easily make arrangements with some of his numerous friends in some distant town, where she could procure some honorable employment and be removed entirely from her present associations and temptations.

"In fact, the idea occurred to her, that her Cousin Ida Bolton, in Iowa, would take an interest in her and act the good Samaritan.

"In short, that was what came of it. She and the children were sent to Iowa, where the Boltons procured for her a clerkship in a store, and kept a friendly supervision over her.

"Then, in course of time, as is usual in such cases, her parents relented; they invited Maggie home; she

came to see them; staid with her mother through her sickness and death.

"Then, Maggie, who seemed to be a sweeter and more humiliated woman than I had ever seen her, took a notion to be self-sustaining; so she went and had herself examined under the civil service rules for a clerkship in one of the departments at Washington; and with the high rating with which she passed the examination, and with Walter's assistance, she soon secured a position. And that is where she now is. Her children are at their grandfather's and he has really become very much attached to them. That little girl they called Lizzie, there on the porch, is her daughter by her bar-tender husband; and Maggie, herself, I believe now is an humble and reformed woman."

Jake listened attentively all through the Professor's story, and then remarked, "Well! well! is that Maggie Bernard's history?"

"Yes," said the Professor, "that is about the substance of her history; with the exception of the legal side to it, which is sometimes amusing, as affording an illustration of how, through all these tribulations and trials, justice so frequently keeps a secret watch upon her own, and gets to the proper place in some mysterious way.

"At that stage of the case, when Maggie went to the Boltons, in Iowa, she did not procure a divorce on her own motion, as Blanch had persuaded her to do, for although she had actually applied for it, while the proceedings were pending, the word come of High's death; then her attorney just stopped and told her to claim her right of dower in High's real estate here as his lawful widow. Maggie was averse to doing this,

but her lawyer could not resist the temptation to go on

"So the matter was submitted to Walter, who, after ascertaining that High.'s second wife was dead, and that no innocent victim would suffer by the contest, (the land here, you will remember, he had sold to Ben) and if his title was affected by the matter, Walter considered that it would only be justice getting to the right place; and said if the lawyers who have it in charge wish to make a test case of it, let them fight it to the end. So, accordingly, proceedings were commenced here for her interest in the real estate that Ben. had thus purchased from High., claiming that Maggie was his lawful widow at the time of his death."

"Well, but how could that be?" said Jake; "High. had a legal divorce, had he not, from her?"

"That was one of the points in the case," continued the Professor. "They rested on that and then upon the fact that Maggie's own conduct was a forfeiture of all her marital rights; so to state the matter as well as I understand it, (though Walter can explain it much better,) it was carried through all the successive steps of litigation, up to the Supreme Court of this State, where it was finally decided in Maggie's favor.

"True, the case was a leading one, as the lawyers term it, presenting many new and novel features; but the opinion of the Supreme Judge was, first, that High.'s divorce in Wisconsin had no binding effect on her, as she had never followed him there as his wife, High. having deserted her; and in reference to her own culpable conduct, the Judge said:

"'He left her, according to the evidence, clandestinely, and on the false pretense that he was going to meet a friend on a business engagement; he never even

requested her to go with him to Wisconsin. His own crime of unfaithfulness to his marriage vows exposed her to temptation. He left her without means, in a strange city, to the cold mercies of the world; that she fell was no more her fault than his. And thus it was that Maggie got a dower interest of some $3,000 in High.'s estate.'"

And this ends the last circumstance founded on actual fact that I will weave into this book.

"Well, it really is a remarkable case, is it not?" said Jake, after a moment's pause.

"It really is," replied the Professor.

They proceeded a few rods in silence, when Jake said, "I'll venture that many were the times she regretted that she ever turned her lips up so contemptuously at Walt. Graham on that old school ground."

The Professor smiled, and they both passed into the hall, as they were already a little late.

After the exercises were over the Professor and Jake, Wendell and Ida, Will. and Emma, all walked back with Walter and Blanch and the children to the old home, where another hour was spent in such social bliss as needs no description. You know all these parties now sufficiently well, the relations they bear to each other, the congeniality of their spirits, to perceive what that hour was like better than pen can tell.

I must, however, give you a little of the conversation which took place between Jake and the Professor, after they retired to the large front room where they each had a bed to himself looking out at the open window.

"I wonder," said Jake "if it will ever happen that Walter Graham will be President of the United States?"

"That question," replied the Professor, "is very

problematic, and attended with a great many contingencies ; but it must be said it is not beyond the bounds of possibility.

"He stands to-day, in many respects, upon that plane from which Presidents are taken ; his high standing as a member of the popular branch of Congress, at least that more than average standing which he occupies in it, acquired both by his ability and continuous services ; the general favor with which his party has received his last argument on the question of protection; his age, his personal popularity, are all circumstances which might some day drift him into that channel which flows into the White House.

"But, on the other hand, sometimes I think I see things which are in the way ; chief among them may be Walter's own cast of mind.

"It may be, after all, he is not quite politic enough; the tendency to individual freedom of opinion may increase on him as he ages. I doubt if even now he would make the exertion to be nominated for Congress that he did the first time he was nominated. Not, understand me, that I think the man who becomes entirely the politician is likely to become President; but that even statesmen must be prudent at times, is the idea, if they expect to reach that eminence.

"There is an old saying that the ideas and habits that one acquires when he is a child are very apt to be the ones which will reappear in him some time, no difference how much he may have been changed.

"Walter contracted an independence of thought in his childhood, both from his parents and his tutelage under our old friend, John Williamson, which, while it is all very creditable to him, and calculated to

make him a very good man, it may be doubted whether it is calculated to make presidents. In fact, it was only the other day I heard a practical politician talking of this very question, who said, "Oh, Graham is all right, and sticks to his party and all that, but he's too full of these visionary theories; he's always reading such books as Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and who's that other crank?—Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." The *North American Review* is his favorite magazine; or, if he stays over Sunday in New York, he goes to hear Beecher, or Collyer, or Talmage, preach. Such things are all well enough in their way, and it is all right for people to investigate whatever they wish, but if a man is going to be a practical politician he must not let his head get too full of such stuff."

"Now, I suppose that man was a fair representative of a very large element that has to be consulted when we go to make a president." Jake listened attentively to the professor's disquisition, and after a slight pause replied:

"Yes, these things are a very great lottery; but, my, wouldn't Mrs. Graham make a model Lady of the White House!"

"Beyond question she would," replied the Professor. "It is almost another element of strength in his case."

And now, my friends, as I draw this narrative to a close, in this year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, all the rest must be left to conjecture.

Even if I should be tempted to draw closer to the hour, prudence would forbid it.

"Act in the Living Present" may be a very good

maxim for some people engaged in the material things of this world, but I incline to the opinion that there are two classes of men and women who should fight a little shy of it, namely, the historian and the romancer. Not that either of them should hesitate through fear, but through respect for the truth—a quality best recognized in history through the medium of a little time.

He who lays pen to paper simultaneously with the event, is always in danger of being unconsciously influenced by the feelings which surround him.

And now, as we leave Walter Graham retiring, this lovely May evening of 1887, in the old Mansdale mansion, surrounded by friends and family, with Blanch resting on his shoulder, as they look out on the beautiful night, reclining on the same old window sill from which she had prayed for Harry and dreamed of Walter, twenty-three years before; as they gaze upon the same sky and hear the low rustling of the leaves on the same old trees, at the close of this day on which the nation's funeral services have just been held over half a million graves, their ears still ringing with the patriotic requiems just sung to the memory of the honored dead; with hearts full of gratitude and thoughts of tenderness to all mankind; as they look out upon the same great universe of love, while the same stars and the never-failing dew drops keep their eternal vigil over all, he is presented for your contemplation.

In the vision of your imagination you may finish his course as you please.

You may foresee that his trip to Europe this year has been postponed; that later in the summer he will take another trip across the continent, returning in the

pleasant fall by the southern route. He may stop on that sojourn to gaze once more on the field of Shiloh, or to see how the ramparts at Vicksburg have withstood the hand of time; he may lead Blanch over the field of the Wilderness, in search of the ravine where Harry fell, or in quest of that spot at Cold Harbor which her feet have longed to touch. But the ground all looks so different now; he cannot come within three hundred yards of locating either place. Or, you may think it sufficiently clever that he will be a delegate in the Chicago convention of 1888, which nominated Harrison; or, in your mind's eye, you may see the delegates of his own state at the convention which assembles in Omaha in the year 1900, bearing upon their banners the inscription, "For President, Walter Graham." But the convention adjourns, and the delegates return home with another name where his had been written.

The tendency of his mind to advance a little faster than his organization may have been the cause of the failure, or some one of the other many causes which turn the beam at the critical moment; though his honesty has never been questioned, and his ability is admitted, you may have to concede that he has read "Looking Backward" with the care of a student, and that he has introduced "Edward Bellamy" to a public audience. That, while he may say with perfect truth he regards the most of his theories as unpractical, he is known too well to belong to that school which holds there is no subject too sacred for investigation.

Though he is not yet ready to proclaim as a public principle that the government should operate the railroads and telegraphs, the public perceive that

his face is turned in that direction. In short, you may see him go down to his grave without becoming President, simply because the National party is not yet fully ripe.

You may see Blanch looking complacently on through these years, watching closely the gradual transition of thought in her husband's mind, proud to believe that with the passing time she sees the politician sinking and the *statesman* rising. Notwithstanding even she may have experienced the day when the words "lady of the White house" lingered for a moment on her mind, as she took the hand of the beautiful and accomplished young wife of President Cleveland, or looked into the motherly face of Mrs. Harrison, there *never* was a moment when she would have, said, "Conscience, be still, that I may have that title."

High as she would have esteemed the honor, that her children and future generations might read upon the stone that marks her husband's grave, "President of the United States,"—she is infinitely prouder to feel that it could truthfully bear the inscription, "*Walter Graham, Statesman.*"

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